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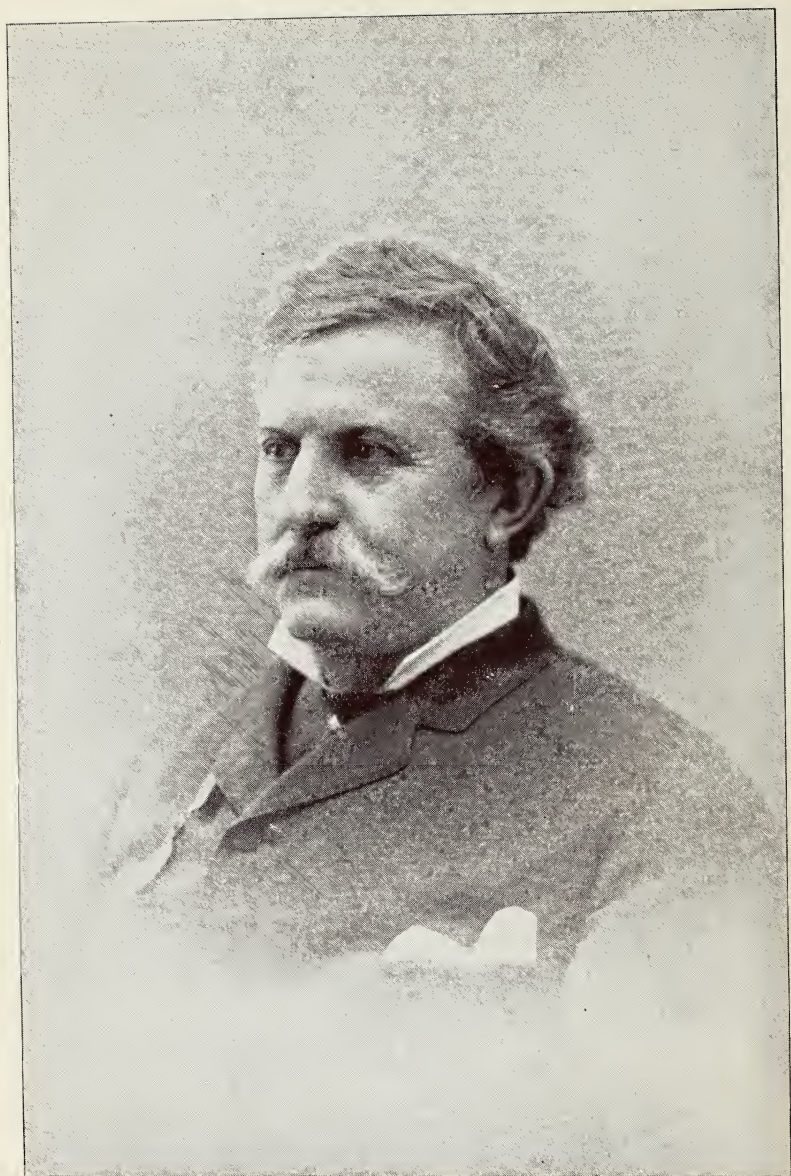


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Faithfully Yours
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HOME HISTORY.

Recollections of Buffalo, N. Y.

DURING THE DECADE FROM 1830 TO 1840,

OR

FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

*DESCRIPTIVE AND ILLUSTRATIVE, WITH INCIDENTS
AND ANECDOTES.*

By SAMUEL M. WELCH.

BUFFALO :
PETER PAUL & BRO.

1891.

Wm. H. Cotton

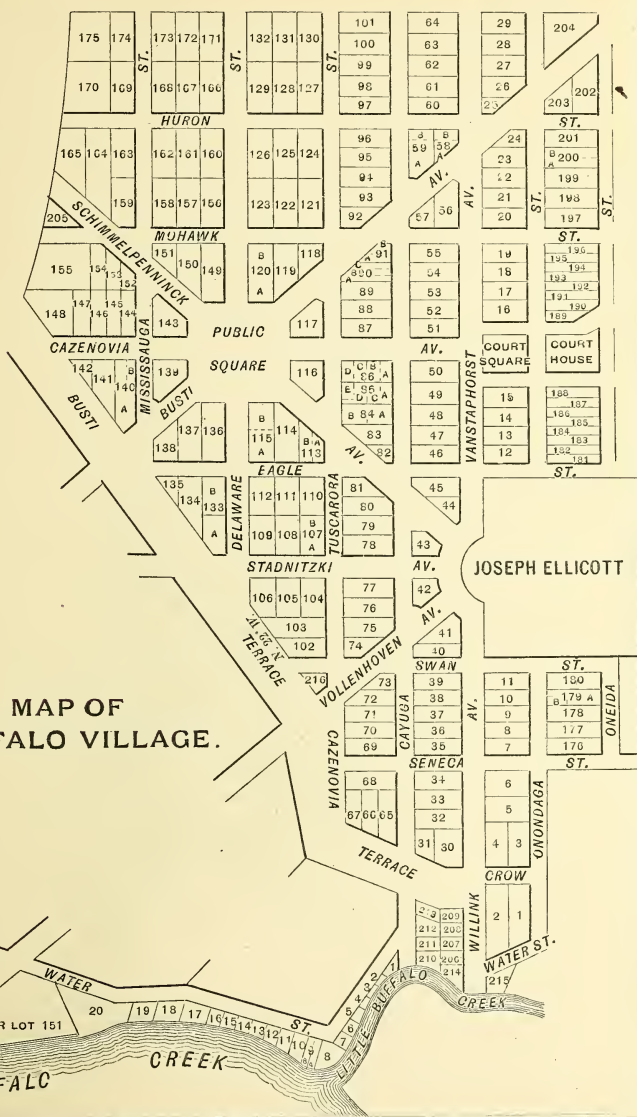
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S. M. WELCH.

Præmum

OUTE



TO MY ELDER BROTHER,
WILLIAM W. WELCH, M. D.,
OF GALESBURG, ILLINOIS.

Volunteer Surgeon, (Rank of Major of Cavalry), during the War of the Rebellion, until January 5th, 1865, then Staff Surgeon in Chief of the Western District of Mississippi, to the end of 1865. In his early youth a resident of Buffalo, having always manifested a lively interest in the improvement and progress of the City—where he studied his profession under the guidance of those eminent Physicians, Professor Austin Flint, Sr., and Henry L. Benjamin, M. D.,—this book is dedicated and inscribed with the fraternal regard of the

AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

I recall the memories hereinafter related in print, at the solicitation of a few friends, together with whom, I have often intimately conversed on this favorite subject of local reminiscences, and with a personal desire to place on record many of the names of well known persons who lived here, and of current events during the childhood of the City of Buffalo; not very remarkable to the general reader, but interesting to our townspeople of the present day and those hereafter to follow.

My recollections of Buffalo, in its youth, when I also was a child are remarkably vivid. I took in all my surroundings; the serious and comic phases—all aspects of current events—the doings and peculiarities of the people daily passing in panoramic review before me.

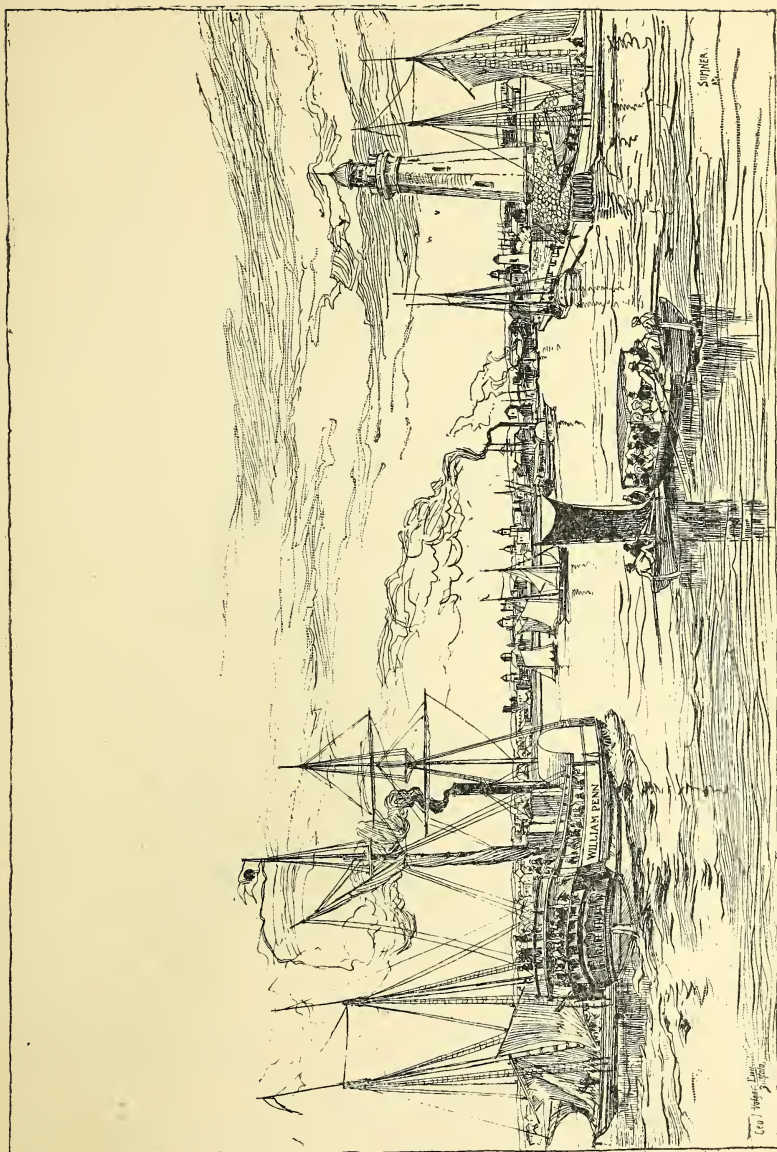
It seems to me now, that when Buffalo became a chartered city in 1832, I recognized and was familiar with every person of all ages; every dwelling and other building—and every brick in the pavements. It has grown away from me, while I do not yet call myself an old man.

I hope my readers will not find cause to cavil at these records of my boyhood recollections, nor to question their correctness. I admit possible errors; may be misstatements of facts and anachronisms, due to natural lapses of memory common to every one, and for which I am liable to criticism and correction. I have spent no

time searching records and documents to verify myself, (beyond references to one old City Directory), but have written accordingly as has been suggested to my memory, in the brief intervals when I would find time and was in the humor to write. I may add that these papers have been written with no special attempt at rhetorical grace nor picturesque effect.

And so I present to the local public the "Recollections of a Boy in Buffalo" during the decade of the "Thirties."

BUFFALO, N. Y., 1890.



BUFFALO HARBOR.

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

Reviewing a decade of past local history of a city like Buffalo, as illustrated by its representative men, and methods and estimates, very much, above average, seems to have been accomplished in that period. Events greatly crowded themselves here in the decade of the thirties. Individuals stood out so conspicuously in their special offices, that they were many times multiplied; more especially in what they procured to be accomplished by others. The procession of people which thronged the fast changing scenery of that decade, though so rapidly moving to the absolute end of all their absorbed endeavors, indicated no halting nor faltering in their united, resolute purpose till mortal failure of flesh and spirit, in nature's order overcame them.

The Necrology records how surprisingly fast the active men of that generation advanced to a condition of abated powers, inefficiency, and final retirement from the stage on which they had severally so well performed their parts. How vividly we, of the now elder who still linger, remember the departure of so many from among us who had participated so prominently in the numerous enterprises which the city had developed. Select any one as example: Long time he appeared so strong; to have in store such wealth of years to come, he was so vigorous and active. One day we all missed him from the places he was wont to frequent. It scarcely seemed beyond the next, when a gloomy chill came over us, and a shadow brooded upon the city at hearing he had passed away. Another day, and attended by a solemn procession his remains were added to the ever augmenting multitude already occupying the city of the silent.

But the eternal want favors no class. All alike must forego lamentations and to-morrow resume their places at the Sysiphusian

stone. The dead sleep well, and must be left to their peaceful slumbers. Thenceforward the departed so soon pass from our regard that we are ever surprised in retrospect, when reminded of them, to discover how fast the years have fled since they went away; how very great the increase in their numbers in a given interval; so lightly have we really been impressed with their individual departures in our absorption with diurnal affairs. We are also by this forcibly reminded that no one fills so large a place in society as long to be missed when he passes out of it; nor but what it can be as well occupied by whomever chances to succeed him. The so-called great in all the past, but served as so many successive links in the lengthening chain of history; and how meagre the number on the list of those known to be truly great there have been among all the untold millions that have existed on the earth.

One object I had in simply recording so many well remembered names of prominent men of the thirties, and even later, has been to emphasize the fact above set forth, which so few realize except in a general way.

The work the prominent men of the thirties did and whom I have limitedly essayed to portray, was fundamental, materially and morally. They were eminently the men for that decisive hour; making it, as now appears, and will in the future of Buffalo, the most important era in all her antecedent history. Its burning by the British in 1813 and the completion of the Erie Canal in the twenties, though events of great concern to her future, were not so determining as were those of the thirties, and the doings of the *men* that decade brought so prominently forward, or into training preparatory to occupying the places fast being vacated, and who became as notable in the historic records of their generation as their predecessors had been in theirs; and these will remain conspicuous in that local history for indefinite time to come.

Day of remarkable men, well adapted as they testified by their deeds to the work of advancing every interest by legitimate and honorable methods, the inevitable compensations would not

be preserved if the contrary fact did not to some extent obtain. It does appear that wild schemes and self-seeking designs contributed nearly as much when measured by final results as strictly honest purposes, in testing feasibilities and giving what proved to be good and wholesome impulse to legitimate objects and enterprises; showed what could be done, which otherwise had been left untried or so timidly undertaken that only failure and discouragement could have resulted.

I venture to believe that the demolitions and every of the irregular proceedings of Rathbun, by whatever motives or circumstances prompted, were far more than compensated in numerous ways, which will suggest themselves, by the returns which came at length. No small consideration beyond the substantial improvement of the city, and the new enterprises and interests established, was the great extent of employment given for a considerable period to a large number of poor laborers and mechanics—all worthy, honest, peaceable men. The immigrant element of that day, though mostly poor, was composed of the best of their class. Though of foreign nationalities they were not excitors of strikes, disturbances and rioting, like the hordes of *canaille*, of the anarchistic, pauper and criminal population from foreign sinks and slums, such as threaten to overwhelm our country to-day. They were honest, industrious, economical, thrifty and law abiding. And from this class have developed many of the now best and most highly respected families of Buffalo. I dare say we can readily find some among them whose grand-parents were among the frugal laborers to whom Rathbun gave opportunity to provide for themselves, in the thirties.

Whatever estimate be held or comment made as to the unprincipled proceedings and absurd eccentricities of Palmer and other semi-lunatics of that period, these doings were demonstrative of possibilities of what could successfully be done legitimately on a substantial basis, though the immediate, temporary results were inflation and disastrous speculation, followed by the well remembered "hard times."

Whatever purposes prompted and however done, Palmer as well as Rathbun did leave substantial, superior and lasting improvements behind them, which later inured largely to the general advantage, even if in some cases the methods, in principle were scarcely better than those of Claude Duval and other "Knights of the Road."* I remember often hearing it so discussed in those days by leading citizens when they would chance to meet in knots and coteries in places of common exchange. The estimated benefits probably to result (which did) were always advanced in offset, as likely far to exceed the temporary disadvantages. Though consequent embarrassments continuing for a season from these unlawful and high-handed acts did result, these were far more than recompensed by the general, widely extended benefits accrued, and in which all have participated—even unto this day. Their acts proved the necessary and efficient fertilizers of the soil in which Buffalo grew to her present greatness. Verily, God orders that even the bad deeds of men shall be made to praise him!

*They were of the class of robbers, who sometimes took from the abundance of the rich and relieved the necessities of the poor—I think some of them did it, in the name of God!

RECOLLECTIONS OF BUFFALO.

CHAPTER I.

TOPOGRAPHICAL.

The topography of the village or city which it is my intention to describe, in a colloquial manner, is, or should be, my first consideration.

The original site of our city, in the thirties, was not confined to outlined boundaries nor to the limits of the unique plan adopted by Joseph Ellicott, who himself was a civil engineer and surveyor, and who, with the assistance of his brother, Major Andrew Ellicott, laid out the village of New Amsterdam, afterwards Buffalo, following or copying the plan of the city of Washington as nearly in design and execution as the natural lay of the ground would allow; the elevated lands about Buffalo being more convex, swelling or bolder, than those of Washington, which were the reverse, concave, receding, or bending inwards. I have supposed like many others of our early citizens, that Mr. Ellicott had obtained the assistance or co-operation of Captain L'Enfant in carrying forward the plan and who had generally been accredited with designing and the laying out of the city of Washington; but, in writing to a friend,* there to obtain the correct name of this French engineer, I was surprised to learn the following interesting information:

“Pierre Charles L'Enfant came over with La Fayette in 1778; Washington had him appointed Captain of Engineers. This

* General Innis N. Palmer, in his youth a resident of Buffalo, appointed a Cadet to West Point by Millard Fillmore, M. C., and was several times breveted for gallant and meritorious conduct in the war with Mexico and in the war of the rebellion.

L'Enfant was a cranky, irascible Frenchman, and after trying in various ways to make use of him Jefferson was obliged to get rid of him." "He was for a time quite a favorite with Washington, but nothing could be done with him." "He went with Washington and Andrew Ellicott (brother of Joseph Ellicott, who laid out Buffalo), to survey this place (Washington) in 1790 and he made some drawings. But Andrew Ellicott, who was afterwards Professor of Mathematics at West Point and who died and was buried there, was the man who made the survey, laid out and mapped the city. I saw yesterday his map made in 1792. I copy a newspaper article written by Mr. Kennedy, a grandson of Andrew Ellicott. It contains the perfect statement of the laying out of Washington."*

I quote from the article referred to above, which is signed "J. C. G. K.," the following :

"While there can exist no reasonable doubt that as a draughtsman L'Enfant prepared a general outline on paper of the plan probably determined when General Washington, Major Ellicott, L'Enfant, all three surveyors by profession, and others viewed the ground on horseback in the spring of 1791." "Richard King, U. S. Surveyor, in a communication to the President, Sept. 25th, 1803, states: that in January, 1792, Major Ellicott was instructed by the President to prepare a plan for publication; using such materials as he possessed and the information he had acquired while acting as surveyor."

"Captain L'Enfant having refused to give up the original plan, a plan was drawn by Ellicott and his *brother* without L'Enfant's aid and ready for engraving by March 14th, 1792. It differed from the other plan in some instances, but was better adapted to the nature of the ground."

"The Philadelphia and Boston maps bear record of their execution by Ellicott; there never was engraved or printed a map purporting to be the work of L'Enfant."

* Within a fortnight after receiving the newspaper article above mentioned, gotten by General Palmer from Mr. Kennedy, the newspapers reported the brutal murder of Mr. Kennedy.

"In a letter from Washington of November 20th, 1791, there occurs severe reprehension of Major L'Enfant, see Sparks, vol. 10, p. 204." "He speaks of Ellicott as a man of uncommon talents." "A brother of Ellicott was his assistant."

The entire article is quite interesting as bearing on Washington City. Perhaps out of place here, but it will show by deduction whence came the topographical similarity of the two cities, having had the same engineers and surveyors. And so the Immortal George must have originated, in part at least, the thought of the plan of our city; leaving the execution of it to the two brothers Ellicott. And if the resemblance be not destroyed by meddlesome blundering in our city councils they will result, finally, in the two most beautiful cities in America. Those persons who may be familiar with both cities will observe marked features of similarity.

Most of our people, who will be sufficiently interested in these local sketches to read them, are presumably aware that Joseph Ellicott was the factor and agent of the "Holland Land Company," from which most of our real estate titles descend, and he therefore may be looked up to as the Grandfather of Buffalo.

The modern, utilitarian method of laying out our western towns and cities, is, in some respects, advantageous: convenient with reference to business; as the construction of tramways, on straight lines for easy and prompt transportation of passengers and heavy freight. Incidentally, to supply the want of local knowledge on the part of strangers, and facilitate the movements of stupid pedestrians. Also enforcing economy of ground instead of plotting more, nearly to nature, broken as the site may be by rocky acclivities, a harbor, or tortuous streams, which would be far more picturesque and satisfactory to live in than when reduced to regular blocks and squares, paralleled by streets of exact and economical width. Existence is rendered wholly too monotonous and lessened of satisfactions limited to such checker-board precincts.

The "happy thought" of the Ellicotts, aided by the suggestions of *Pater Patriæ*, have averted, so far as possible, this calamity to us, and left us the uncompleted design of a most beautiful city, which even in its incompleteness is the admiration of all tourists and strangers.

If the reader will scan the early map of the village, bound within the covers of this book, he will observe in the main avenues, squares and open spaces of our incipient city the characteristics peculiar and appropriate to it, and which we hope our Park Commissioners will continue to improve and beautify as time goes on, imitating our Washington brethren, who, by systematic methods, have beautified and are beautifying the streets, open spaces, points, triangular parks, curves, squares and places, with shrubbery, flower *parterres* and statuary, making the waste places blossom as the rose, the city beautiful and a joy forever.

What is life good for, unless you can enjoy it? What contributes more to its enjoyment than to have your lot cast where your surroundings are pleasant; made more beautiful by cultivation, education and refinement?

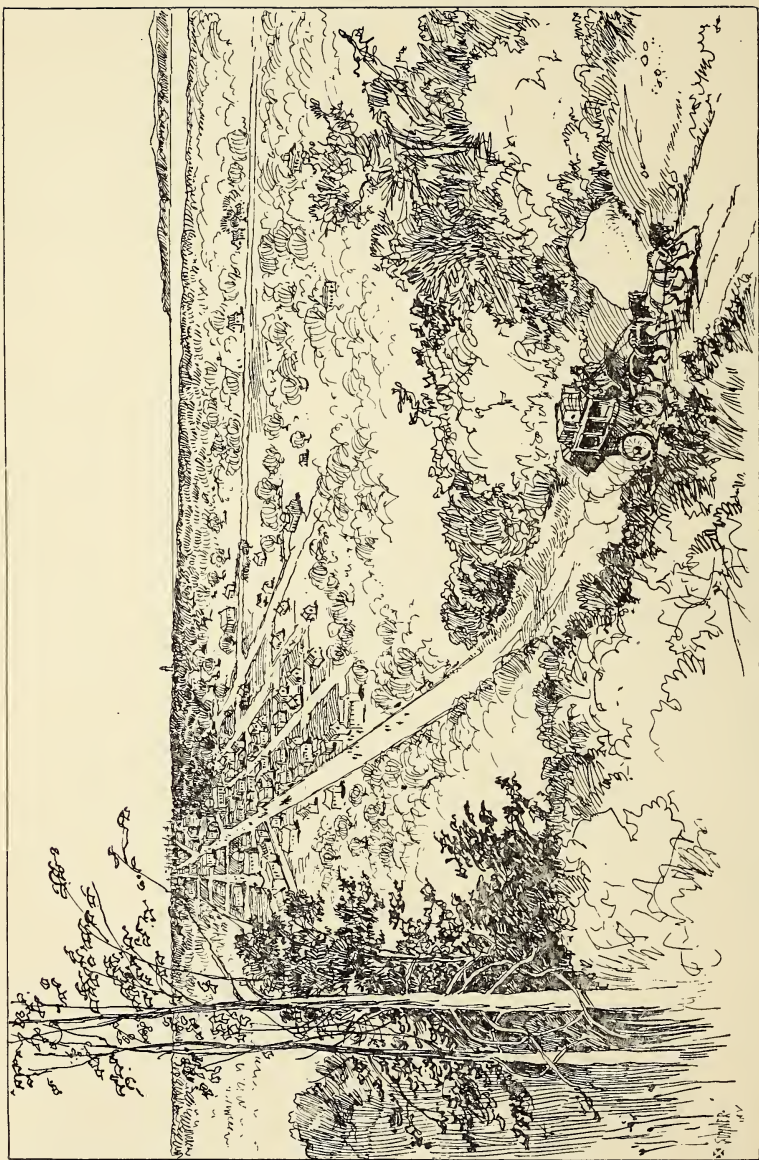
Naturally, in coming to Buffalo in the early days of its existence, we would be most likely to approach it from the east; but the old Albany road before reaching Buffalo, ten or twelve miles away, had to veer round to the southward, or it would have landed travelers on the banks of the Niagara River, near about Tonawanda Creek, where, as now, the Erie Canal reaches it and then turns southward to gain its objective point, Buffalo and Lake Erie. Therefore, as paradoxical as it may seem, although Albany is directly on a latitudinal line east of Buffalo, yet the old stage and transportation traveled road and the Erie Canal approach us from the north, inclining a little westerly. It was a very common problem with new comers in early days to solve why the sun should rise here in the south and set in the north. To-day we witness quite as strange a contradiction of the compass: travelers coming here from the west, Chicago,

Toledo and other places, by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, come into town from the south-east.

Fancying that we came by one of Bela D. Coe's or Rathbun's four-horse stages, or post coaches, at our advent here, our first view of Buffalo would have been from the summit of the hill at or near the junction of Main and High Streets, from whence we looked through a grand vista, through and over grand old forest trees and shrubbery to Lake Erie, showing midway to the margin of the lake, openings and clearings, delighting and gladdening the beholder.

The first objects likely to attract our vision would be the shining domes of our old county Court House and "Old First Church." Then in the distance the bright, gleaming blue water of Lake Erie, varying and changing its colors to a sea-green, or white-capped or tossed in waves, scintillating diamonds of light, according to its atmospheric humor, either placid or in anger. The view, then and there, was to the lover of nature romantic; at times surpassingly charming. Perhaps it would be during one of our gorgeous sunsets, in which we rival the Vesuvius Bay! It may be in the full rich leaf of June or rainbow coloring of October foliage.

Approaching the site of Buffalo from the south-west, scanning it from a vessel's deck on Lake Erie in the days before it was peopled or but sparsely settled, your first observation would be a chain of bluffs, commencing a short distance beyond Ferry Street at Black Rock, reaching their highest altitude in the vicinity of Fort Porter and the "Park Front," and thence running off to the south-east in a convex, curving line of terraced hills, dwindling away as you reached and passed the site of the "Mansion" at the junction of Main and Exchange Streets (formerly Crow Street, named for an early resident, one John Crow.) Back of these bluffs and hills on the table land or plateau were located the village of Buffalo and the south village of Black Rock. A great part of this territory was covered with an indigenous growth of trees and shrubbery. Overlooking this table land was the ridge of land now known as North and High



VIEW OF BUFFALO FROM HIGH STREET IN THE THIRTIES.

Streets. This ridge was also covered with a good growth of forest trees. On and near North Street and Porter Avenue (now so called) were handsome chestnuts, in openings or groves.

The foregrounds below those terrace bluffs hereinbefore spoken of, in the vicinity of Buffalo Creek and along the lake and river shore and away around and past the present Elk Street market and Market Streets to Seneca Street were low, flat lands and marshy places, known to early Buffalonians as "The Flats," which were frequently overflowed during high water after a westerly gale. From the mouth of Buffalo Creek to Hamburg it was plentifully wooded on both banks of the creek and to the lake beach.

On the table land or plateau heretofore mentioned, was the nucleus of the embryo city as it is now the central and principal part of the city, which was early planned, laid out and surveyed by grandfather Joseph Ellicott as "New Amsterdam." Where North and High Streets are, and beyond, was far off in the country and only reached through by-paths or country roads to become thrifty farms; the prolific thrift is mostly now, in the decade of the eighties, obtaining in city lots.

The flat lands below the village were almost wholly neglected, as only now and then was Buffalo Creek visited by sailing craft until a more recent period, when commercial business became the ruling passion and marine interests the prominent feature.

When I was brought here, a child, by the way of the Erie Canal to the village of Buffalo (it received its charter as a city in 1832), the village had extended its lines somewhat beyond the outlined limits of Ellicott's original map; but the leading features, which still exist, were then almost intact. Some changes, however, had been made, which it would seem to have been early found necessary to a growing town. The nomenclature of the streets had been changed, some of which might well have been retained, if for no other reason than to perpetuate our local history.

On the original map the line of Main Street from Eagle Street to Swan Street was the frontage of the property intended for the

residence and use of Mr. Ellicott as a private estate, running to the rear easterly and indefinitely, or as far as his desire might be. He did not complete this project. Main Street, north from Eagle Street, was named Van Staphorst Avenue. South from Swan Street, Willink Avenue, the intermediate space dividing these two avenues, was to be the front area of Mr. Ellicott's lordly reserve. His front line swerved out as far as the west line of Main Street in the form of a bow, around which the people and vehicles would have had to travel to reach one or the other of these avenues. Directly in front of the centre of this outward curve or swelling bust was the head of Stadnitzky Avenue (Church Street.) To the north-west reached out Schimmelpennick Avenue (Niagara Street), or the "Black Rock Road," as it was known for many years, and to the south-west Vollenhoven Avenue (Erie Street); these three last mentioned Avenues forming the two triangular spaces or blocks with their base on Cayuga Street (now known as Pearl Street.) These triangles are now occupied by the two churches: "St. Paul's" and the "Old First Presbyterian." Franklin Street was known as Tuscarora Street; Morgan Street as Mississaugua Street. Busti Avenue was changed to Genesee Street.

Of all the streets in our city, why should not that have been called an avenue, leading as it does directly to the heart of Genesee County? while numbers of our very modern "avenues," five hundred to one thousand feet long, *leading out* of avenues, perhaps directly into a *cul-de-sac*, are so designated by local speculators, prompted by their vanity: as Smith, Brown or Jones "Avenue." They signify nothing; record nothing; euphony is violated, and a false impression created of the importance of common-place streets.

The Terrace from Erie Street, north-west, was called "Busti Terrace," and from Erie Street around to Main Street, "Cazenovia Terrace." Washington Street was first christened Onondaga Street and Ellicott, Oneida Street, while Seneca, Mohawk, Huron, Chippewa and Delaware Streets have very properly maintained their historic names, excepting that within the last decade the

new régime of Delaware Street have discarded the title "street" for avenue. I would like here to make a suggestion: that we should add avenue to Niagara, Genesee and Main, abolishing the word street as in connection with them.

The ground on which stands our "Buffalo Library" (time-honored "Young Men's Association"), was intended and set apart for our Court House and County Jail, and where the ancient structures for those purposes were first erected, Lafayette Square was "Court Square" at the head of and looking directly down through Cazenovia Ave. now Court Street, to Niagara Square.

Niagara Square was intended to be the Grand Plaza of the picturesque New Amsterdam for the business of the town and the congregating of its people. The changes of names were made after the reign of the Hollanders; their nomenclature being too Hollandische or Outlandish for our brevity of expression.

At the time of my advent here the village with its later names, with a few more added, namely: South Division, Tupper, Oak, Elm, Michigan, Elk, Commercial and Water Streets, comprised nearly all of the village of Buffalo. "The Terrace," commonly adopted as the general name for Busti and Cazenovia Terraces, was a series of hills and bluffs, which, to my childish ideas, were of great height, dropping away to The Flats and low lands on the margin of the river, lake and creek.

About on the average level with the tops of these terrace "hills" it had been the intention of Mr. Ellicott to lay out, grade and beautify in a picturesque manner, making of it a sort of "Champs Elysées," terminating at Niagara Square, where should be a Triumphal Arch as at the Champs Elysées in Paris at the *Arc De Triomphe*, which it would be not unlike, for the resort of the people in their leisure hours, having a beautiful overlook to the lake and river beyond, fanned in summer by our lake breezes.

To the north and north-east of the plateau of the village was another rise of ground of which High and North Streets, called

then the "Top of the Hill," was then, as now, the summit or highest land about us. Gradually most of these hills and highlands have been "lost to sight and memory dear" as the result of constant grading, until now there is a gentle ascent from the water to the highest grounds.

West and north-west of the village was what was known on the records and to our title searchers, as the "Mile Strip,"* a strip of land formerly belonging to the State of Massachusetts, but by a compromise, or as an offset conveyed to the State of New York. This strip ran along the margin of the river, covering a mile from its banks, from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario. Some of our intelligent old citizens call it our historic ground or classic land, and indeed that "mile strip" has more of local historic interest connected with it, than all else of Western New York; north-westerly from where it joined the village of Buffalo it was known as the South Village of Black Rock, which brought the boundaries of that village well down into our present city. I believe that in conveyancing much of our city property is described as being in the South Village of Black Rock; one point of demarcation is nearly defined by a stone monument, now standing at the junction of Georgia and Chippewa Streets and Whitney Place. This stone has cut upon its surface "Jail Limits." From this point the lines converge and diverge in northerly and south-westerly directions. To the north and west of this line the intermediate country was in an almost primitive condition or very little changed from its natural state as when roamed over by the Indians: there were but few habitations and no real improvements of modern utility, and much covered by forest trees; indeed, nearly the whole village of Buffalo was encompassed by trees and undergrowth; the descent or gentle slope from "Prospect Hill" to the south and eastward needed none of those modern improvements of grading

* The curious reader desirous of knowing more about the "Mile Strip" would be well informed as well as entertained by having a chat with Judge James M. Smith or Judge R. L. Burrows or William Fleming, Esq., who was born at Lewiston and is familiar with the facts.

and leveling up, destroying trees, cutting streets and other marks of civilization to make it comely to the eye, as it lay in a state of nature, with the glorious colors of autumn foliage and the soft yellow haze of an October Indian summer, or in the luxuriant green of a bright May day, with the overlook to the sparkling water of the Lake and Niagara River, it bordered on the romantic. It was my delight, as a youth, to wander about its paths in dreamy contentment.

I will endeavor further to describe Buffalo as it appeared to me a boy in the thirties, the decade between eighteen hundred thirty and forty, first briefly establishing its baptismal name.

To the Indians it was known as "Te-hos-ororon" or "Te-osah-way" or "Basswood Place," as applied to the Indian village hereabouts. And for Buffalo Creek, "Tick-e-ack-gou-ga-haunda." The Indian name for the Buffalo is "Tick-e-ack-gou," and for Beaver is "Ack-gou-e-ack-gou." The variations of the names was occasioned by the variation in the dialects of the different tribes of Indians. According to tradition among the remnants of the tribe of Senecas the "buffalo" formerly frequented the salt lick on the banks of "Big Buffalo Creek" in droves. In 1801 the Holland Land Company gave this place the name of "New Amsterdam." In the early part of this century the locality began to be known as "Buffaloe," but through the persistent efforts of Mr. Smith H. Salisbury, the editor and one of the proprietors of the old *Buffalo Gazette*,* the final "e" was discarded, and when Buffalo received its charter as a city in 1832 its name was therein verified as "Buffalo."

Another plausible, and seeming to be a correct solution of this mooted question of the name of our city, was told me in a conversation with our respected townsman and old-time resident, Captain David P. Dobbins, who in his earlier days was a navigator of the lakes, as was his father before him, who, for many

* The *Gazette* was the father of all the newspapers here and the *Commercial Advertiser* is its lineal descendant. The first number was issued in 1834 under the proprietorship of Messrs. Salisbury, Foote & Manchester.

years, was engaged as captain of divers of the early merchant vessels on the upper lakes, and during the war of 1812 was in command of the "Ohio," one of Perry's fleet in the Navy; and subsequently was captain of the United States Revenue Cutters Rush and Erie on the Lakes, and Taney on the seaboard.

Captain Dobbins said to me: that about the year 1795 some of the "Holland Land Company" and the "Population Land Company" acting together with their corps of surveyors were passing through Western New York on horseback on their way to Erie County, Pennsylvania (which county was then a part of the territory of this state.) There were no settlements hereabouts, and no roads then. Towards the close of one day they came to the banks of our creek, its name to them unknown, where they found an Indian wigwam, occupied by one lone Indian, whose name was "Buffaloe," given him by his tribe.

This Indian had belonged to a Far-West Tribe, was a half breed, the son of the chief's daughter. As he grew to manhood he gradually lost cast with the Indians of the tribe; becoming more and more repugnant to them; he was finally driven out of the tribe, away from them. Having white blood in his veins, his natural instincts inclined him to go nearer the eastern settlements, and he found a resting place on the banks of this stream and here he remained for a number of years, trapping, hunting, and having possession of the entire creek. Travelers and settlers coming here, and no other name being known for the place, it was commonly called "Buffaloes Creek."

Captain Dobbins, senior, was always confident from minute inquiry that this was the origin of the name of Buffalo, which has been still further confirmed by the investigations of his son, who is equally confident of its being a fact.

To give the reader a general idea of the character of the town, we will take a bird's-eye view, flying low.

The region between the Erie Canal and along Niagara Street, which now is perhaps the most perfectly graded street, topographically, that we have, was in those days one to be shunned by wheeled vehicles, pedestrians, saints and sinners. While the

distance from Main Street to Prospect Hill was only about a mile, and to Ferry Street or Haggart's Ferry perhaps a mile and a half, whoever had occasion to travel that road, except in the most favorable weather and season, thought it a Sabbath-day journey of most wearisome plodding, generally known then as the "Black Rock Road." In bad weather it made one shudder to think of going over it from Niagara Square to "Prospect Hill" (Porter Avenue.) It was a rolling sea of thick clay mud, like roiled billows of a shallow, storm-tossed sea; bordered here and there by zigzag rail fences, the by-paths like the road, sticky with mud. In dark and winter nights, without street lights or other beacon whereby to trace one's steps, it needed sturdy courage to wander to Black Rock or thence from there. From where Mohawk Street crosses Niagara, or near the boundary line of the South Village of Black Rock to Albany Street, there were very few houses or improvements of any sort; among those which were built in the decade of the thirties were, as I remember them, the "old clock factory" on the southerly side at the junction of Mohawk Street; nearly opposite, on the northerly side, the old white pillared mansion of "Counselor Root," subsequently occupied by the Pitts family. On the same side of Niagara Street, further on, the ornate cottage known as the "Shepard Cottage," which, in subsequent years, was long occupied by Mr. S. M. Welch. At the corner of Georgia Street was the stone mansion built by Elihu J. Baldwin, an enterprising lawyer, contractor and agent. Beyond this house was a deep ravine, by which stood an ancient "Hat Factory."* Away beyond, on the south side, was a frame cottage owned by Charles Howland. Above this, on the north side, stood the plain brick house known as the "Tommy Day" house, afterwards used as the Orphan Asylum. Leaping from there to

* The course of this ravine could be traced towards its source through the woods and fields across Delaware Street about where Edward Street crosses it, to and across Main Street between Virginia and Carlton Streets. Another branch formed a swale and quagmire near and across both Franklin and Huron Streets at the corner. From the hat factory across Niagara Street it was quite deep as it approached the lake. The old wash-out is not entirely filled to this day.

Porter Avenue, at the south-west corner is the stone mansion built by one of our early Mayors and President of the old "Safety Fund," "Bank of Buffalo," Hiram Pratt, which was afterwards sold to Bela D. Coe, and is now the home of A. Porter Thompson. On the opposite corner was built the brick mansion of the late Edward S. Warren, now occupied by his widow. There was also the large stone dwelling built for Elijah D. Efner, facing Prospect Park on Seventh Street. This mansion has undergone recent alterations and is now owned by George H. Lewis.

These few straggling houses were all the houses worthy of note from Niagara Square to Albany Street. Beyond Albany Street it was a trifle more thickly settled as Black Rock, where the great Erie Canal originally was to terminate, and a formidable rival of the village of Buffalo.

Buffalo at that time had practically no harbor facilities, in consequence of the shallow water of Buffalo Creek and the insurmountable bar and sand reach at its mouth, which difficulty was overcome soon after the canal was opened for traffic through the energetic efforts and money of a few of our enterprising citizens, particularly Samuel Wilkeson, Oliver Forward, Chas. Townsend, Ebenezer Walden, Ebenezer Johnson, Elijah D. Efner and Geo. Coit, who hoped to be re-imbursed by the government, but I believe never were. However, the work was accomplished; which took the wind out of the sails, and *sales*, of the Black Rockers, and water craft merrily "boomed" up Buffalo Creek. Buffalo had a harbor and it was not necessary for vessels or steamboats to be launched and towed up against the current of the river by twenty Yoke of Ox-(s)team power (then called a "Horn Breeze")* from Black Rock, as I once saw twenty Yoke pulling the steamboat "New England," just then built, launched and put into commission, to where she was thenceforth expected

*The first application of "Horn Breeze" power, as an assistant to steam power, was to the first steamboat on the lake, the Walk-in-the-Water, built in the village of Black Rock, now included in the City of Buffalo. This steamboat, about 300 tons burthen, could not get up the rapids with its own power, and twenty yoke of oxen were procured and attached to a hawser, which was hitched to the steamboat, a little

to arrive and depart, as Buffalo would be the starting point of navigation on the great Western Lakes, over which all products of the West must come to our terminal facilities for distribution.

The district mentioned, between Buffalo and Black Rock, had been but little disturbed from its primitive condition; it was a sort of neutral ground between the two rival villages. The property of this hyphen land was coming into market, as the rapidly approaching era of speculation in real estate became so rife and so fictitiously prosperous, and which ended so disastrously within that one decade.

Most of the territory east of Niagara Street and north of the base of the hill, about where the line of Virginia Street would define it, was plentifully wooded with forest trees, on North Street, the summit of the hill and below, there were large chestnut tree groves and openings. The writer, when a boy, used to pepper a good many of those cunning seductive little animals, the black and gray squirrels, in those groves south of North Street. My heart would palpitate with thrills of delight as they came tumbling down through the branches. North Street was at that time a winding country road, embowered, and all thereabout, with trees and shrubbery; hence the name given to "Bowery Place," now Irving Place. (Why? Is not "Bowery Place" quite as euphonious and appropriate?) The road was called the "Guide Board Road." I recall to mind seeing the old "guide board" on a large old sycamore tree, near where it led out of Main Street. Sentimental persons, and indeed the people generally, called it "Lover's Lane." Which it was; for when I was in love I used to get the nicest rig-out of a buggy with the gayest of horses called "Dandy," from John Stevenson,

above the level of the water, and thus brought up to the mouth of Buffalo Creek. The drivers and oxen were engineered by Capt. Sheldon Thompson, and ever afterward this method was adopted to start her up the lake. She could not enter the creek and would not if she could. She would "lay to" outside and receive and discharge passengers by yawl boat. On the last occasion to stop the captain shouted to some passengers waiting on the beach to go west, that he would not stop. That he would only receive passengers at Black Rock. Those passengers would have had to wait two or three weeks, so they were compelled to take stages.

and travel yonder lane winding in and out among its romantic bowers, with my girl, saying the softest and sweetest nothings in life and enjoying "love's young dreams," listening to the humming of bees, the chattering of squirrels and songs of birds, and absorbing the perfume of wild flowers.

On this lane, not far from Niagara Street, near the junction of York Street, was located the "Poor House," or "Erie County Alms House," (the reader will please not connect this with the little acknowledgment made about my girl and I), a rough-cast building, which some years since was purchased by the Catholics, and they have built upon its site, a double-steepled church, and college for theological students.

While the place was occupied for county purposes, an elder brother of the writer, a young sawbones, who was then a student of medicine and surgery with Doctors Benjamin and the late Austin Flint, Sr., was made resident physician at the institution. *He came into town* one Saturday, and seeking me out, said to me :

"Say! Would you like to see a post-mortem examination?"

"Yes, I would, immensely."

"Well, I have got a patient out at the 'Poor House' who is going to die about next Tuesday; a good subject. You come out next Tuesday afternoon and we'll cut him up," said the young grave snatcher. (Cheerful prospect for the man!)

"The funeral was appointed, the corpse was to be ready."

Near the Poor House this guide board road diverged to the north-west and entered the river road near the junction of Ferry Street, down which it went past "Haggart's store," who managed the horse ferry boats, then the only available method of getting to Canada. Haggart's store is still standing.

On Delaware Street, beyond the Ferry road, (all these streets were country roads at that time), were the old "Jubilee Water Works," a collection of springs of very excellent water, which was served to the people through auger-bored log pipes, extended through the streets and into their dwellings, and the water drawn from a pen-stock through a wooden faucet. I believe it is used to this day in a limited way, in some localities; at any rate,

there are "Jubilee Water Commissioners." A queer coincidence: While writing the foregoing, my attention was attracted to excavations being made in front of my window for some unusually large gas mains. I saw the workman in front of the residence of Sherman S. Jewett, unearthing and taking away some of those old "Jubilee water" logs; seemingly in as perfectly good condition as when planted half a century since.

"WATER JOHN."

There was another means of water supply coincident with the "Jubilee Water Works." This annex water supply was engineered and executed by a man of marked importance to every thrifty housewife in the village, particularly on Mondays, the universal washing-day, then and now. John Kutcheson was a genial, happy-go-lucky sort of an old chap, known to every man, woman and child as "Water John," and was so denominated in the old directories. He was an Alsatian by birth; came here early in life and planted himself at the south-west corner of Franklin and Court Streets. His old rickety, rough-cast house stands there to-day, used now as a rough-cast drain pipe depot. It is directly across the way from the Academic portals of our Collegiate Free High School. John's method of supplying water to the ladies was a skeleton one-horse cart, a hogshead mounted thereon, with a leathern hose for a tail. When the hogshead was full, the tail was cast upon its back or top, where John might be seen, or might be called from his perch, driving his "one-horse shay," or leading it on foot about town, singing: "Here's your ladies' water," "Ladies', here's your water," "Ladies' water," "Ladies' water!" His fountain of supply was the same as that from which our two hundred and fifty thousand people obtain their necessary supply of fluid, one hundred millions of gallons per diem from Lake Erie.

He could have been seen any fair day with his miniature reservoir backed from the sand beach of the lake into the water near the foot of Erie Street, the reservoir filling itself with the use of a siphon. His was the earliest of our water works

systems. Many a time a God-send in a dry time, when our housekeepers' rain water cisterns ran dry, when John would hang his hose or conductor over the fences and fill their water barrels at a shilling (twelve and one-half cents) each. (Then, dimes were an unknown currency.) John amused the women by his cunning simplicity, while they petted him, and the unruly children plagued him.

“SGAN-DYIUH-GWA-DEH.”



“CONJOCKETY” AT 102 YEARS OLD.

SCAJAUQUADY* CREEK

Is but a short distance beyond the "Jubilee" or Cold Springs. It threaded its way through overhanging woods and shrubbery from Niagara River at or between Black Rock and the Canal Dam, easterly, and lost itself somewhere in the regions of Cazenovia or Cayuga Creeks.

On the banks of that once romantic stream the old Chief, Captain Phillip "Scajauquady," had his early Indian home. All along this creek, Saturday half-holidays, the piscatorial neophytes used to capture long strings of rock-bass, sunfish, shiners, sticklebacks and now and then a muddy pickerel. Following up the creek through "Granger's Farm" (now "Forest Lawn") crossing Main Street you can shortly reach "Little Normandy;" where some of the Le Couteulx family used to live and fancy they were dreaming in the picturesque old Normandy home of their fathers. Near by the Ensign's, William and Charles, both born Buffalonians, for years quarried out large masses of stone for public works, as the abutments of bridges, culverts, viaducts and substructures of huge buildings. Not far from here, in the north-eastern section of the town, was the farm of Daniel Grider, our "Daniel Lambert," whose frequent appearance and sturdy walk was one of the sights of Main Street. Many is the time, "when I was a boy," have I stood gaping at him, as his rotund form, short, stout legs, his head covered with a low-crowned, broad, stiff-brim'd hat, passed me; and when he was in a humorous mood his "big round belly shivered and shook like a bowl full of jelly." That farm is now, 1889, being cut up into villa and city lots. At the time I am writing of it was a long way off in the country. Away south-east of this farm were the head waters of "Little Buffalo Creek," which creek is now, I believe, almost obliterated, but then found its way towards "Big

* The manner of spelling this name seems to be a question of doubt. I have noted it as written by William Hodge, an old pioneer resident who lived but a short distance from the old Chief, as "Conjockety." The late Charles D. Norton, who was familiar with Indian orthography wrote it "Scojjoiquoides." I give four variations. "You have paid your money, take your choice."—EDITOR.

Buffalo Creek" (so distinguished) through the passage, part of which is now the Hamburg Canal, that odoriferous, pestiferous, ever-be-with-us elongation of the Erie Canal, which Col. Waring, by his "Trunk Sewer," was to have made the waters of as sweet as "Afton Water" — but he didn't: it flows as gently, but never so sweet. The creek crossed Crow Street (Exchange Street) near where the western end of the New York Central passenger station now is, 1889. I think the creek did help to supply the "Hydraulic" Canal, where was situated the blanket factory of which Reuben B. Heacock was the manager. Somewhere along the tortuous line of this creek between where it crossed Crow Street and the Hydraulics, the stream divided and formed an island; then it traced its way in a south-easterly direction, having its rise near about Jackbury-Town. When a shaver, I used to paddle all along this little creek in an Indian dug-out canoe, *i. e.*, the excavated trunk of a tree. The "Hamburg Canal" is properly an extension of the Erie Canal, and was so called when it was made, to connect with slips running out into "Big Buffalo Creek," like the "Clark and Skinner" Canal, a system inaugurated to relieve the crowd of canal boats, which were getting too numerous for the limited capacity of the water ways. The boats being of shallow depth and small stowage, therefore taking up too much surface space. The nearly parallel of the Erie and Hamburg Canals with Buffalo Creek; the lateral slips connecting the two, gave more scope for handling the boats.

Our harborage at that time was quite limited; being confined to the creek proper, stopped by the "old red toll bridge" where Ohio Street terminated. There were no "Ohio" or "Erie Basins," nor "Blackwell" Canal; an outer harbor not thought of. Along in the early forties this limited harborage was perplexing to shippers; we had no facilities for unloading vessels or loading canal boats excepting the old-fashioned man power, with tackle block and bucket, for raising grain in bulk, or more frequently in bags on men's shoulders. As said of canal boats, the vessels were of small tonnage and capacity as compared with the ships of the present, and were increasing in number. After a succession

of westerly winds they gathered in such numbers in the creek that you could pass from one to another across the creek on any part of it from the light-house pier to the foot of Washington Street, thus materially impeding the process of docking and unloading the vessels; all of which is changed since "Dart's" elevators came into use.

About this time, foreseeing the impending necessity for more harbor room, Orange H. Dibble projected and nearly or quite completed what was known as the "South Channel," which was to have been a more convenient and direct way of admission, passing from the lake or bay directly across the peninsula to the upper creek, thus to facilitate passage and increase dockage. But from the rapidly filling in of the sand into this "South Channel," or its other impracticable use, it was not perfected nor utilized and was finally abandoned. The "Blackwell" Canal and the "Basins" superseded it and then came the outer harbor.

Since the introduction of grain elevators, the happy thought and invention of one of our earlier citizens, the late Joseph Dart, the whole world has been revolutionized in the methods of handling grain and facilitating its transfer. It has done away with the old methods of handling it in bags or by rope, pulley and bucket, by man or horse-power. Now the huge elevator by the use of steam runs its trunk into the holds of vessels, swallows up the grain without stopping to take breath and discharges it in one continuous process through its conductors and spouts into large storage bins, canal boats, or cars, without effort except trifling puffs of steam.

Going easterly a little way from Washington Street on Ohio Street is the junction of Elk Street, one of the early streets of "The Flats;" it reached out to the "Red Jacket" Tavern on the Aurora Plank Road or Seneca Street. On Elk Street there was quite a settlement of thrifty citizens. Ohio Street terminated at the "old red toll bridge," where was a tavern and watering place for Niel, Moore & Co's western stages, kept by one of the numerous Harris family, in that business hereabouts in those days. That bridge was the south-west point of the boundary of

the city, from whence you passed to the Hamburg turnpike, or lake shore road; then it was quite a distance through the woods to the lake shore beach. Those woods continued down nearly to the old brick light-house which stood near where Capt. Dobbins has his "life-saving station" and where the present light-house pier commences its extension of the harbor. A family named Jones, father and two or three sons, kept and lived in the old light-house in the thirties. Subsequently it was in charge of Capt. Ramsdell. Those woods scarfed the lake shore around the bend of the bay, past Comstock's and Smith's taverns, on to the south-west, out of sight. "Comstock's" was a popular place of resort eight miles out. It was one of our country drives; as it would be now, but for the innovations of trade and commerce and the labyrinth of iron roads. The old folks drove there in chariots, the young chaps in tilburys or buggies—nor left their girls behind them.

Those woods were a great resort for wild pigeons. Many millions were hatched there. Every boy knew where the pigeon roost was; he went there, too, with one of Joe Haberstro's or Pat. Smith's shot guns. It made but little difference with the average boy whether it were Saturday half-holiday or some other day, "he got there all the same" while that roost held the fort. The older boys did not require much coaxing to take a day off to join in the fun of slaughtering those poor birds.

The reader will hardly believe that during the tornado at the time of the great tidal wave in October, 1844, the present light-house pier was, to use a nautical expression, literally thrown on its beam ends, (as is said of vessels not capsized but thrown on their sides.) For nearly a thousand feet huge masses of the rocks which composed the upper surface and summit of the pier were lifted bodily and thrown over into a chaotic mass.

On the opposite or north side of the entrance to the creek where are the immense docks and coal chutes of the Lackawanna Railway; was the "little pier," a few piles driven, filled in with stone and topped with plank. On and off this pier and all along the sand beach to the north of it, where is the Erie Basin, was

the great bathing and swimming place for men and boys. On a Sunday morning from May to October this place was alive with hundreds of nude humanity, where you could see others as they saw you. A great feat for the boys was to swim from this beach outside this north pier and the light-house pier, stem the current at that time there and reach the beach on the south of it. When a boy could accomplish this and return the same way he was pronounced a good swimmer; but few accomplished it. Diving off the end of the big pier was good fun for the boys.

The family in the old light-house at the east end of the present pier and the Sloan family, living in an isolated stone house on the sand beach half a mile distant to the north of the "North" or "Little Pier," were the only houses where families lived within ordinary eyesight. So the men and boys bathed with impunity all along that beach without the incumbrance of bathing suits, and were not molested by the officers of the law. Sometimes you would hear of complaints that ladies who lived way up on the terrace hills could see nude men on the beach! "It was outrageous;" "a shame that it should be permitted in a civilized community." But those women who desired to witness the exhibition were compelled to study the anatomy of the bathers through strong binoculars to discern the more intimate facts of it.

When you got away from this bathing establishment to the north of it you reached a region of sand dunes, almost limitless. The sand hills were like the billows of the lake, tossed in endless confusion of orderly disorder. As you looked upward and about you from one of the valleys or canons, you saw only a sea of sand, white sand, everywhere, which the dome of heaven canopied. When a child was there among these dunes all alone he must have felt as I once did there — *very much alone!* The water has widely encroached upon that beach. From the canal to the water on lake and river it was sand; beautiful, silver-white sand. It was a Saturday afternoon play-ground for the youngsters from up-town. Many is the lark, the tumble, "hide and seek" I have enjoyed among those sand dunes. The sand was deposited in heaps beyond the heel-path on the eastern side

of the canal. The place was known by all and everywhere as "Sandy-Town." The first lines of "Old Zip Coon," the second song written for the book of "Negro Melodies," were of here — "I went down Sandy-Town to-ther arternoon," etc. The first song, as will be remembered, sung in negro character on the stage, was by the famous "Jim Crow" Rice.

The sand and Sandy-Town have disappeared. To effect this change great rivalry has existed between the encroaching water of the lake and the wagons of the contractors for sand for building purposes which could dispose of the most of it. Between the two piratical institutions they have quite leveled the dunes. Encroachments of the water and the works of civilization have covered the place nearly out of sight.

THE BLACK ROCK RAILROAD.

The first railway built in the town was to leave it. The depot was the open air at the south-west corner of Pearl Street and the Terrace. The old "United States" Hotel had recently been built by Doctor Josiah Trowbridge; and the home station was there. It was an ordinary strap road, the moving power was one horse; sometimes, when travel was heavy, another horse was added and the two driven tandem. Perhaps this was the first street car or tramway inaugurated in the world for the transportation of passengers. The rolling stock was limited to two cars: one for fair weather and the other for stormy weather; the first, a platform box car with two very open compartments and an outside front seat for the driver and supernumerary passengers. The two compartments and driver's seats would accommodate, when full, twenty persons. The seats were planed boards with straight up and down backs, painted in oak color, entirely covered by the firmament of heaven, open to the genial warmth of old Sol in summer and the refreshing blasts of Lake Erie in winter. The other car was more elaborate; it had a flat top on stanchions, with glazed canvas curtains, buttoned on to keep out the storm, when the button-holes were not too much worn and they didn't flap. There was no special time-table; when the car arrived at

either termini the horse turned his face to the "right about." The route was through the Terrace and Sixth Street, or thereabouts, as Sixth Street was not then opened, bearing away towards the canal and running under the bluffs at "Prospect Hill," passing along nearly where the present track of the "New York Central" now is to Ferry Street its terminus, opposite Haggart's store and "Ferry House." From thence passengers took the "Horse Ferry Boat" for Waterloo, upper Canada, and there were transferred into Nelson Forsyth's or Chrysler's stages for Niagara Falls, St. Catherines and Little York (Toronto.) The ferry was operated under the charge of James Haggart. The railroad fare was one shilling, or twelve and one-half cents. John S. Stevenson was manager or superintendent of the tramway.

Very soon after the "Black Rock Railroad" was constructed, work was commenced on the "Niagara Falls Railroad." Its first car and freight house was a cheap-built building of quite small dimensions at the south-west corner of the Terrace and Court Street; where the train was made up and backed up on the Terrace to near Pearl Street, where was a rough platform, uncovered station. Later on was built the "Western Hotel," which was kept as a first-class establishment by Ira Osborn.

The *old building* has even now been abandoned from its later and more recent uses, the City Overseer of the Poor, police, and officers of justice, and place of detention of those charged with minor offences against law and good order, and is being rebuilt more substantially for mercantile purposes.

At that station in the young forties I one day saw disembark from a train Charles Dickens ("Boz"), then a young man, but who had established a phenomenal reputation as the then young author who had written "Pickwick," "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Oliver Twist," and "Nicholas Nickleby;" as the man who had originated the characters of "Pickwick," "Sam Weller," "Squeers of Do-the-boys-Hall," "Smike," "Little Oliver," and "Grandfather Whitehead," and dear "Little Nell," which were being read by all Americans, old and young. He was a great object of interest to my young eyes; I was brimful of his creations and

surrounded by his characters; whom I knew and recognized quite as well as my friends and acquaintances, whom I knew only in the flesh; so the reader may well imagine the fever of excitement with which I looked upon the man Dickens himself right here in Buffalo—which was *then* a long way from “Fleet Street” and “Seven Dials.”

I well remember how he appeared to me. He was fancifully, flashily dressed, as was the vulgar fashion and taste of that day, except with the most Chesterfieldian of gentlemen and the elders, who wore the dress of the past decade. I looked upon him as being too “loudly” dressed for a man of whom I had formed more refined ideas; wearing long hair and earlocks which were then denominated as “soap-locks,” but deemed vulgar, except for the dudes and “Bowery boys” of those days. His popularity on that first visit to America was unbounded; his reception at Boston, where he first landed, and elsewhere, was Princely; words of welcome everywhere greeted him; the hospitality of the people was most generously shown him; no expense of entertainment but was lavished upon him. But alas! The ingratitude and base return he gave us for it was a stain on his character forever. No sooner had he returned within the sound of “Bow Bells” than he published his “American Notes,” in which he scandalized, insulted and maligned us. We condoned the offence, although we did not forget. He had not the generosity to ask forgiveness nor apologize. We had our lesson. We continued to read his books, to laugh and grieve over the emanations of his brain, and always shall. He came again thirty years later; we, all who could, went to hear him read and picture to us his ideas of the characters of those we all knew. We enjoyed it much and felt grateful to him for thus giving us pleasure; but we omitted to fête him, to play the sycophant to him, and outside the reading hall purposely forgot the man. He was the same self-conceited, surly, coxcomb as before, but intensified. We loved his books; we read them; we loved him for them; we still read and love his books, and always will. When he first came to us we were almost willing to fall down

and worship him as an idol, but he rode over us with his juggernaut car — yet he came again and read to us and we handsomely paid him with what he was after, the coin of freedom. But, manly gratitude was never in his make-up. To complete this amazing chapter: The sycophantic “Boswell” of Dickens (Forster), to confirm the animus of his master, must needs add his sneering ridicule of the low-bred gnat, to us, and yet our warm-hearted tourist friends drop flowers on Charles Dickens’s grave and will continue to do so; my own have done so; but they are not for him nor Forster, but for “Little Nell,” “Dorrit,” “Lady Dedlock,” and “David Copperfield.”

When the Niagara Falls Railroad was being constructed the people used to walk down the line of the road, where the grading was being done, to see the process of laying the track, which was quite different from the present method; the bed of the road and heavy cross ties of timber were practically the same as now, but on these ties were laid two continuous lines of six inch square stringers, upon which were laid the old strap rail, a simple flat bar of iron; at one end a tongue and at the other the mouth or lips; the bars were spiked to the stringers, the tongue and lips being dovetailed together.

One of the ever present fears of travelers riding on those strap rails were the so-called “snake heads.” By the action of heat and trundling of locomotives and cars over those rails they would loosen from the stringers, the ends spring up, protrude into the passing car and possibly impale a passenger sitting in his seat. The sight of building a railroad was altogether a novel one; lookers-on were much interested; the people would wonder how a train would look, placed upon the track; when it came to be a fixed reality, they were amazed at the sight of the curious mechanical animal, called a locomotive, as it went forward, backed and moved as if by inspiration. It, however, made more fuss, puffed and coughed, screeched and hammered, than the more perfect machine of to-day.

At that time the only railways in this country were the “Boston & Quincy,” “Boston & Lowell,” “Albany & Schenec-

tady" and the "Camden & Amboy;" possibly one or two other short roads. A small locomotive was built by Peter Cooper, in Baltimore, in 1830; the boiler stood upright; the whole, engine and all, did not weigh over a ton. It made an experimental trip between Baltimore and Ellicott's Mills, attaining a speed of eighteen miles per hour; cylinder three and one-half inches in diameter, this was the first locomotive ever built in America.

Costly constructed and equipped railways, with ponderous steam horses, were an entirely new departure from the four-horse wagon and stage coach. It required the courage and enterprise of bold individuals or companies, to undertake the building of them. It was some considerable time before we ceased to be dazed and became accustomed to the fiery monster as a motive power, as people to-day are yet wondering at the phenomenal discoveries applied to practical uses, of the telephone, of electricity and the magical labor-saving natural gas.

Railroads were an untried business experiment; there were doubts as to their success in practical utility as a means of transportation in place of former methods; their great cost to build; their liability to accidents; they could not be built nor used on the common roads of the country; they would interfere with, be dangerous to, and obstruct other roads of travel; they could not go up and down great hills in rolling countries, nor pass over great water ways; as a matter of financial investment there would be gigantic failures, were they adopted for general use, (and so there were.) They would be relegated to the back ways, dry roads, unwatered districts; where were no lakes, rivers or canals to compete with their dearly bought progress. No farmer would permit them to cross his farm, nor citizen of a town allow them to pass through his back yard: too much danger to life and limb of their children and cattle. These were the simple arguments of the time, magnified then, of course. The gigantic accomplishments of a score and more of years and the possibilities of great engineering successes, which followed later, of tunneling through mountains, scaling the Rockies and

the Andes, passing over the Hudson, the Niagara and the Mississippi, were unheard of, not thought, nor dreamed of.

As for a railroad across the Continent to the Pacific! I very well remember what a wild chimera it was considered when projected in 1846 by Asa Whitney, who strove so hard to obtain subsidiary aid from Congress; it was very difficult for him to get any sort of recognition or to gain supporters or helpers in Congress; members really shunned the man, ashamed to be seen consorting with a crank; the newspapers of the day snubbed him and made derision of him. Congressmen had no confidence in such a wild scheme; it was entirely impracticable; they would be looked upon as schemers to rob the National Treasury, or ridiculed as monomaniacs. "It could not be done!" "They could not pass the Rocky Mountains." Natural obstacles of all kinds would impede their way in that far off unexplored country; and what to gain when *un fait accompli*? The country, mostly a desert, bleak and sterile, and when you have reached the Pacific, what then? What use can you make of the road: take a swim in that bouyant water of the Pacific, then come back, if you can get through a country teeming with wild animals and hostile Indians. No, not in our day or generation; some day perhaps in the far away future. Poor Whitney was supported in his grand scheme by Senator Breese, of Illinois, and indifferently by Thomas H. Benton; but not until the period of the war did it assume tangible shape. Meantime, Whitney was almost forgotten. And this was so recently as in the decade of the forties. Within twenty years thereafter the "Union and Central" Pacific was built by government aid, adopted as a war measure. "Oh!" wonderful changes, amazing! Now there are four trans-continental roads. The latest and noblest, constructed in the British possessions, the "Canada Pacific;" the most magnificent of roads; in construction, equipments and appointments; in overcoming natural obstacles; in variety, diversity and grandeur of scenery, which the spectator from the observation windows of the vestibule-palace cars, (the acme of luxurious travel), in quiet silence, if you so wish, at a speed of forty miles per hour, from ocean to ocean, almost trembling with awe. This road built where, in my youth, it was said and strongly maintained, no

creature could live save the stunted Esquimaux and the Polar Bear. It is the most complete and best railway, take it for all in all, in or on the round world!

As late as 1845 I arrived in Buffalo one evening at ten o'clock, thirty six hours from Boston. I was travel-stained, begrimed with dust and smoke. I went directly to my barber's to be renovated. Those there present wished to know where I had come from. I told them I had just arrived from Boston, having left there the previous day. I was disbelieved; no sleepers nor drawing room cars then; the usual time of passage now, is about fourteen hours. At that time the ordinary passage from Buffalo to Albany was twenty-four hours; changing cars and baggage and trains at Rochester, Auburn, Syracuse, Utica, and Schenectady. On arrival at Albany the cars were let down the hill by a cable, with stationary power. There being no railroad down the Hudson, passengers had to change again for the boat, reaching New York the second day, at sundown.

I have, in traveling by cars, been left by the way, more than once, but have caught them by a rapid use of my pedal extremities. It was an ordinary occurrence for the passengers to get out of the train by a wood pile and aid the trainmen to load the tender, while others indulged in a walk by the roadside to be picked up by the train when it came along. Those who could indulge in the luxury, when arriving at Syracuse would lay over and sleep at "Phile Rust's Syracuse House" and go on next morning to Albany, which delay would prolong the journey to thirty-six hours. Wedding parties usually did this, but many continued on in the uncomfortable cars of those days, trying to sleep upright, bumping their way along as best they could. In the early morning, all weary, they would seek the platform and steps for fresh air, hanging on like grim death to the railings, going down the Mohawk Valley, enjoying its scenery, stopping at "Little Falls" to buy diamonds (crystals) of the boy peddlers, and at St. Johnsville they had a good breakfast.

I did not anticipate in giving my readers a topographical sketch of Buffalo in early days, that I would land them in the eastern part of the State; but such is the natural sequence of an old boy's wanderings.

CHAPTER II.

CLIMATIC.

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If there has been one thing more than another detrimental to the fair fame of our beautiful city, it has been the practice of disparaging its climate; and that too by our own citizens of the present generation, and through them influencing the outside world, who have adopted the habit thus gained, not from correct knowledge of the facts, but based upon the reports of our own people, partially acquired before they themselves became component parts of our community.

Much of this complaint against our climate is the thoughtless talk of the unobserving, excited by the prevalence of some epidemic or special disturbance in the general health, such as occur at times everywhere in like zones or latitudes. Not due to anything local in climate, as was our participation in the universal prevalence of that severe and virulent form of Influenza, which appeared soon after the elevation of John Tyler to the Presidency, when he abandoned his party platform and principles, and the disease was named in grim satire, the *Tyler Grippe*, which was in all men's mouths while coughing and expectorating. Nor is that later form of the disease, known as "Hay Fever," to which so many are liable here at certain seasons, specially a disease of this climate.

In newly settled districts it may be the affliction of intermittent fevers or other malarious diseases. Cold or heat in the head results usually in a more or less extensively inflamed mucous membrane, likely to occur or to be aggravated in a foggy, damp atmosphere, or where easterly winds prevail. A mountainous or rarefied atmosphere does not favor diseased action of the mucous membranes of the air passages, but its influence is rather curative when already existing and strengthens that sensitive finish which lines these open passages of our wonderful organization.

Agues and fevers are prevalent in the opening and developing of new countries; they were quite so here in the thirties and before that, on the line of the Erie Canal. Whereabouts, I would ask, are they not liable to these epidemics and complaints in our latitude; on the sea coast, along the lake country and water courses, except perhaps in the mountain regions or the undeveloped plains of the far west? The residents of eastern Massachusetts and nearly all New England, except its uplands and mountains, are more subject to membranous attacks and lung difficulties, which hold with more tenacious grip, than among the people of Western New York or the countries of the lakes.

Buffalo, for the past sixty or seventy years, has been in a transition state, in health and climate, in the development of the city and surrounding country. It has been in process of being cleared and grubbed up. The canals and creeks have been excavated, our harbor enlarged, dredged, increased in size and depth; new slips and basins dug out, and heavy grading within the limits of our town; the undisturbed soil of centuries opened and exposed. Added to which has been excavated two hundred miles of sewerage, some of it twenty feet in depth. It could not be otherwise than that diseases obtaining from such causes should arise and be propagated.

Who, of the old residents here or in Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, or Wisconsin, where the same rapid development has occurred, where canals and other public works have been constructed, the unworked soil greatly disturbed, but is familiar with the wide-spread prevalence of all the fevers and agues.

It will be remembered that so much was this the case, and so widely extended its notoriety, that Dickens in his satirical story of Martin Chuzzlewit, locates the site of "Eden" the "Paradise" to which his English family emigrated—where his "Mark Tapley" was met by so many adverse circumstances, but who was "always jolly," on the Maumee River, in the vicinity of Toledo. There these diseases of a new country raged; where

quinine, or as the Hibernian excavators on the Ohio Canal called it "Queen Ann," was the boon of life. Do we not remember poor Tonawanda, our suburban neighbor, how it was pestered by fevers and agues, and mullet, suckers, and catfish, during the thirties?

What is the test of a good climate? Is it not the general good health of its people? Their average longevity and the annual death rate, as compared with all other cities and countries? We have accurate general statistics to substantiate statements which I may make in this regard, as well as to the thermometrical range of temperature. It is an established fact drawn from careful records, that the annual death rate per one thousand of the people, has been, notwithstanding the extensive disturbances of the soil and numerous and deep excavations in this locality, only an average of fifteen for the past half century; which, as compared with all other towns and cities of the continent or the world, so far as has been ascertained, is the lowest recorded, one or two other cities excepted, which are about the same; notably London, strange as it may be, which showed a point below Buffalo. As for longevity, the citizens of Buffalo now alive, who were observers in the decades of thirty to fifty, know that at that time most of our elderly men died at about sixty two or three; that very few then living here had reached the years allotted to man, or past; but now as the mortuary records compiled in our annual directory show, it is not uncommon to see there the names of many who had reached the age of eighty and ninety; showing that the same class of men of those decades mentioned, now live longer, than at that period or fifty years ago. The writer can count among his acquaintances over thirty octogenarians in apparent good health, time-honored Buffalonians.

As for the temperature and salubrity of the climate, the well-known statistician Disturnel shows by his tables and distinctly says: That the climate of Buffalo is more equable than any other place in the temperate zone! Why is this so?

In a conversation some years ago with my esteemed friend, the Hon. James M. Smith, on this subject, he advanced the

theory: That lying to the west and south-west of us, in such a position as to affect our climate, there is an unusually large body of fresh water, continually purifying itself by natural agencies. The pure atmosphere created by other and larger bodies of water passing through our lake, from the north-west; the rapid current of its outlet by means of the huge race, titanic water wheel and fanning mill of Niagara River and its Falls, producing a softening influence on what might have been a harsher and more extreme climate, at the same time this same imperceptible palpitation of the atmosphere acts as a sanitary invigorator. That during the warmer seasons the lake is attracting the rays of the sun and until the middle of the Autumn or October it is storing up the latent heat, which is not usually exhausted until late in January or February, thereby rendering our Autumn months more soft and balmy than in other sections. And to this climatic peculiarity we are indebted in large measure for our rare "Indian Summers," with their yellow, hazy atmosphere, for the beauty and brilliancy of our indigenous foliage. The true period of "Indian Summer" is or should be looked for between the middle of October to the middle of November; lasting about a fortnight or half a moon, between its first and fourth quarters. One of the most enjoyable seasons of the year for all out-of-door studies of nature and recreation. That the cold of winter freezing the surface of Lake Erie, to the depth of twelve to thirty inches according to the severity of the winter, has of course the contrary effect and cools the water of the lake and Niagara River to the temperature of iced water; thus acting as a refrigerator for the hot months, or until the water has absorbed sufficient heat to equalize it with the atmosphere; causing our summer and autumn seasons to be the most delightfully healthy yet found on the surface of the earth, equalizing the temperature of the entire year, besides purifying the atmosphere by the action of the water. Are not these among the best conditions for the promotion of health?

The ordinary storms, winds and clouds, of which our chronic grumblers are so free to speak and of which our foreign

detractors are so often inclined humorously to mention, that Buffalonians are recognized by their leaning angularly to the windward when turning a corner and clutching their hats. It is next in order to object to it as a local peculiarity. (Only last evening I met a clear-minded lady, who had recently taken her residence here. Speaking of our city, she said: She had always been told that this was the home of boisterous winds and tornadoes or blizzards and was glad to be disabused as to the facts.)

I have lived in this climate as child, boy and man, since 1830. During most of that long time I have been an observer of the weather; often forecasting it. During the early years of that time I remember that our summers and autumns were very much as I have described. "In the rare days of June," when the numerous native trees, which surrounded us, the Basswood, Birches, Beeches and Maples, the Sumach and other deciduous forest trees and shrubs, had put on their fresh and new green liveries, with the balmy south-western breeze to fan them, it seemed a pleasure only to exist here among them. Our winters were more uniformly cold, the precipitation of snow heavier and more continuous, lying upon the ground for longer periods of time, often giving us an hundred days of uninterrupted good sleighing. The winds did seem to howl louder and with more portentous warning then than now; wind storms appeared to last longer; the mercury did register a lower range; but with our wooded surroundings the cold was not severely felt. These are the early recollections of childhood. Since the removal of the forest trees in this vicinity, the closing of open and exposed places by the permanent erection of massive buildings, the massing together of inhabitants with their numerous industries requiring so enormous, continuous combustion of fuel, our winters seem milder, less bleak; showing what would seem a moderation of the climate in our immediate vicinity. Wind storms of magnitude are infrequent; we do not have tornadoes or blizzards, which are so frequently reported in other parts of the country by our meteorological bureaus; nor do I remember,

in the past thirty years, storms that will approach those terms in violence.

On the twelfth of October, 1844, we had a phenomenal storm of wind and flood. The wind had been blowing from the north-east for several days, causing the water of our harbor, lake and river to become very low, piling up the water at the south-western end of the lake; the wind suddenly shifted to the right-about and blew with tremendous violence directly down the lake upon us; which drove the water back, apparently in one solid wave thirty feet high, creating a flood, which, together with the tornadic wind, caused great destruction of life and property hereabouts. It was reported that there were fifty lives lost. I think forty-seven was the exact number, as nearly as ascertained. Large portions of the lower part of the city, known as "The Flats," were badly wrecked; the water came up nearly to the line where the railroad now is, at the Terrace station; leaving considerable of the debris, like a *chevaux-de-frise*, composed of lumber, boxes, hogsheads, dead cattle, swine, wrecked houses, and the vestiges of human creation generally. The water came into the kitchen of the "Mansion" and canal boats were stranded in Seneca Street, near Michigan; sail vessels were lifted on the docks and landed in Main Street!

This flood was before our sea wall and breakwaters were constructed and before the construction of the Blackwell Canal. There is now no fear of a like calamity, should such another storm occur.

I also remember a storm in November of the following year, in 1845. The morning of the day on which it occurred was an unusually bland, sunshiny one; a typical Indian Summer day. It began to cloud up about noon and soon to blow, and snow furiously, in great whirling drifts. By four P. M. business houses were closed and the heavy shutters put up.

In those days it required a considerable amount of lumber to supply the outside window shutters of a shop; which were put up and taken down daily, as one of the duties performed by "the gentlemanly clerks;" who also sold the goods and kept

the books, from seven o'clock in the morning until ten in the evening, without vacations or holidays. In times of ice, snow and wind that handling of the blinds was no child's play, I assure you.

The lake was storm-tossed, and with the blinding snow and sleet no vessel could outweather it unless safely protected under the lee of some shelter or in some harbor. Vessels were cast ashore, others foundered. One vivid instance in my memory: A schooner was cast ashore, about a mile south of the light-house pier. Two days afterwards, when aid could reach her, they found the only person left on board was a young woman; large, healthy looking, bright eyes and rosy cheeks, standing in the companion way: eyes wide open, staring abroad as if towards approaching help. On going to her they found her frozen; ice cold, stiff, dead!

That storm closed navigation until the following spring. There was continuous sleighing from that day far into April. We have had storms, severe ones, since that period, but nothing like those in fury or magnitude.

I recently saw a published statement of the aggregate annual velocity of the wind in 1873 as compared with other cities. Buffalo was 76,000 miles; New York 88,000; Philadelphia 86,000; Chicago 86,000; Cleveland 80,000. I have not selected this particular year to make a favorable comparison, but the item struck me as *apropos* to this subject and I therefore make use of it. With regard to temperature during the thirties it was not uncommon for the mercury to fall to zero and sometimes to five, ten or even fifteen degrees below. I do remember, as an extreme point, of its touching thirty degrees below, way back in the thirties; but this was so exceptional at the time as to have implanted the occurrence in my childish memory. But for forty years back it has not reached the zero point more than four or five times during a winter, and then only for brief periods, while all about us and in far away cities: Syracuse, Albany, Boston, Toronto, Chicago and elsewhere, it is no uncommon circumstance for the thermometer to register twenty to thirty degrees

and more, below zero. (I spent New Year's week in Toronto two winters since, and while there, at least half the time, the mercury stood at thirty below and lower.) And the more southerly cities, Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis, during an extremely cold term, outbid us in low degree as in their heated terms they all take rank above us. The year 1887 was an exceptional year for extremes of heat and cold. At one time during that winter the mercury touched for a short space thirteen degrees below zero; and during the summer of that year we experienced the extraordinary heat of the nineties, reaching as high as ninety four or five degrees, making the year's extremes greater than any year within my mature recollection. The mercury rarely reaches the nineties here; a blanket is a comfort nearly every night in summer.

A curious fact which has come under my observation, is, that when the country has been visited by unseasonable or severe storms of wind or extreme cold or heat, it becomes a matter of special public interest or record and N-E-W-S (the letters of which last word, we all know, denote the cardinal points of the compass.) The city of Washington is on our line of longitude, but several degrees south of us; but in comparing our velocity of wind, extreme cold blasts and temperature, we are sister cities and nearly agree in extraordinary demonstrations of the weather, mild as compared with other cities of this temperate zone.

There is one remarkable circumstance verifying the fact that our winters are becoming milder in this region, so phenomenal as to be worthy of mention. Since 1830 I have no remembrance of a winter when Lake Erie was not covered with ice, so as entirely to obstruct navigation, excepting those which I here mention: Three times in the past ten years the ice in winter was not of sufficient strength in Lake Erie to obstruct navigation or so that it could not be overcome; the last of these exceptions has been that of 1890, with no ice whatever in the lake.

This remarkable phenomenon has scarcely been noticed at the times; showing also a singular lapse of observation in our public

prints, which usually record and cover the events of the world daily. Never before in the memory of man, as far as I know, has the lake failed in performing its duty, in the formation of a sufficient supply of "cold ice."

In the winter of 1837-8 the steamboat "United States," Capt. Whittaker, left this port in January and again entered it in the month of February; the lake was only obstructed by ice during the intermediate time.

The previous winter, 1836-7, was a long one and navigation was not fully open until May or June. If I am correct, the steamboat "Monroe," commanded by Capt. J. T. Homans, U. S. N., did not reach our harbor until June 8th of that year, she having been in sight several miles out, locked in the ice; the passengers and crew at last reduced to a short allowance of food, however, previous to its arrival, for a number of days, steamers had been passing and repassing it by the north channel or north shore route.

CHAPTER III.

WHERE FOLK LIVED IN THE THIRTIES.

The high toned "upper ten," the well-to-do and well-known town-people, were scattered broadcast over the city and its suburbs. The young city then being bounded by North, High and Jefferson streets, Buffalo Creek and Niagara River. There was no so-called "West End" or assumed aristocratic quarter; Black Rock, Cold Springs, Buffalo Plains, Little Normandy, "The Hydraulics" and Clintonville, were not then within the boundaries of the City of Buffalo, as now. Among the residents of those outlying suburban villages, or hamlets, lived many of the prominent citizens of the town as distinguished from the city. The leading or well-known people lived in all parts of the city and town, wherever they had purchased farm lots, located property or their interests were centered. They gathered for social entertainment, weddings, or at church or funeral, from all quarters; from Main street, Pearl, Franklin, Washington, Niagara, Clinton, Eagle, Swan, Seneca, Crow, Elk, Ellicott, Oak, Huron, Mohawk, Chippewa, Genesee, Tupper and Delaware Streets and the Terrace, which covered pretty much all the nomenclature of the residence streets in those days.

General Peter B. Porter, once Secretary of War, and one of the commissioners on the part of the United States in conjunction with the commissioners of Great Britain, to locate and define the boundary line between the Canadas and the United States and the Northwest Territories, with Col. Wm. A. Bird, his associate, acting on that same commission, who did by their personal and persistent efforts and diplomacy with the British representatives in the commission, successfully obtain and preserve to the State of New York, our "Grand Island" in Niagara River. The commission also had in its employ Major Andrew Ellicott, the brother

and assistant of Joseph Ellicott, the engineers and surveyors of Buffalo. Gen'l Porter was also the first president of the newly constructed Niagara Falls Rail Road, and Col. Bird its first Vice-President, (of which Geo. P. Stevenson was its Secretary and Treasurer.) *Gen'l Porter lived at Black Rock, corner of Ferry Street. Where subsequently lived until his death, this year, Col. Lewis F. Allen, a long time resident here, dying at ninety years of age; he was uncle to President Grover Cleveland. Col. Bird lived south of the corner of Ferry Street. Captains Asa and Robert Hart, John D. Harty, James Haggart, Harry Thompson, Absalom Bull, Samuel F. Gelston, Geo. Kingman, Stephen W. Howell, and others, dwelt in Black Rock. Captain Wm. T. Miller, William and Benjamin Hodge, Gen'l Lewis Eaton, Col. Vandeventer, and Deacon Abner Bryant lived on their farms near Cold Springs on Main Street.

*General Peter B. Porter in conjunction with his brother Judge Augustus Porter early acquired title to the American shore of Niagara Falls, including Goat Island and the islands adjacent thereto, covering in all some two hundred acres, of which seventy acres was contained in Goat Island and the remainder in the other islands and that part of the main shore at the brink of the American Fall known as Prospect Point. So that in fact they did own Niagara Falls to the dividing line of the "Horse-Shoe" or Canadian Fall. An early resident of Niagara County tells me: That the Porters located the property with soldiers land warrants, which they obtained at nominal cost, probably less than one dollar per acre. Geo. W. Holley in his book on Niagara says:

"In 1806 the two brothers became interested with others in the purchase from the State of New York of four lots in the Mile Strip lying both above and below the Falls. A few years later they purchased not only the interest of their partners in these lots, but other lands at different points along this Strip. In 1814 they bought of Samuel Sherwood a paper, since named a *float*, an instrument given by the State authorizing the *bearer* to locate two hundred acres of any of the unsold or unappropriated lands belonging to the State. This float they fortunately anchored on Goat Island and the islands adjacent thereto, lying "immediately above and adjoining the Great Falls." The wherefore of the name of the larger island is as follows. Mr. John Stedman who came into the country in 1760, had cleared a portion of the upper end of the island, and in the summer of 1779, he placed on it a few small animals. Chief among these was an aged and very dignified male goat. The following winter was very severe, navigation to the Island was impracticable and he fell a victim to the intense cold. For a time he was, like Juan Fernandez, "monarch of all he surveyed" and like him he left his name to his water-bound home."

The primary object of the purchase said to be was an unromantic one. The Porter's desired the island for a sheep paddock or preserve to protect them from the wolves which were numerous all about the Falls, but not molesting the islands. General Porter resided at Black Rock until about 1839 when he took up his residence at Niagara Falls, where other members of the Porter family were living.

The Granger family lived on their large farm at and beyond the Cold Springs and through which Scjauquady Creek passes; this farm, which was the most romantic and picturesque piece of ground naturally, within our present city domain, and topographically the best suited to the purposes for which it is now used. The farm has been absorbed with other lands to create and make our beautiful "Forest Lawn" and "The Park."

John T. Bush, once our State senator, had his office here, but lived in Tonawanda.

The Dodge family lived on what is now Best Street, opposite "North Street Cemetery." The homestead place now belongs to the city, prospectively intended for use as a storage reservoir for our water supply of one hundred and twenty-five millions gallons.

Oliver G. Steele and Warren Bryant were on Clinton Street, then a short street, now a quite important one, reaching far into the country.

Judge Philander Bennett was on Eagle Street, in a large old stone mansion, I think the very last on the street with extensive grounds about it. It has recently been purchased of his heirs and converted into a public park.

On Eagle Street also lived Wm. Lovering, Sr., John Lay, Jr., Geo. B. Walbridge, Chas. H. Bramhall, and on the corner of Ellicott, Rushmore Poole, in one of the then fashionable city blocks, all occupied by nice people. On the south-east corner lived at various times in those early years, Morgan L. Faulkner, E. L. Stevenson, and Cyrenius C. Bristol. East Swan Street was devoted to the several Pratt families, who filled a considerable place in the affairs of Buffalo, e'en to the present day. There were also on that street, Orlando Allen; his abandoned old homestead remains, but evidently decaying rapidly, as the surrounding property is being occupied for business purposes. Deacon Joseph Stocking, Roswell W. Haskins, Joseph Dart, Thomas Farnham, and others, all locally historical, time-honored people. The high storied brick block on the north-east corner of Swan and Oak Streets, was built in the flush times of '36 and known as the "Hempsted & Keeler Block;" they were

then considered fashionable, palatial, first class city houses, where lived Henry Hager, John G. Dodge, Mrs. Laura Davis, Captain Morris Hazard, and others. In one of these houses in '46 lived, when he was Mayor, Joseph G. Masten. He gave there a large elegant evening party as the "Mayor's Party," then a custom, as it was also a custom for the Mayor to keep "open house" to all callers, with a bountifully spread table on New Year's day. Near Seneca Street on Ellicott Street, lived Aaron Rumsey. Seneca Street was quite an important one for residences. Here lived Russell H. Heywood, our first President of the "Board of Trade," and who held other honorable offices. Major John G. Camp, a most popularly known citizen and of handsome soldierly appearance, Margaret St. John, widow of Gamaliel, Doctor Thomas M. Foote, United States Minister to Bogota, General Lucius Storrs, General Nelson Randall, Commodore Stephen Champlin, William Fiske, William Ketchum, James McKnight, Elisha A. and Robert H. Maynard, John B. Flagg, John Bush, Henry Lovejoy, and other well-known citizens.

At the Hydraulics on the "Grosvenor Place," Reuben B. Heacock, in a fine large stone mansion. At Clintonville, Seth H. Heacock, James Durick; way out on Elk Street, which really did not seem as far away, in the thirties as now, were domiciled Augustus C. and George A. Moore; the family of Mr. A. C. Moore, since his death, have migrated from that southern extremity of the city, to the northern, near the Park, a distance of about five miles, but not out of the same city. On Elk Street were also Doctor John W. Clark, The Coatsworths, William J. Mack, and Theodore Coburn. On the Terrace, near Seneca Street, was the ornate cottage of Col. W. F. P. Taylor; at the south corner of Swan Street and the Terrace once lived Captain Harry Whittaker. At the junction of Swan and Franklin Streets, where now stands the "Catholic Building," or "St. Stephen's Hall," was the house of Col. Ira A. Blossom; he was the agent of the Holland Land Company; his house stood on lot one hundred and two of the Company's village plat. At the foot of Swan Street, a little to the north and west of Col. Blossom's house, on the brow of the

Terrace, stood one of the earliest and most known, district school houses. Some of the boys and girls yet remain with us, who attended that school in the early thirties, but they are mostly gone over to the majority. Where now are St. Joseph's Cathedral and the Bishop's Palace, Chapel and Residence, was the handsome home and gardens of George B. Webster. Quite recently Bishop Ryan has built for his own occupancy and use an elegant palace and chapel on upper Delaware Avenue. Referring to the Cathedral, which now occupies the Webster grounds, I fancy few of our people are aware of the treasures it contains. Without going into detail as to its stained windows and paintings, it has, smothered in its diminutive tower or steeple, the chimes which were awarded the first premium at the World's Exhibition at Paris in 1867. And in its organ loft, the great "Hook" Organ which was exhibited at the "Centennial" at Philadelphia in 1876.

On the lower side of the Terrace, now Sixth Street, near Genesee Street, lived W. L. G. Smith, Harlow S. Love, Silas Manville, Mahlon Kingman. At the corner of Main Street, on Crow Street, opposite the old "Mansion," was the dwelling and flower garden (open to view) of the venerable Count Louis Le Couteulx de Caumont; a gentleman *par excellence* in cultivation, reputation, manners and dress. On the corner of Crow and Washington Streets dwelt Jacob A. Barker. On Crow or Exchange Street were Nehemiah Case, Daniel G. Marcy, Clarence Shepard. Tracing Washington Street upwards Albert Hayden, Geo. W. Allen, Mrs. James Sheldon (mother of the late Judge James Sheldon), Robert Hollister; above Seneca Street, where now is the Coal and Iron Exchange, were Cyrus Atheran, and Jacob S. Miller dwelling and livery. He was the father of our enterprising livery proprietor Charles W. Miller. On the corner of Swan Street Dr. Austin Flint; south-east corner of South Division Street Elijah D. Efner; north-east corner John W. Beals, of the firm of Wilkeson, Beals & Co., proprietors of the Orazaba Iron Works. He was the father of Edward P. Beals and his brothers. North of Mr. Beals were two of the city style of dwellings then popular; in one of which

lived Wm. A. Thompson and his two brothers, all bachelors, in what was then thought pretentious style. They were hardware dealers; Scotchmen. In winter Wm. A. wore a "sugar loaf" shaped, otter fur cap without visor; which was unusual, and of course attracted attention in a small place. He was a man of fine appearance, with haughty but condescending manners. The young men about town dubbed him the "Duke of Argyle." He failed in business; retired into Canada; became a prominent man there, particularly in the projection and construction of the Canada Southern Railway. Was elected to the Provincial Parliament. He died at Queenston on Niagara River.

Facing Main Street, on Washington, stood the building of the old "Niagara Bank," which a few years later was taken down to open North Division Street. On and near the corners of that street lived James C. Evans, widow Letitia Evans, Wm. A. Evans, Charles W. Evans, Lewis E. and John R. Evans; in fact pretty much all the Evans family, who have ever been identified with the interests and business of Buffalo. Here were also (connected with them) Mr. Augustus Raynor and Samuel Cary, a consistent plain old-fashioned Quaker, who would not purchase any but free labor sugars.

North of the corner of North Division Street was what might then have been called a handsome brick dwelling, built by Dr. Josiah Trowbridge, in 1817, afterwards occupied by Pierre A. Barker, our Mayor in 1838, succeeding Dr. Trowbridge in that office, as well as his house. Subsequently the house was occupied by Alanson Robinson, and then for many years by Edward L. Stevenson, and recently by the "City Club."

Next above, on the corner of Eagle Street, is the solid brick house built by Isaac Kibbe shortly after the war with Great Britain, say about 1816, known as the "Kibbe House;" long afterwards and for many years the home of Doctor Charles Winne. Above Eagle Street lived Elijah Ford and Nathaniel Wilgus. Above them was built, in 1836, by Noyes Darrow, the "Darrow Block," then considered a palatial block, equalling the fine blocks of New York city in grandeur, on Broadway "above

Bleecker ;" (in those days the line of demarcation between the commonality and the upper strata of society, and where the *parvenu* first sought to locate.) The cost of these houses was said to have been \$17,000 each ; a fearfully expensive dwelling, particularly for renting purposes in those days ; some of our most fashionable people occupied them then. They still exist, in a transition state, between dwellings and business houses. One of them was occupied in the thirties by Albert H. Tracy ; another by Henry M. Kinne. For many years two of them were occupied by Miss Clara Cutler as a private boarding house ; she and the house are worthy of being mentioned in these records. It was a favorite place for first-class young men and for gentlemen and their wives. Neatness and good order prevailed ; the living was good. Miss Cutler was a lady of whom her guests were fond, and she had a good moral influence over the young men and they all liked her home. On that same ground previously stood, in the young thirties and prior to that, our first County Jail, inclosed within palisades of sharp-pointed logs, about eight inches in diameter and twelve feet high. I suppose to prevent people breaking in. In this jail were incarcerated the three Thayers, so well known in our local history, who were hung for the murder of John Love.

Above the Darrow Block was the rough-cast, ornate cottage of Noyes Darrow. On the corner of Clinton and Washington Streets, now occupied by the French Church, was a rough-cast two-story building, gable end towards the street, the land office of "The Holland Land Company." On the north corner of the "Batavia Road" (Broadway) where stands the Buffalo Savings Bank, was the early built brick mansion known as the "Harrison House," built by the father of the late James C. Harrison. It was occupied by Sheldon Thompson, later by Lester Brace. Farther up Washington, near Mohawk Street, lived Samuel K. Kip, E. Fitch Smith, and George W. Houghton, all lawyers ; on the corner of Mohawk, 'Squire Harry Slade ; beyond him, Jonathan Sidway, a wealthy land-holder, the father of Franklin and Jonathan Sidway. On the opposite side lived John and George A. H. Patterson. Farther up

Washington Street, near Tupper and Goodell Streets, were the houses of George Palmer, a prominent man in the community in his time, and if I be correct, the first President of the Buffalo and State Line Railroad, part of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern system. Near by, Jabez Goodell. Skipping over to Tupper Street, at the head of Pearl Street, was the cottage of Col. Alanson Palmer, which now and for many years has been the home of Philo B. Eaton. From there scattered, along down Pearl Street were Henry Colton, Lyman Dunbar, Judge Horatio J. Stow, Isaac T. Hathaway, Samuel W. Hawes, Elias Green, Garrett S. Hollenbeck, Hamlet Scranton, a gay bachelor, cashier of the Commercial Bank, who kept house in good style at the corner of Huron Street. He went from here to Rochester, and after a time became Mayor of that city. Daniel F. Kimball lived on the opposite corner. Silas Hemingway, Capt. Chas. Gardner, Sylvester Chamberlain; Sidney Ball also lived on Pearl Street. The Harrington Block on the corner of Pearl and Court Streets were fashionable dwellings. Between Court and Niagara Streets, on Pearl Street, lived Rufus C. Palmer, Doctor C. C. Haddock, Col. Nathaniel Vosburgh, Doctor Wm. K. Scott and General Sylvester Matthews. Below Niagara Street lived General Heman B. Potter, Doctor John E. Marshall; Doctor Bryant Burwell in the same house where now lives his son, Doctor George N. Burwell, fifty years later. At the corner of Pearl and Swan Streets, Doctor Moses Bristol; at the corner of Erie and Pearl Streets, Silas A. Fobes, father of W. Dana Fobes. From this point to the Terrace on Pearl Street lived George Coit, George R. Kibbe, Henry R. Seymour, William Hollister, Oliver Forward, Stephen K. Grosvenor, Gurdon C. Coit; on the east corner of Seneca Street, Widow Rebecca Wheeler, who kept there a wonderfully good *pénion*, whose daughters were then and subsequently married to well-known citizens, viz: George W. Bull, Loomis Lyman, George McKnight, Mrs. McKnight afterwards married James W. Sanford; Charles M. Hopkins married the youngest daughter, Kate Wheeler; Mrs. Wheeler had a son, Fred. Wheeler, who was the com-

mander of our popular lake steamer, St. Louis. At this establishment boarded, in those early years, a number of our well-known citizens, such as Gibson T. Williams and the late William Laverack, Judge James M. Smith, and others. On the south-east corner William Williams, the druggist, who with his wife, died on the same day of cholera, in '49. Next south of Mr. Williams lived Martin Daly, in a costly house for those days; then followed Stephen Clark, Daniel M. Hodges, and in the last dwelling on Pearl Street near the Terrace, John B. Macy.

On West Swan Street were Doctor Cyrenius Chapin and Thaddeus Weed; Mrs. Weed a daughter of Doctor Chapin; and, if I be correct in my statements, the oldest living person to-day native to Buffalo, and is upwards of ninety years of age. I saw her not long since, this year 1890, walking down Main Street, as erect as any queen! She is the mother of Hobart Weed and of the late DeWitt C. Weed.

At the junction of Swan and Erie Streets lived Samuel N. Callender; the frame house is still there, like as it was, more than fifty years ago, and but recently was the home of his widow.

On Niagara Street, between Main and Pearl, in the "Kremlin Block," lived Judge William B. Rochester, father of Paymaster-General William B. Rochester, U. S. A., (retired in 1890.) Judge Rochester was the President of the United States (branch) Bank. He was a dignified gentleman, highly esteemed; at one time a candidate for Governor of the State. He was lost at sea from the ship "Pulaski" when she was wrecked and burned off Cape Hatteras, while on a voyage from New Orleans. The writer remembers hearing at the time, that he nobly sacrificed his life to save others. The following verses are from a lengthy poem, written by W. H. C. Hosmer of Avon, New York, in which he alludes feelingly to the loss of the lamented Rochester:

"A boat rocks on the tide—
Skill plies the bending oar,
May God the trembling inmates guide
In safety to the shore!
From danger on the deep
To home and friends restore them—
In vain! the surf, with drowning sweep,
Breaks in terror o'er them."

"Late mid the pallid band
 I marked the form of one,
 Whom annals of his native land
 Pronounce a favored son.
 His voice of hope and cheer
 The faint of heart sustained,
 When land was dimly seen, and fear
 The rower's strong arm chained."

"Wife, child, nor sacred home
 Will glad his gaze no more;
 With the saved *few* all drenched with foam,
 He stands not on the shore:
 Fond hearts will wait in vain
 His coming, far away—"
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

"Ill fated ship! of all
 Who shared thy dreadful doom,
 And sleep beneath a briny pall,
 Within a boundless tomb,
 Where legions of the drowned
 Fill grot and cavern dim,
 Not one, not one was more renowned,
 Or better loved than him."

The other occupants of the "Kremlin," on Niagara Street, were Erastus Sparrow, John Langdon and William R. L. Ward. From Pearl Street down as far as our octant Square, were the residences of Johnathan Mayhew, Benjamin Fowler, Mrs. Barent, I. Staats, Isaac W. Skinner, and Doctor Henry R. Stagg. On and around Niagara Square: Stephen G. Austin built and lived in the house where now resides his daughter, the wife of Truman G. Avery, her birth place. Next house west, corner of Delaware Avenue, was built by General Heman B. Potter, a prominent lawyer; after the deaths of the General and his widow, it was occupied by George R. Babcock, whose wife was a daughter of General Potter; another daughter married the Hon. Mr. Grant, M. C., of Oswego. It was an old pun, that Mrs. Potter, not satisfied with what we at home could produce in the way of young men, although we were well stocked with good material, must needs obtain a "Grant" from Congress to marry *her* daughter.

The old time mansion on the west side of the Square, was built early in the century, (as its facade of tall pillars show), by Judge Samuel Wilkeson, who was one of the stalwart characters of the town in the days we are now writing of; one of our earliest Mayors. Was at one time President of the "American Colonization Society." His son John, an octogenarian, still lives at the old homestead with his daughter, where he must have passed the greater part of his life. To the writer it was always an attractive old place and home of refinement. The place and its people are one of the few remaining links connecting us with the past of fifty years ago.

I must here add, in just testimony to this family, my grateful tribute to them for their public spirit as citizens, their self-sacrificing patriotism and love of home and country, which they one and all seem to have borne in their various careers, and demonstrated, from grandsire to the present generation, and which the records of the Great Rebellion will fully testify. I depart from my usual rôle in writing these memories to mention in detail their family record as connected with the late war:

A son of Judge Wilkeson, Samuel Wilkeson, Jr., who died in 1889, was the very graphic war correspondent of the "New York Times" during the Rebellion. I remember his pathetic, vivid description of the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., in 1863, when on July 1st his gallant son, Brevet Lieut.-Colonel Bayard Wilkeson, of the Fourth Artillery, U. S. A., while in command of "G" Company of that Regiment, was killed.

Another son, Lieutenant Frank Wilkeson of the Fourth Artillery, was, until recently, Assistant Editor of the "New York Times," and a brilliant writer.

Henry R. Stagg, a grandson of Judge Wilkeson, was a Colonel in Ullman's Brigade during the war.

Brevet Captain John W. Wilkeson of "Company K," One Hundredth Regiment, N. Y. Volunteers, (the "Buffalo Board of Trade" Regiment,) a son of John Wilkeson, was killed at the battle of "Fair Oaks," Va., May 31st, 1862.

Another son, Colonel Samuel H. Wilkeson, was in the Twenty-First N. Y. Volunteers, the first Buffalo regiment, and in the Eleventh N. Y. Cavalry; was also Assistant Inspector General of the Cavalry Division, Dept. of the Gulf, in 1864.

William Wilkeson, son of Eli R. Wilkeson, was a private in a Pennsylvania Cavalry Regiment.

Hugh Johnson, grandson of Judge Wilkeson, was in the Twenty-First Regiment N. Y. Volunteers, and Fifth U. S. Infantry.

Another grandson, brother of the preceding, Captain Tellico Johnson, was in a Pennsylvania Volunteer Regiment of Infantry.

Is not this a noble record for one family?

On the north-west corner of Delaware Avenue and the Square is the house built by Henry H. Sizer; his daughter, whose birth-place it is, resides there; she is the wife of Col. Albert Barnard. On the opposite corner resided Albert H. Tracy. The house was moved down Niagara Street (and converted into a Parsonage of the Unitarian Society for the use of the Rev. Dr. Geo. W. Hosmer), which gave place for the present structure, built for James Hollister; and which was subsequently sold to President Fillmore, where he and his widow resided until their deaths. At the north-east corner of the Square lived Stephen Osborn (Government Agent for the Seneca Tribe of Indians), and Hezekiah A. Salisbury, one of the original proprietors of the *Buffalo Commercial*; the old house is still standing in that very central location. Where is now our "Free Collegiate High School" lived General David Burt (father of Henry W. Burt, cashier of the German American Bank); the house forms a part of the present school building. At this house General Burt entertained the venerable John Quincy Adams, "the old man eloquent," when here in a late year of his life. On the corner of Court Street, west side of Niagara Square, lived Phineas Barton and Robinson Morehead. On Niagara Street, near Georgia, was the pretty cottage owned by James D. Shepard, it was known as "The Shepard Cottage;" opposite it lived Samuel A. Bigelow, and on the corner of Virginia Street Samuel Caldwell. On Eagle Street, west of Franklin, were Elias

A. Bradley, Oliver Bugbee and Harry Daw, and at the corner of the Terrace, later, Gibson T. Williams.

The Franklin Street residents incompletely detailed in the order in which I name them, from down to up-town, were Horatio Shumway, John Hicks, Richard Sears, Dr. H. N. Loomis, John R. Lee, Joseph Clary, Judge Thomas C. Love, James J. Baldwin, Judge James Mullett, Judge Nathan K. Hall, Millard Fillmore, John Newman (father of W. H. H. Newman), Robert Gillespie, Hiram Perce, Capt. James M. Lundy, John Lamb, Edwin Rose and others not recalled. On Church Street lived Birdseye Wilcox, Israel P. Sears, Hiram Barton; at the north-west corner of Delaware Avenue James L. Barton; on Mohawk Street were Dan Bristol, James Demarest; and below Delaware in the "Kissam Block," Rev. George W. Hosmer.

On Huron Street, near Delaware, lived Joseph G. Norton and Horace Clark. On this street was built, early in the thirties, the row of brick houses known as the "Boyd & Bull Block;" they are not much changed; in the corner house lived Captain George W. Floyd; in the same block Charles Hequembourg.

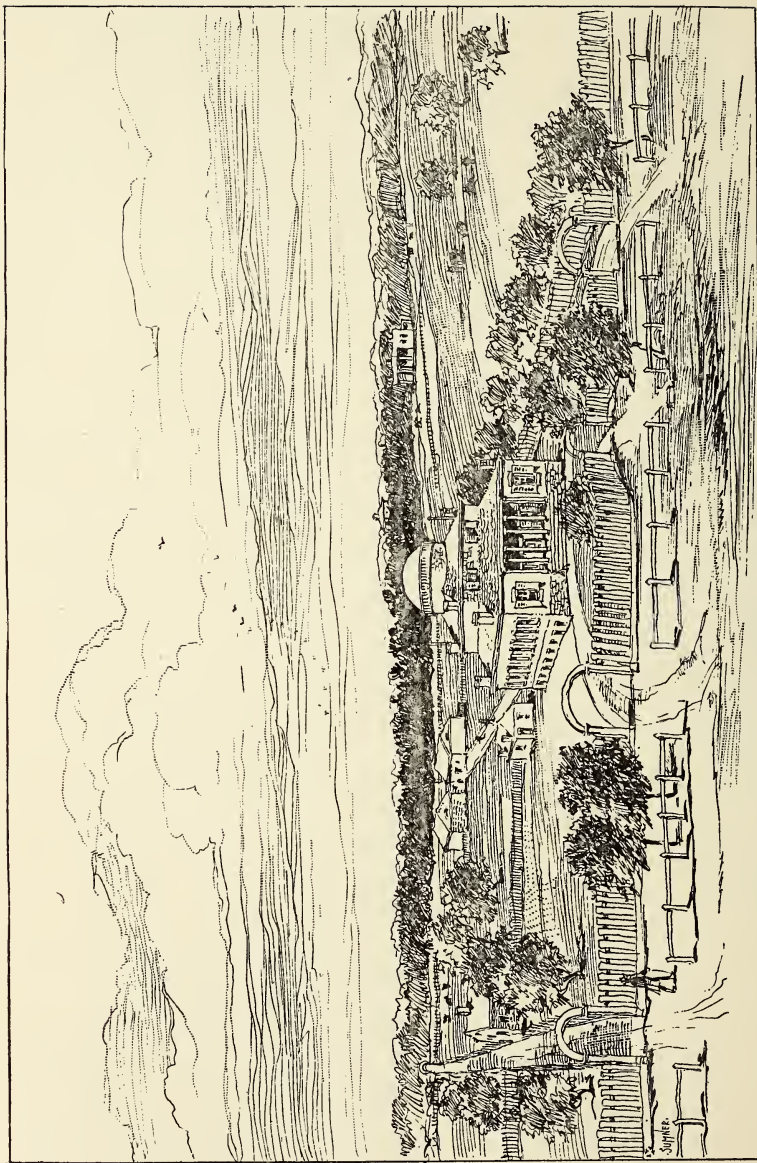
On lower Delaware Street were Walter Joy, Jerry Radcliffe, Silas Sawin, John Fleeharty.

On Delaware Street, above the Square, were very few houses. On the east side below Mohawk was the cottage of C. C. Bristol; the house on the north-west corner of Chippewa, recently occupied by the "Buffalo Club," was built in '35 by Philander Hodge, a costly house, finished elaborately with rosewood doors and highly ornamented stuccoed ceilings; the house later, was occupied by Aaron D. Patchin, and still later by John S. Ganson. On the opposite corner Alexander A. Evstaphieff built in '36 the English basement house, which is now owned by E. Carleton Sprague. A little above the Hodge Mansion, where the home of S. S. Jewett now stands, a short street was laid out (afterwards discontinued), on which was built a handsome brick dwelling, facing south; its rear walls are now, (as I remember), part of the rear walls of the dwelling owned by Mrs. William H. Depew, on Johnson Place; built for Charles B. Lord, to place in it one of the

handsomest brides that ever came to Buffalo. On the east side of Delaware, north of Chippewa, George Hubbard built and lived in a two-story brick house which now belongs to Mrs. Gibson F. Howard. On the West side again, we come to the

“JOHNSON COTTAGE.”

This house was built early in the thirties, about 1834; Doctor Johnson adopted the style of an Italian villa; it was rather more carefully built and more ornate at first, but it was almost entirely destroyed by fire, leaving little more than the outer walls; subsequently it was restored, but the effect of its first picturesqueness was injured by the indifferent manner of its reconstruction. The interior has been much changed from what it was when first built; then, the apartments on the main floor, when in ordinary use, were divided, but for receptions and grand occasions the rooms of almost the entire main floor could with facility be transformed practically into one large drawing room, the central part of which reached up to the stained glass dome, which gave a unique effect to the whole interior. The surroundings of the house, also, are far different from what they were: then, Delaware Avenue was a broad country road, green with native trees, undergrowth and grass. The house standing as it does near the front, but alone in its glory, with extensive grounds, possibly twenty-five or thirty acres, mostly surrounded by high picket fences, a part of it given up for a special park, through the fences of which could plainly be seen the glancing antlers of a herd of deer. In the rear grounds was a beautiful grove of handsome trees and beneath them a pond fed by springs, stocked with fish; swan floating on it, and with a boat house, etc. The walks, nooks and dells were cultivated in rustic semi-wild condition. The picketed front fences were relieved by large high gate posts, arched over the tops, the most southerly gate leading down a long lane or driveway to the rear grounds; the others around by a drive to the front of the mansion, where on the broad steps several carriages could discharge their guests at the same time. Directly in front was a broad walk to the entrance gate, on either side of which in



JOHNSON COTTAGE.

a semi-circle fence, stood a large willow, seemingly as guardians of the place; one of these trees was destroyed during a cyclone a few years since, and the other having become gnarled and unsightly was hewn down.

During the decade of the thirties a person standing in Delaware Street facing this house, could plainly see on the ridge of ground to the north-west the mansion built by Pierre A. Barker, now the residence of Franklin Sidway, and also to the right of it the house of Israel T. Hatch, where he resided many years, now the home of John S. Noyes; intermediate were but few objects to obstruct the view. Looking down "Delaware" there were but few scattered houses to interfere with the overlook to the bay.

When this place was being constructed, the people of whom the greater number lived down town, were frequent visitors to it, inspecting its progress; it was an excursion of a Sunday to walk up town so far, to view it, and when finished it was as "Johnson's Cottage" the attractive show place of the town, and of our first Mayor.

There is a lady now living on "Johnson Park," Mrs. Horace Utley—a daughter of Doctor Ebenezer Johnson, who was born in the "Cottage" when he resided there.

Nothing to the north of this cottage until you came to the large old mansion, built in 1835, and in which lived Sextus Shearer. This was the end of Delaware Street, beyond which was a straggling country road, but very little used. On the road near the Ferry Road, (now Ferry Street), lived a well known Buffalonian, Henry P. Russell. The Shearer house stands on the corner of Allen Street; in the thirties Mr. Shearer was an enterprising hardware merchant, did business on Main Street, below the bridge at No. 84, (old number.) He moved from here to St. Louis and after he was sixty studied law, was admitted to and practiced at the bar. Since Mr. Shearer lived there it has undergone many changes and owners; it was at one time the Catholic Seminary of the "Sacred Heart." The daughter of President Fillmore was a student at this school. The place has been owned at different times by Joseph Christopher, Hiram Niles, S. N. Derrick,

Stephen D. Caldwell, and more recently by George B. Gates, where his widow and their daughter now reside.

On Cottage Street, where now lives David F. Day, was the dwelling of Judge Henry K. Smith.

On Chippewa Street, west of Delaware, at the head of Morgan Street lived Benoni Thompson; his widow now lives there. On Genesee, junction of Mohawk Street, lived Nelson Robinson, of the banking firm of Robinson, Waring & Co., and Philo Durfee; and on Genesee below Niagara Square lived Elbridge G. Spaulding.

I have no doubt omitted the places of residence of a number of the prominent citizens of Buffalo of the thirties, but these are the recollections of a youngster of fifty years ago. I purposely omitted the old residents of Main Street in order that I might give them to the reader in another chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

A PANORAMA OF MAIN STREET.

ABOUT THE YEARS 1835, '36 AND '37, OR FIFTY YEARS AGO,
WITH SOME ALLUSIONS TO THE LAND SPECULATIONS
OF THOSE YEARS.

In my effort to write a descriptive view of our Main thoroughfare in the decade of the thirties, having no guide nor reference, but the memory of my early boyhood, I may be inaccurate in my description, and very likely will be. I may also be guilty of anachronisms. However I will attempt to give a general view of the character of the Street, and who were the occupants of its buildings. The reader can form his own idea of its appearance, and contrast it with the present time. In writing this lengthy detail I may be led aside from the subject by relating some episode or incident connected with the localities as they are enumerated, as is often the case with the delineator of a pictorial panorama, who by frequent digressions endeavors to interest and entertain his audience.

Beginning at North Street, which was then the northern boundary of the city limits, down to Virginia Street, the only dwelling the writer remembers, was the pillared front, large, aristocratic mansion of Colonel Guy H. Goodrich, standing on the summit of the hill north of High Street. It stood in the track of Washington Street, facing Main Street, the grounds taking in the entire territory bounded by Main, High, Ellicott and St. Paul Streets, (beyond Ellicott east, I think the lands belonged to the Bloodgood family.) At that early day a stranger coming to Buffalo and seeing that lordly residence might well suppose it the Manor House of the Shire Town. It was then considered the most eligible site for a residence in Buffalo; just one measured mile from the Park in front of the Buffalo Library; where stood

the old Erie County Court House, from which point all distances were measured), two miles from the dock at the foot of Main Street, and one mile south from Ferry Street or the "Cold Springs." The Goodrich House is still standing, but environed, by more modern structures. The Goodrich family are all gone. This house when first built in 1823, was intended for the residence of Mr. Joseph Ellicott, he having abandoned his first design to reside on the block between North and South Division Streets, with the front on Main Street; the house was left unfinished by Mr. Ellicott, and subsequently purchased by Colonel Goodrich and finished in 1831.

The lots in front of this homestead in '35 and '36, were thought to be worth, for speculative purposes, one hundred dollars per foot front. A lot at the corner of High and Main streets, part of that homestead plot, 56 feet front by 150 in depth, sold at auction in 1856, or twenty years later, at eighty dollars per foot, the purchaser was congratulated on getting so good a bargain; the writer was the buyer. The same property after considerable local improvement, was again sold in 1867, after eleven years more, at sixty-three dollars per foot, the seller having lost in taxes and interest the entire purchase money. Eleven years later, in '78, the last buyer obtained a less sum for it, and now in '90, or after fifty years, it will no doubt sell for the valuation of 1836-7. The lot spoken of is now vacant; think of this land speculators! What was fifty years ago the most eligible building site in the City of Buffalo, unoccupied and unproductive still; only one mile from the business centre on the principal thoroughfare, while property on Delaware Avenue at about Ferry Street, a mile north of High Street is valued at \$300 per foot, and on Linwood Avenue, near Ferry Street, which avenue had no existence until quite recently, is valued at \$150 per foot! A queer freak of real estate values.

Co-incident with this circumstance in values of real estate, I will relate an occurrence in 1836, which was told me by one of the interested parties. On Niagara Street, a little below Porter Avenue, about in a direct line west of the Goodrich property and

a similar distance from the business centre, the late Luman K. Plimpton, a well known resident at that time, purchased some lots of a non-resident owner and stranger at \$100 per foot front, paying the seller \$1000 down, merely taking a receipt for the money in the loose manner common at the time, expecting to complete the trade later on. Shortly after this; Plimpton was employed by Benjamin Rathbun to go to New York (then an important and lengthy trip) to negotiate some financial business. During his absence Rathbun failed and sequentially the real estate "boom" or craze, begun to culminate and exploded by spontaneous unanimity. Shortly after Plimpton's return, the non-resident land seller and stranger, put in an appearance, came to Plimpton and announced that he was ready to pass the papers and settle that little land deal:

"What deal do you refer to?"

"Why, for those lots I sold you on Niagara Street?"

"I don't comprehend you; you are laboring under some mistake or hallucination."

"Not at all," says the stranger, "you paid me a thousand dollars on the trade and I gave you a receipt."

"Indeed," says Plimpton, "I don't see it; you have got the wrong pig by the ear; if you got a thousand dollars out of me, or any other egregious fool, you had better try to keep it."

The lots referred to, or lots very near their location, sold at auction forty years afterwards for from eight to twelve dollars per foot; and now, after a lapse of half a century they are doubtfully worth the one hundred dollars Plimpton was to have given for them.

To continue the sketch of Main Street: On the line of the street, near the corner of Carlton Street, diverged to the northeast a country road. Here stood a modest dwelling, and near it, back from the road, an old tannery, faced by a line of poplar trees. Here is where lived Jesse Ketchum, who did a prosperous business tanning leather. He was latterly better known as "Father Ketchum." He left an endowment for gold and silver medals for successful competitive rewards to pupils in our public schools.

He was a practical philanthropist. The Westminster Church, on Delaware Avenue, is indebted to him for a munificent endowment towards its establishment and erection.

From Virginia to Goodell, and what is now Edward Street, was then a driveway or cow-lane for the use of the owner of the adjoining property. On the corner of Virginia Street, shortly after this time, the Medical College as it now stands was built. It is thus far the only outcome of what was intended and promised to be the great "University of Buffalo." Enterprising, public spirited, ambitious citizens in those flush times, generously promised and fully intended to perform, and made liberal *subscriptions* to endow the institution with professional chairs in scientific or classical branches of education, under their patronymics. This enterprise and liberality was all born of the millions these gentlemen had acquired on paper, in the rocket like rise in real estate; which millions dropped and died, in the stick like fall thereof.

The result thus far reminds one of the following anecdote. In a village, in a rural district of this state, noted for its beauty and pastoral surroundings, its culture and refinement. A seminary for young ladies and children had been established. It was named after one of the Feminine Saints and was in every way a worthy institution, but was drooping for want of sustenance. A meeting was called and was attended by a considerable number of influential persons in the neighborhood, to discuss the means and ends to resuscitate and aid the school. It being under the sheltering arm of the church, the Bishop of the Diocese presided at the meeting. In his opening address the Bishop kindly spoke of its being *his intention* to do various things to help the institution through its difficulties. Amongst the congregation present was an outspoken, independent gentleman, a Mr. P., well known in that community; who after one of these expressed "intentions" interrupted the Bishop by saying, in a somewhat irreverent manner, "Bishop! Do you know what hell is paved with?" "No sir! I do not! You are better prepared to answer that question just now than I"

The Faculty of the Medical College or Chancellor holds the original charter of our fifty-year-old university.

The first building below Virginia Street, built before the Medical College, was a "Military High School;" which, with its play and parade grounds, occupied the entire block as far down as the old St. Louis Church lot. It is now the central portion of the old "Hospital of the Sisters of Charity" building, facing North Pearl Street, which street, or "Pearl Place," has been but recently opened. The building was crowned with a cupola and bell.

The ambitious boys of the town, aided and abetted by their fathers and mothers, were desirous of being promoted to that "High School;" where they could parade in blue jackets and trousers (in summer white duck trousers), the jackets or roundabouts covered profusely with bright silvered globular buttons; in which uniform they were paraded on Sundays down Main Street, escorted by the band or drums and fifes, to the Old First Presbyterian Church, where they filed into the gallery to listen to morning service, led by the Rev. Sylvester Eaton.

The Academy was presided over at different times by several Principals, the first of whom (if I be correct), was Jonathan Dodge. Among the others were Colonel James McKay and Professor C. M. Fay. I think the last Principal of the Military High School was Silas Kingsley; who abandoned the parade and bell buttons. Not long after, for want of patronage, it collapsed.

The first St. Louis Church, next below the Academy, was built early in the decade of the thirties. The grand structure recently erected is the third of that name on the same site.

On the east side, opposite this square, were a few small shops and dwellings occupied by our recently immigrated, thrifty Germans, who, of those that remain and their descendants, old and young, are to-day among our methodical, enterprising and well-to-do citizens. Below Goodell Street, on the corner, stood according to my recollection, an ancient hostelry, known as the "Broadwheel Tavern," where Jabez Goodell "entertained man and beast." This tavern was so known by its patronage, the

teamsters and freight handlers of the broad tire wheels; enormous arks of the so-called "Pennsylvania wagons," driven with four to ten horses; used for the transportation of goods, wares, merchandise and rough-and-tumble passengers, going east and west. They were mostly under the direction and superintendence of ——— Hunter, subsequently of the firm of Hunter, Palmer & Co., in the canal and lake transportation business here. Goodell was the founder of "Goodell Hall," a part of the Seminary buildings facing Johnson Park; from him the name of Goodell Street was derived. He was a Deacon of the First Presbyterian Church. After his benefaction to the Seminary and other distribution of his property, he left a *small* income for the support of his widow. The "Broadwheel Tavern" may not be confounded with the tavern the writer remembers as the "Plough Inn," a long two-story yellow building, much patronized by the farmers from the outlying northerly towns of the county, which was located on the block next below. During the decade of the thirties the old "Broadwheel Tavern" had to give place to the brick dwelling erected upon its site by William Hollister. It is now the property and home of Elbridge G. Spaulding. On the corner of Edward Street, heretofore mentioned, was the sightly old mansion with large front columns, the home of Judge Ebenezer Walden. It stood a considerable distance from Main Street, surrounded by broad and attractive grounds. One of the daughters of Judge Walden is the widow of the late General Meyer. He is remembered as Chief of the Signal Service (Old Probabilities.) "Music Hall" occupies the site of Judge Walden's old homestead. The next large house and grounds was the residence of Clark Hecox. It was an attractive place, with an extensive lawn. For many years, until recently, it has been the home of the late Charles Ensign.

The first innovation after the thirties in this handsomely located square or block was the square brick house built by Henry Roop, between the places of Judge Walden and Mr. Hecox; it has been converted into a boarding house. It is next

south of Music Hall. Also the brick cottage of the Yankee comedian Dan Marble, which, later on, became the property of Mrs. Charles Roseel, who enlarged and improved the house. On the opposite or east side of Main Street, south of the house of Mr. Hollister to Tupper Street, the lands were vacant, except a few forest trees. On these grounds after the first election of William H. Seward as Governor of the State, in 1838, was held a great Barbecue in honor of that event, when an ox, sheep, and other animals were roasted whole. (Joseph Simpson, the colored cook who turned the spit on which the ox was roasted, still resides in Buffalo.) When they were mostly eaten their carcasses or skeletons were drawn on sleighs in triumph about the town. At this Barbecue whole barrels of ale (no lager then) and cider were broached. The Whigs were joyful and merry over their triumphant success and the defeat of Governor William L. Marcy and his Democratic supporters.

From Tupper to Chippewa Streets, on the west side north corner, stood the tidy square-framed white dwelling of Manly Colton, a well-known citizen, a merchant, and at one time County Clerk. Next, south of Mr. Colton, Peter Curtis built and lived in the plain brick house which stands nearly flush with the sidewalk and was until recently occupied by his son Frederick B. Curtis. South of this, on that block, the one-story pillared front cottage of Merrill B. Sherwood, the Sherwood cottage was removed to make room for the palatial mansion built by Mr. Sherwood for his residence, the now well-known "Sherwood," a fashionable *Pension* of to-day; the hostess, Mrs. Waring, is the widow of a banker, resident here in the thirties. It was said that the Sherwood mansion was built from the profits of the "Bank of Gallipolis," "Agricultural Bank," and the "Farmer's Joint Stock Bank of Toronto," and other kindred defunct institutions. I have always considered myself a stockholder in that "Sherwood House," having a purse of the money of that "Joint Stock Bank," since its failure, stored away among my archives. Next below the Sherwood *cottage* was the modest dwelling of Mr. Ebenezer Day,

who laid most of the substantial brick side-walks fifty years ago and more ; some of which remain in good condition to this day. Near the corner of Chippewa Street lived Elisha Ensign. The opposite or east side block on Main Street, corner of Tupper, was, and is, the aristocratic old mansion of the late Judge Charles Townsend, where his daughter, Mrs. Guilford R. Wilson, resides. Judge Townsend was one of the most sterling, enterprising men of the young town and city. About the centre of this block stood the large carriage shop of Williams, Gould & Co. and the dwelling of Watkins Williams. Further down, where the late John G. Deshler erected his marble palace, was a long-faced, pretentious, unsightly white frame house, where lived Rodman Starkweather, of the firm of Starkweather & Brown, dry goods merchants. Below this was a brick dwelling where lived Morgan L. Faulkner and subsequently Judge Geo. W. Houghton. On the corner of Chippewa Street was a small frame store and lumber yard.

From Chippewa to Huron Streets, west side, was a white frame grocery store kept by William Crawford, whose two sensible daughters married General Daniel D. Bidwell and Captain Reuben B. Heacock, both killed in the war of the Rebellion. The next house below Crawford's was occupied by David M. Day, printer and journalist, of the firm of Day, Follett & Haskins, a notable character of the town. Previous to Mr. Day's occupancy it was the residence of Dr. Johnson, who moved from there to his cottage on Delaware Avenue ; below Mr. Day's house a couple of two-story brick dwellings were built, towards the close of the decade, in one of which lived Captain Charles A. Miliken ; I cannot recall who lived in the other. These were all the buildings on this block between Chippewa and Huron Streets on Main Street. I distinctly remember a long, weather-beaten, tight board fence, on the lower half of this block, running half way down to Pearl Street, on Huron, to the two-story brick dwelling of Captain Elias Ransom, one of our earliest residents. On the east side of Main Street, below Chippewa, north of Genesee Square, the only

house I remember was a two-story white frame, with door in the centre; the dwelling of Moses Baker, father of Everett L. Baker, our worthy Musical Professor in the Public Schools. About the period of which we write Mr. Baker built the block which faces Genesee Square on the north side. On the west side between Huron and Genesee Streets, the only building was the old original "Genesee House," occupying the south-east corner of the block. The upper side of the block was vacant. It was long the temporary abiding place for weary farmers and their more weary cattle, who brought their produce, fruit and garden truck to market from the towns in this and the adjoining counties of Niagara and Genesee. The sign, "Genesee House," was in large black letters across the front of the house on Main Street. The old home of the farmers has passed away; a hotel, the third in succession, a "first class" house, with the same Indian name, "Genesee," having been retained, thanks to its owner and builder, the late Doctor Walter Cary; the name is pleasantly euphonic and locally historical.

Opposite the Genesee, across the Square, Major A. Andrews, our second Mayor, had a sort of rural, attractive home, which is now part of the "Grüener Hotel." Later on in the same decade it was occupied by Judge James Stryker.

On the south side of Genesee Square was a large, rambling, unsightly building, the wagon shop of Thomas Spicer. Down Main street from Genesee Square, on the east side, a little below the corner, was the store of Henry Colton, a large, frame building, gable end to the street, peaked with a hood, sustaining a tackle block and fall for hoisting goods. Adjoining was a double frame store occupied by Handel & Koons, who came here from Germany; the remainder of this block to Mohawk Street, was a line of small shops, very plainly built, and variously occupied. On the corner of Mohawk Street, Caspar Volmer had a mixed store, largely hardware and farmers' implements. Volmer subsequently built the large brick building which now stands there, and at a later date was sold for about six thousand dollars. I regret not having purchased it, as it was offered to me at the price

on such easy terms that I could have made the purchase without the slightest inconvenience.

On the block opposite, on the west side, at the corner of Genesee Street, was the grocery of Kendall & Adams; the same building is now occupied by Diehl, the druggist. Between this corner and Mohawk Street was a succession of small shops and offices, mostly of one story. On the corner of Mohawk Street was a two-story white frame dwelling, where lived at one time, Noah P. Sprague, father of our distinguished townsman, E. Carlton Sprague. Mr. N. P. Sprague held the office of County Clerk in 1832. The block below Mohawk was rather more of a business centre, except that at the corner of Mohawk Street, lived, in a house standing back from the street, James Miller, or "Quaker Miller," as he was called; the lot is number fifty-five of the original town plot, the same on which the present business block, known as the "Miller Block" stands. The lot was conveyed to Miller by the "Holland Land Company" in 1824, and is still owned by his daughters. I might as well say here, that a number of the original plotted lots, sold by the Holland Company, are still held by the children of the first purchasers. These titles to the fee simple of the land may be considered good; they do not require the endorsement of astute counsel as to their validity. A quite full list of the first and early sales of the Holland Land Company, can be found in the appendix to Ketchum's History of Buffalo, which the curious reader will find an interesting record, more easily available than searching the Libers in the County Clerk's Office.

South of the Miller property were the frame stores, one yellow the other white, of John Frick and Ernest G. Gray; the latter died the present year, 1890; then one or two small stores when you came to the brick store, gable end to the street, tackle blocks hung by an iron hook and staple in its hooded peak, reaching over the side walk. This, for many years was the store of General David Burt, the Brigadier in command of the militia here during the "Patriot War," so-called, but more properly the Canadian Rebellion. General Burt did considerable business in this

store, in a mixed assortment of goods much like the old fashioned country store, where you could usually find second hand pulpits if they were in demand. His business was of an erratic character. He was a constant attendant and reliable buyer at all auctions. He delighted to attend the sales of failed merchants' stocks. This was particularly remarked during the crashing times of '37, when these sales were so common and frequent here, that a noted auctioneer named Fitch, a resident of Ontario County, was engaged here several months, going from store to store, selling out the stock of the failed merchants. Of course this changed the occupants of the business houses along Main Street, and hence will account for any discrepancies in my record of Main Street at the time of which I am writing.

On one of these occasions was being sold the stock of a wholesale dry goods house, Messrs. Dexter & Masten; this firm made purchases largely in original imported packages; at that time the article of hooks and eyes for ladies' dresses were put up in small paper boxes containing a dozen pair, and these boxes in other larger boxes, containing a dozen dozen boxes, or great gross; the sizes marked on each package as three, four or five. In this stock, when being sold, were the contents of several large cases of these hooks and eyes. A large sample package of one number was shown, when the auctioneer, Fitch, offered a package of one number with the privilege of as many more of the same number as the buyer might wish at so much per small box, containing a dozen pair. The bidding was spirited, and they were struck down to General Burt at four cents per small box or dozen pair; at that time the retail price was sixpence per box. When asked how many he would take? he said "all;" "what, all?" "yes, all!" They then offered another number with the same privilege, when General Burt said impatiently, "Did't I say: I would take all!" then Fitch said, "put them all down to Burt." Then the clerk produced a package of still another number; the General seemed quite indignant and said: "Did't I tell you, I would take all!" "What, take all of all the numbers?" "Yes, yes! all the hooks and eyes you have in the store." "All right," said Fitch,

“put them all down to the General.” After the sale, when they were sent to Burt’s store, there was an entire dray load and the bill was somewhat startling to the General; over fourteen hundred dollars for such an article! When he came to remonstrate they convinced him that he himself made the sale imperative, and he had to stand to his bargain, which he did; but years afterwards when *his* stock was sold many of those hooks and eyes were found in his attic.

In the later years of General Burt’s mercantile life he still continued this propensity for attending auction sales. He was almost always to be found at the regular trade sales of the old firm of Plimpton & Welch. Plimpton used to remark that all he needed to make a good morning’s sale was the presence of General Burt and General Bennett Riley, and a bale of batting standing on end with a hat on it, to make a competition. General Riley had a remarkable proclivity for that sort of amusement. The old warrior has been known to repurchase a cart load of trash which had accumulated from his former auction ventures, and which had been relegated to his attic, and again been sent to the auction house by his wife, *to get rid of*.

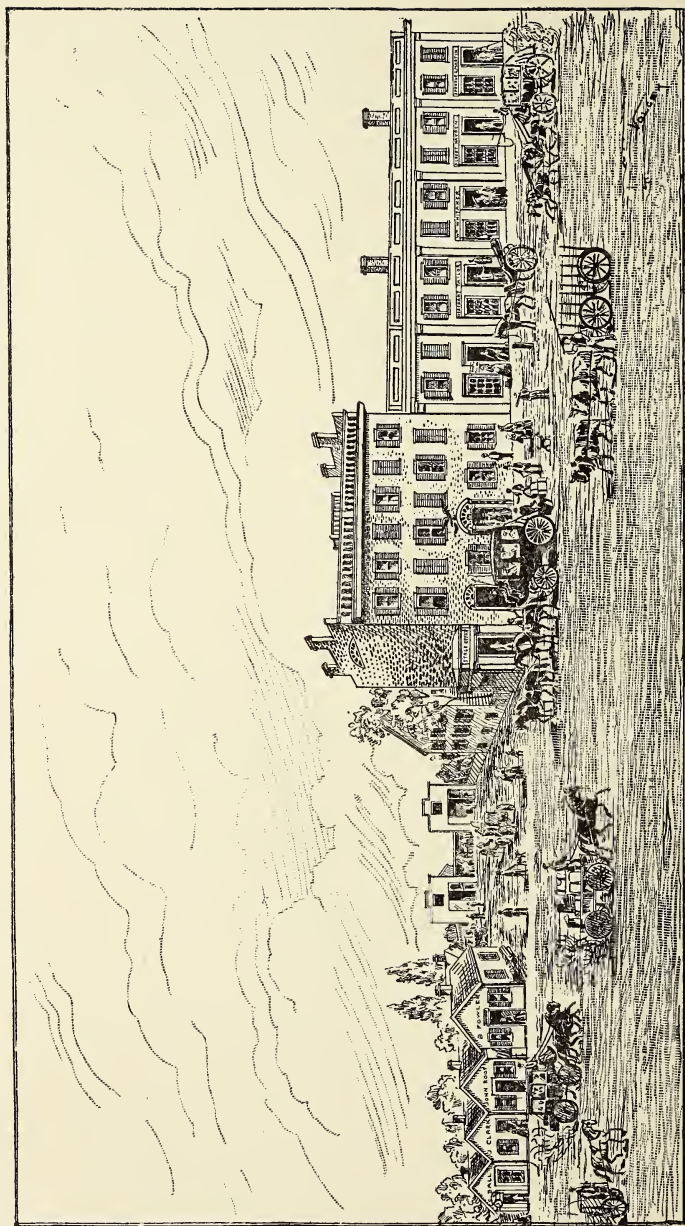
The site of Burt’s store, the only building of brick in the block, is now occupied by Phillip Becker’s store, our recent Mayor, or worthy Burgomeister as you prefer the title. Next below where are the handsome new stores of Mr. Becker, is the lot upon which stood the only dwelling left standing at the burning of Buffalo, by the British soldiers and Indians in 1813, and where lived Mrs. Margaret, the widow of Gamaliel St. John and her seven daughters, at whose solicitations the British officers protected it and permitted it to remain unharmed. The Historical Society of Buffalo should, with permission, put up a brass plate recording this fact on the present building. Mr. Becker’s title to the property came direct from the children of one of those daughters of Mrs. St. John, who was the wife of the late Dr. Thomas M. Foote, who was made Minister to Austria during President Fillmore’s term of office. The writer has in his possession a piece of lath taken by himself from the last vestiges of the ruins of the old house of

Mrs. St. John, whose several daughters became the wives of prominent citizens of Buffalo.

Continuing on through this block were the stores of Dr. Frederick Dellenbaugh, druggist; E. & W. Rose, John Dingsen, (father of the Dingsen Bros., in trade now, further down town). A. & O. Field and A. & A. Luce, both firms in the dry goods trade, these two stores were in a two-story frame block built together; and on the corner of Court Street was the store of Joel Wheeler; subsequently and for a long period, was occupied by Parker & Churchill. On the opposite or east side block, commencing at Mohawk Street, were several low frame shops, down as far as the present "Tifft House," which was the site of the two-story "Phoenix Hotel," kept for a long time by William Bivins. There was an ample driveway, or *porte cochere*, opening directly through the first floor of the house from Main Street to the stables in the rear, for teams and country vehicles; it was a popular resting place for people of the surrounding towns.

Below the Phoenix to Lafayette Street and "Court House Park," (now "Lafayette Park,") was only a lumber yard or something of that character.

The block below Court Street, on the west side, was half occupied by the old and locally historic "Eagle Tavern," and its adjacent offices, buildings and stables; the stables backed up on Pearl Street, the open stage yard being in front, facing Main Street. This was the great Stage House of the west, *the* popular, first-class public house of its time, where the *ancien régime* of the town, the dignified, high toned, the gay and thoughtless did mostly love to congregate. The "Eagle" main building was a three story brick, solidly built, with a frame ornate wing running north to the corner of Court Street, the lower story occupied by a half dozen shops and offices, among them on the corner of Court Street, early in the decade, was Sprague & Martin's store. I also recall Sprague & Loomis, Doctors' office; Piddington & Humphrey, a tailoring shop, and others. The upper or second floor was used as chambers for the tavern. At the south end of the "Eagle," was a small office of the Stage Company.



EAGLE TAVERN.

Over the front entrance door of the Tavern was a handsome, gilt, spread eagle; on the gable peak of the roof was hung a large bell to call the guests to their meals. The Eagle Tavern had for its landlord, Benjamin Rathbun, who became a noted character in the annals of Buffalo. Later on, the managing proprietor was Isaac R. Harrington, popularly called "Old Cuff;" why, I know not, for he was a genial, well met individual. He at one time held the office of Postmaster, and at another, that of Mayor. The "Eagle," in the thirties, was a curious admixture of a country tavern, a generous "Old Stage House," and a Metropolitan Hotel: with its large reception parlor off the front main hall of the street floor, and on the other side a congregating room for men, with its bar in the rear part of it; an immense fire place with great andirons to support the fire in front of the huge back log, which was commonly the lower part of the trunk of an Oak or Hickory tree, often two feet in diameter, which fire in cold weather was kept in a perpetual blaze, to cheer the traveler on his arrival. The fire was manipulated with a long iron-handled heavy shovel (hammered out by the local blacksmith), a crow bar and a pair of cyclopean tongs; in the fire place over the fire was hung a huge crane with a graduated flat slide hook hanging upon it and on it an iron kettle, at all hours steaming hot with boiling water to supply cold travelers and *habituers* of the place with hot drinks, most commonly then brandy slings (so called.) It was a jolly place of a cold night; the reader will remember that at the time of which we write there were no heating furnaces, steam heating, nor natural gas, and rarely a wood stove; no coal but charcoal was ever seen here then, so that all rooms were heated with wood fires in fire places, hence the origination of the English custom of standing with your backs to the fires with your coat tails under your arms, occasionally turning and facing the fire to thaw out the front side. The Ladies' Parlors were thus made comfortable, but the halls of the house were cold places with draughts to be forever shunned. After night-fall and supper, (no teas), the porter brought an armful, perhaps fifty, sheep skin russet slippers, without heels or backs, and dumped them down in the broad corner

of the fire place, and which were used as common property with all the guests and were not worn in pairs, so that those you wore last night I and a stranger may wear to-night. Later on as a hint to go to bed, the porter places on a side table, perhaps fifty flat brass candlesticks with half a mould candle to each ; but be careful not to extinguish it, while yet you may need it, or you will have to be provided with a tinder box, flint and steel, to re-light it, or go down stairs to the fire place for that purpose, which was frequently done, as there was no friction or locofoco matches in those days.

The dining-room was also at that time generously provided, the room was large and long, with tables the full length of it ; on them at dinner were placed large joints of meats, pot-pies, and fowls roasted and fricasseed with dishes of boiled potatoes with their jackets on, and other vegetables, but never a tomato, as they were considered poisonous at that time, and only grown to ornament the kitchen garden, and known as love apples. Midway between the enormous rotary castors, which were at intervals along the tables, were generous sized decanters of brandy, gin and rum, in pairs or *quartettes* straddling or surrounding a gallon pitcher of ale free to all ; the dining hour was from twelve to one o'clock.

A considerable number of the younger prominent citizens and their wives, and the bachelors, were boarders from time to time at the "Eagle," which was quite the "swell thing" to do, to establish one's self in those days. Much of all the current topics of the time, politics and gossip were discussed there, the first-class fun, frolic and amusements were concocted there. Speculators in town and water lots dropped in ; western cities built on paper, were fabricated, hatched and born there, as in an "Exchange;" gentlemen came there to imbibe their customary "cock-tails" and take their "glass of grog."

When General Lafayette passed through Buffalo in 1826 he was entertained at the Old Eagle, and a public dinner was given in his honor, presided over by General Peter B. Porter.

About the middle of the decade of the thirties, Harrington built the "Harrington Block," stretching from the "Eagle's" wing down Court to Pearl Street, thence down Pearl Street half way to Eagle Street. The Harrington Block was occupied as fashionable residences for the towns-folk, including the influx of new comers, who at this period were rapidly coming in. There were several other new blocks which were built at this time, including those known as the "Darrow Block," Washington Street, "Ypsilanti," or "Kissam Block," on Mohawk Street, "Boyd & Bull" Block on Huron Street, and the "Hempsted & Keeler Block" on Swan Street. They were built to conform to the style of building then in vogue in metropolitan cities, particularly New York, (which was rapidly growing) and to economize in the use of land, having adopted the idea that land in the city was too valuable, and there was not enough of it, for our rapidly growing and then "booming young city." After the crash of '36, '37 we began to learn that private residences were each to occupy a good portion of a farm lot, land had again become comparatively cheap, and our builders of private residences were prodigal of it. Now, Buffalo is "*booming*" again, with more steadiness of purpose and upon a more solid basis; land is a desideratum, and is rapidly increasing in value. We are realizing that those builders who built subsequent to the crash of '37, by being liberal with their land, built better than they knew, by setting an example which ever since has been more or less followed, in devoting ample space in the establishing of their homesteads, providing in advance for unrestricted light and pure air; fixing this condition unchangeably, and placing upon it the image and seal of being one of the most beautiful cities on the continent.

A common remark of tourists and visiting strangers, is that they never before saw a town where so many private dwellings seemed each so to be separated and independent of its neighbors, each having its own special domain and adjacencies to ornament and embellish; and all coinciding in such cultivation, imparting to the city in general, a beautiful and æsthetic appearance.

The "Harrington Block" has now been transformed and is being converted to business purposes.

On Main Street, the southerly half of the block below the "Eagle Tavern" and the Stage Yard, was occupied mostly with unimportant shops and one-story offices; among them I recall the little shop of Mrs. Chalk, so dear to the little girls and boys of those days for its flakey, brown, *petits patés*, its "bull's eyes," and other confectionery to delight infantile covetousness. Also, Ben. Fowler's grocery and wine shop; "The Little Eagle," where older boys showed as strong desires in a liquid direction. Counselor John Root, a conspicuous lawyer of his time had his office there; contemporaneous friends could relate good stories of him. Sidney Ball had his "goldsmith shop" in one; at his residence, corner of Court and Pearl Streets, Mr. Ball had constructed in the peak of the gable end, in half circle and triangular form, a black and white sun-dial; on it were roman figures and points with the words "*tempus fugit*," this was placed just above a closely barred blank window blind; it was a constant terror to the small boys, and it was understood among them that Ball dealt in the "black art," a conjurer, cabalist or necromancer, and those boys gave the house a wide berth.

There was also the office of Joseph Clary, who dispensed justice to all applicants; and Elijah & Nelson Ford's law office. The office of William A. Mosely, our chesterfieldian lawyer and congressman. He gave as a reason for declining a renomination that he could not undergo the ordeal of kissing all the babies while visiting his constituents before election. The shop where worked and lived "Holt," the wife killer; he was the last man hung in public in this State. The execution was somewhere in the rear of the "Wilkeson Mansion," which faces Niagara Square; the writer saw the hanging when a small child held on the shoulders of a stalwart German, standing in the midst of a great concourse of people. Holt had bruised his thumb severely with his shoe hammer, the wife made some taunting remark and in an instant fit of anger he turned and struck her on the head with the same tool. When arrested and questioned if he did the murder? he

replied stolidly, without hesitation, "I killed the woman." One of the shops near was occupied by Garrett S. Hallenbeck, "Cordwainer;" It was Hallenbeck's habitual practice to lounge into the bar-room of the "Old Eagle" of a forenoon, and then and there would address his familiars thus: "Good morning gentlemen all!" to which David M. Day, usually present, would respond: "Good morning Mr. Pegging Awl."

In the lower part of this block, in a red brick store with the gable towards the street, owned by Nathaniel Vosburgh, was the Harness and Saddlery shop of Vosburgh & Pritz. About 1835 or '36, was built near the centre of this block where the Stage Yard was, the "American Hotel," of which more will be said elsewhere. Next to the "American" on the ground now occupied by the "Stevenson" building, Rathbun built about the same time two large, long stores, which were patronized by his army of workmen; I have seen these two stores packed to their utmost capacity of a Saturday night, with his laborers and their wives buying supplies for the following week, the windows reeking with the emanations from the steaming humanity within.

On the opposite or east side of Main Street, between Park Street (Clinton) and Eagle Street, we would have found on the corner the so-called "Park Coffee House," where the older boys used to eat their "pig's feet and tripe," discuss "sounds and tongues" and politics, lubricating their whistles with cider and ale; if a cold day or evening, a hot sling, spiced rum, mulled wine, flip or Tom and Jerry, odoriferous decoctions not scorned; "Lager" was an unknown beverage, introduced in Pittsburg about 1850; not to the recollection of the writer was "*Zwei Lager*" ever drawn in Buffalo at an earlier date. The square red lantern at this one-story "Park Coffee House," (advertising those rare enjoyments,) "pigs' feet and tripe" and "oysters and clams," shines out its rubicund brightness through the murky opaqueness of the past to my memory now! As I think back to those old days, it seems to me that previous to that period, oysters were an unknown material happiness in this then far off western town. Oysters! with the old sea flavor, which I solemnly affirm

(with much fear of contradiction) have gone, disappeared in the dim past, and which the younger people of this generation have never known. The oysters of the thirties, the natural growth oysters, the hard meated, fat, succulent Staten Island, Rockaway, or Saddle Rock oysters, with their genuine marine flavor, which did not have the metallic taste of the flat, dead, disappointing oysters of to-day. For the pleasure of swallowing those mollusk friends again, their old lovers would travel a thousand miles to indulge their longings, to have those bivalves opened for them on their native shores. Nor did they need to disguise their taste with condiments, lemon juice, vinegar or other vitiation, but would swallow them neat in one gulp of satisfaction, no matter what the size, from pure honest love of the flavor and effect; those were the days of good oysters!

One cannot forget the appropriate remark made by Thackeray, when being entertained by the *literati* of Boston on the occasion of his first visit to this country, they had placed before him some huge sea bred immaculate oysters; not knowing the cue to their mastication, like other people of tact, he scanned his neighbors to adapt himself to their *rôle*. They were all in the secret, busy swallowing their portions, but of a more manageable size, when he exclaimed: "I wonder if I am expected to gorge these monsters without dissection?" "Oh yes! certainly, it would never do to destroy the virginity of their flavor by contamination with a knife." He bolted one, it filled his mouth, his eyes started from their sockets, streaks of bloodshot like the after streaks of sunset spread over his eye balls; the exquisite agony passed, when gleams of satisfaction lit up his genial countenance. It was the after flavor which saved his humor and him from suffocation. When composed, they asked him how he felt? "I feel as if I had swallowed a little baby!" Alas! their name is all that is left to us; nor do the multitude who consume the coarse, loose, soft, ill bred, no flavored, tasteless oysters of the present, mourn their degeneracy, because they know not the ancestral oyster, which the generation of the thirties reveled in, with convivial zest. They sang of them, they were renowned in story. The hot, home-like

chafing-dish stew, warmed up the cockles of one's heart, made the old people benevolent, generous. The "Ettrick Shepherd" was eloquent while discussing his "powldoodies" in the tent with "Christopher" and their friends. Even the recollection of those sea-born oysters is a fading pleasure to the grey-headed lovers of them and who still haunt the shores where they were wont to obtain them; indulging in reminiscences of the old time.

I have gone astray from the exact latitude of the subject: let us finish the block on the easterly side of Main Street, between Park and Eagle Streets. Near the "Park Coffee House" was John Sage's barber shop, where he shaved for Sundays the best of our townsmen. Near him was an old theatre, managed by Gilbert & Trowbridge; I think the same building was afterwards used as a cabinet shop by Uncle Jerry Staats, who died but the other day, a nonagenarian, during the writing of these sketches. Near him was the old firm of Hersee & Timmerman, cabinet makers. There were two or three other forgotten shops. All these old shops and buildings were subsequently burned—on the 10th of March, 1850, when the first American Hotel and other buildings on the west side were burned, including the old "Eagle Tavern," which was blown up to stop the raging fire. The fire made room for the ramshackle building known as the "Arcade," built in the fifties by Albert and George Brisbane, designed or copied from a similar building in Florence, Italy. Above the corner of Eagle Street, on this block, was the comfortable buff brick residence of Bela D. Coe, who afterwards sold it to Arthur and John McArthur, who converted it into a confectionery and ice cream saloon. The corner was a long vacant lot to Washington Street. It was the site of the "Log Cabin," a rendezvous for the "Whigs" during the "Harrison Campaign" of 1840.

The next square below, bounded north by Eagle Street and south by North Division Street, had but few buildings. On Eagle Street, a short distance from Main Street, James Brisbane, under the supervision of his son Albert Brisbane, built in 1836 the well appointed "Eagle Street Theatre." On Main Street, below a vacant corner, (this vacant corner has since the thirties

been occupied by three first-class hotels: the "St. James," "Richmond," and now the "Iroquois" (a fire-proof building), all of which were owned by our "Young Men's Association," there were two or three inferior buildings which held their position until they were destroyed by the conflagration of the "Richmond Hotel" in the spring of 1887. Further down was a large double frame building, in one of which was the millinery establishment of Mrs. Winteringham, and a fashionable dress-maker, Mrs. Humberstone, occupied the other. The adjoining frame building, with a large rose window in the third story, was occupied by R. Hargreave Lee, a typical Englishman, who kept a choice stock of dry groceries, West India goods and tropical fruits. He was "quite English, you know," and adopted the customary mode as of the traders, "At 'Ome," by living over the shop. The north-east corner house of North Division and Main Streets was of red brick, where lived Benjamin Rathbun and with whom the Rev. Dr. Wm. Shelton made it his home for many years.

The west side block between Eagle Street and the churches known as the "Kremlin," after its destruction by fire in 1832 was rebuilt by Rathbun for the lessees of Judge William Peacock, who lately died, a nonagenarian, at his residence in Mayville, Chautauqua County. Some of which leases have not yet expired nor lapsed. The Main Street front was first built in three sections. On either corner were three stores of four stories each, the centre section being of one story, which, later on, were built up uniform with the corners. The stores were occupied, as nearly as the writer remembers, on the Eagle Street corner by C. C. Haddock, druggist and grocer; next and so on by Boyd & Bull, Dolson, Fish & Co., L. K. Plimpton, James W. Vail, and Wright & Tiffany, all dry goods dealers; Charles Coleman, apothecary, and others. On the south corner for many years James D. Shepard had his music store. He furnished all the pianos at that time for the Buffalo ladies; Robert Denton was his clerk. At that corner pedestrians buttoned up their coats, pulled down their fur caps and braced themselves against

the fierce winter winds, (on their way down-town.) The entire triangular "Kremlin" was built then, much as now, except what is called "Kremlin Hall," which is of later production. On its site stood a low, white, wooden building, where once lived General Sylvester Matthews. On Eagle and Niagara Streets were three-story dwellings.

We have reached "The Churches." The Old First has not changed much in the past half century, it seems only to have been stripped of its superficial wooden adornments which earlier were supposed to have ornamented it. This church was taken down in August of the present year to be replaced by the new building for the Erie County Savings Bank. The pretty little light-blue "St. Paul's Church," of the decade of the thirties, has since been replaced by a beautiful edifice.

The block opposite the churches was a uniform brick block of handsome four-story stores, with the exception of a pretentious structure with massive high white pillars in front, built for the use of the United States Bank at the corner of South Division Street. Among the occupants of the stores in this block were W. & G. Bryant (Warren and George), who sold groceries and toys; Starkweather & Brown, dry goods; and a jolly, "Stalwart Englisher" they used to call "Tom Bates," who kept a first-class liquor and wine store. There were other establishments, but I cannot recall their names. This block of stores was built by Rathbun for various owners, afterwards purchased by Rathbun, and were torn down except the two on the corner of North Division Street (which "still live.") After Rathbun's failure a meaner class of buildings were built in the "hard times" subsequent to 1836-7. In the years that have passed later on, the South Division Street corner where stood the U. S. Bank, (the teller of that bank died the present year, a nonagenarian, Mr. Joseph Saltar), has undergone several changes. Mr. Orson Phelps acquired the property and built there a handsome hotel, called the "Phelps House." Not long anterior to the carrying out of Mr. Phelps' enterprising scheme, a notable citizen of Albany, Mr. E. C. Delavan, an earnest temperance advocate,

thought practically to test the question of supporting and making profitable a first-class hotel operated on purely temperance principles, and therefore caused to be built the well-known "Delavan House" at Albany. Following the example of Mr. Delavan, Mr. Phelps established his house as a first-class temperance house. These experiments failed; being all too soon in first-class hotels. There were no "Prohibition Parties" at that time, nor "Maine" nor "Scott" laws; only individual temperance mania or ephemeral temperance reform societies, which died out as their zealous advocates or supporters got more and more very thirsty. Then the "Phelps House" changed "title," but not owner. It became the high-sounding "Clarendon;" which was destroyed by fire, with loss of life, and was rebuilt as stores, with offices above.

The space between the two churches, now occupied as a hack, van and cart stand, has been heretofore used for various purposes. Church Street to Pearl Street has never been a thoroughfare in the town's history, either for vehicles or pedestrians. In the thirties a low, double, barn-like building stood in the street midway between the two churches; rather in advance of them, facing Main Street, in one side of which was deposited our first hand fire engine, called "Cataract" Engine Number One, and where the Volunteer Firemen had their rendezvous. On the other side of the building were stored the trappings of "Pioneer Hook & Ladder Company Number One." The other fire companies of the city were at that time the "Eagle Number Two," "Fulton Number Three," "Buffalo Number Four," "Washington Number Five," and "Red Jacket Number Six." The companies were wholly composed of volunteers without pay and did most efficient and effective service. The last named company was composed of our most active and brightest business men, who were ever zealous and on the alert when called out. Their uniform was quite showy on parade, being a red and black ribbed fire hat and red box coat, with cape and white belt.

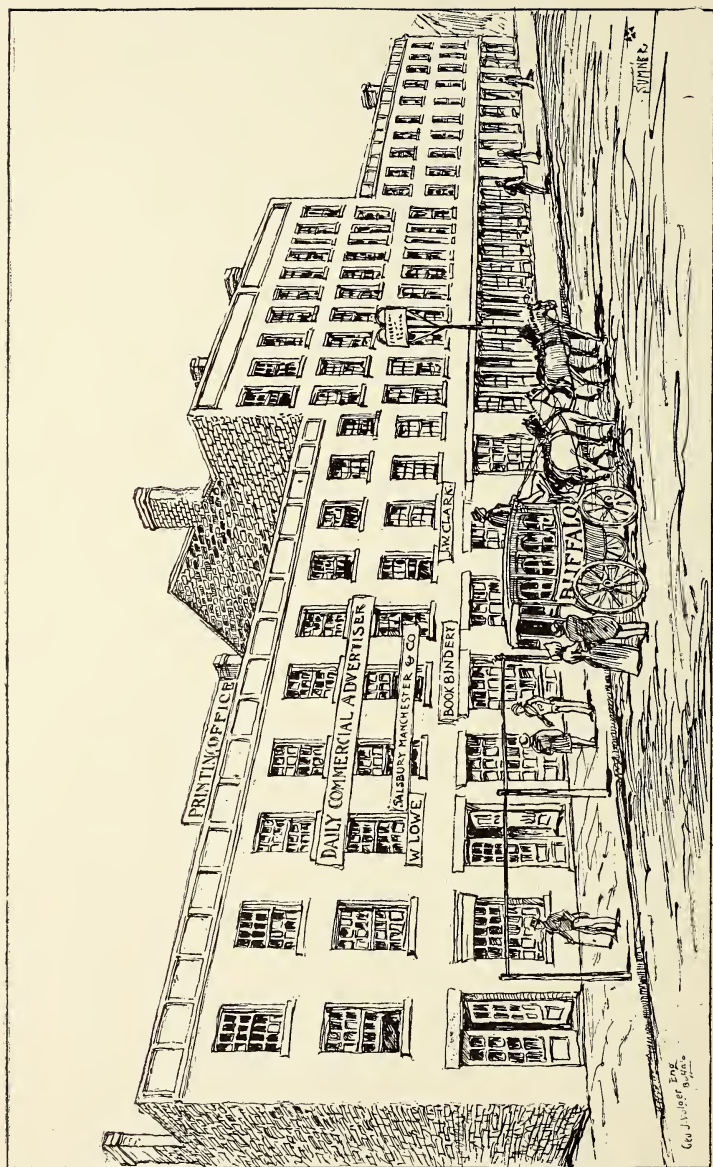
At that time there were constructed a number of reservoirs in the most central and thickly settled places,—to supply these

engines with water, in case of fire; there is now a large one on Main Street, near the Erie Street crossing, and another in front of the High School on Niagara Square; the water was transported to them by water carts.

At the upper side of Church Street, near Main Street, some of our enterprising citizens erected a large Sun Dial to compete and compare with the time-honored clock of the First Church. The demise of which clock is a much felt loss to the habitness of Main Street.

About the period of which I am writing our good-intentioned citizens projected a handsome monument to Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, to commemorate his splendid victory at the battle of Lake Erie, near Put-in-Bay, September 10th, 1813. A subscription for it was started; part of the money subscribed; architect's plans were drawn (a picture of which can now be found in the Buffalo Historical Rooms), but the project failed. It was to have occupied the place of the engine house in Church Street. It is not too late now to carry forward the plan.

From the south corner of South Division Street to Swan Street was and is the "Ellicott Square," built on leased land which belonged to the Ellicott heirs, which leasehold is to expire sometime about 1892, when it is to be hoped we shall have another "Ellicott Square," worthy the name and its splendid location. In this old block, near the upper corner, was the home of the *Buffalo Patriot* and where the first numbers of the *Commercial Advertiser* were issued. The north corner of the block was occupied by the U. S. branch post-office; and Judge Samuel Russell, wearing his white top boots and knee breeches was postmaster; and George Walker and Cyrus P. Lee (the late well-known Secretary of the Erie County Savings Bank, and who was projector of that institution) were delivery clerks. The stores along the line of the block were variously occupied by Irad Brickett, auctioneer; Bacon & Long; Piddington & Humphrey, "merchant tailors;" Cutler, Stearns & White, cabinet makers; John Griffith, hatter; George Hubbard, tin store, who advertized "40,000 tin rattle boxes for the babies and 100,000



ELICOTT SQUARE.

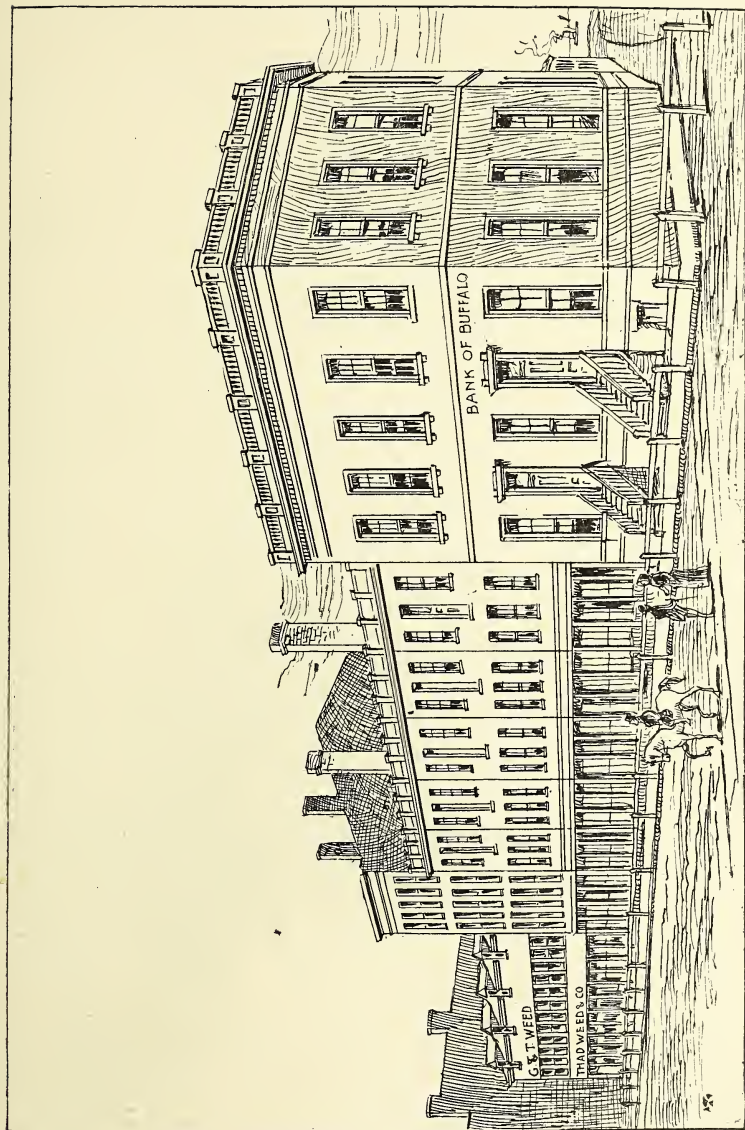
tin pepper boxes for grown-up children;" Sexton, Wells & Co., grocers. Jason Sexton, of this firm, was in late years our good samaritan, devoting most of his time in looking after the poor. On the Swan Street corner Birdseye Wilcox had his looking glass store, where I can even now see him as he grits his teeth in the doorway.

Next below the churches on the west side of Main Street was then newly built the building now occupied by the National Savings Bank, which was built for the old "Safety Fund" Bank of Buffalo, of which Hiram Pratt, then our Mayor, was its president. Orlando Allen, father of Wm. K. and Henry Allen, was vice-president, and John R. Lee its cashier. The bank building was then thought to be a gem of architecture. In the front basement underneath the bank, Arthur and John McArthur first commenced their confectionery establishment. Soon they added the new attraction of those days, ice cream, served in long-stemmed wine glasses at six-pence each; the patrons were strenuous to have the ice cream heaped up on the top of the glasses, which they took great care to trim off delicately so as not to lose a drop. The firm's business grew in magnitude until they became quite famous for their ice cream, and as caterers for our fashionable parties, and for a number of years had almost the exclusive monopoly of it, acquiring considerable wealth.

In the directors' room of this bank I saw one morning in 1838, sitting in a chair, the body of Peter R. Bristol with the top of his head blown off and hanging over his face. He was a clerk in the bank, a respected member of a well-known family; a case of disappointed love, it was said. The building is, however, a good deal changed since the thirties; it was built on the ground previously occupied by a great, ugly, unsightly wooden structure, with a long flight of unpainted stairs reaching down outside to the acute angle of the Erie Street corner, hateful to every one's sight and in everybody's way. Up these stairs Bradley & Miller had their paint shop, and underneath Wm. Kaene kept a grocery. Next south of the bank building were five two-story brick stores from 232 to 240 (old numbers.) The occupants were Gurdon

C. Coit, Isaac F. Maltby, John Lay (father of Lay of torpedo fame), George Burt and Hempsted & Matson, all dry goods stores; (in 1834 George Burt, who occupied number 234, gave place to Martin H. Birge, who still keeps store on the next block south.) The second stories of these dry goods stores were lawyers offices. Over number 240 was Stephen G. Austin's office; over number 238 Joseph G. Norton had his office; Henry Masten had an office there also; number 236 was owned by Thomas T. Sherwood, who had his law office there with his partner William H. Greene; over number 232 was the office of Tillinghast & Lord. Later on in the thirties some of these stores were occupied by J. C. Lupton, Storrs & Holmes, and others. 230, 232, 234 and 236, old numbers, were the present site of the "White Building." Next below these stores, enumerated above, at numbers 230 and 230½, in a blue stone front, nice-looking building, B. Rathbun had two stores, one for staple and the other for fancy dry goods, over which was the city council chamber. The remainder of the block were frame stores occupied by Ruxton & Allen, Badgley & Farnham, Theodore Butler, after Butler's removal by O. P. Ramsdell & Co.; which firm is still in trade, covering a period of over fifty years. On the corner, then number 222, was "Thad's, Weed & Co.," at "G. & T. Weeds" "Old Hardware Store." This store occupying three different structures has been known as "Weeds hardware store" about seventy years.

On the west side, south corner of Swan Street, was a long brick block of half a dozen stores, called the "Central Buildings." At the corner, number 220, was the wholesale drug house of Hull & Bach and their successors Coleman, Reynolds & Co., afterwards C. H. & J. H. Coleman; at number 218 Staats & Dana, the popular leading dry goods store for fashion of those days. Mr. Dana, a handsome, genial gentleman, was, or is, the elder brother of Charles A. Dana, of the *New York Sun*, who was a clerk in his brother's store; an elder brother of the writer of this panorama was also a clerk in this house at the same time. Then followed down the street, in rotation, John H. Bostwick &



Co., Mount, Faulkner & Co., and Goodrich & Stebbins, all fashionable dry goods stores. Next came Lucius H. Pratt & Co., wholesale grocers; James G. & John H. Dickie, grocers; (this grocery store of the Dickies was a rendezvous for the political supporters of the Loco-Foco party and was popularly known as "Little Tammany." There were numbered among its frequenters: The junta or sachems: Major J. G. Dickie, Grandmaster; John T. Hudson, Phillip Dorsheimer, Dyre Tillinghast; Daniel G. Marcy, commonly called "Governor;" Morgan L. Faulkner; Col. Guy H. Goodrich, A. Q. Stebbins, and others, with George B. Green, of Aurora, when he was in town. Both Dickie and Dorsheimer subsequently became post-master as rewards for their noble sacrifices for the party. Steele & Peck, book store; William Ketchum, hatter; (*Steele* and *Ketchum* later on ran as opposition candidates for Mayor one year. Ketchum caught the coveted honor. He was a Whig in politics; Oliver G. Steele a Loco-Foco, or Democrat.) Next came the jewelry store of A. Lazelere & Co., the same stand now occupied by Dickinson; Poole & Cheeseman, crockery. (They had as a sign at the door an excellent advertisement, a very large handsomely decorated delf pitcher which would hold a forty gallon barrel of liquid, and beside it, one which would hold twenty gallons.) Next came Samuel N. Callender, and Dole & Howard, both dry goods stores; the latter establishment being the progenitor of the firm of Flint & Kent of to-day, (nearly opposite the original stand of over fifty years ago.) The next two stores were Leon & Sebastian Chappotin, and Grosvenor & Williams, wholesale grocers. Next below came the newly erected granite buildings still extant. The basement underneath this entire block then was an elaborately decorated restaurant and saloon called the Pantheon. Phillip Dorsheimer & Co. and Kimball & Gallup occupied two of these stores in the thirties; the other stores were variously occupied as dry goods and boot and shoe houses. In the forties one of these stores was occupied by Morse & Mulligan (David R. Morse and Eugene Mulligan) as a dry goods store. Then came the "Black Store" of Erastus Sparrow &

Co., who dealt largely with the Indians through the influence of his partner or assistant, Griffin, who was about half Indian from his intercourse and association with them. The corner of Seneca Street in this block was the fashionable clothing store of Efner & Kennett; the latter still continues in the same business further up-town.

The Square on the east side, between Swan and Seneca Streets, was quite a full block; which showed much activity, being in the centre of business. At the Swan Street corner was the brick store, always painted white, of Stocking & Dart, hatters and furriers, the senior partner, known as Deacon Stocking, was the grandfather of Judge George A. Lewis, of the Municipal Court; Joseph Dart was the inventor of the great Grain Elevators. Progressing down the street in the same block, we find A. Studwell & Co., boots and shoes; J. V. Ayers, variety store; Wilgus & Burton, painters and decorators; the Misses Kimberly, fashionable milliners; Reynolds & Higgins, tailors, and Coots & Bruce, tailors; Hooker & Mitchell, the former is now a banker in Rome Italy; Orin & Lucien Terry, leather dealers; John M. Hutchinson was in their establishment; Hayes & Bristol, druggists; A. W. Wilgus, book store; William H. Glenny, the founder of the great crockery house, was a clerk in this book store, the Glenny store now occupies the same ground; James Henry, grocer; "The Farmer's Hotel," then a well-known institution over which Manning and Squire S. Case were the landlords, and later on Philip Dorsheimer was "Mine Host." In those days the bell on its top was rung by a rope, which hung down out side by the "bar-room" door. It was the general call for meals to the surrounding neighborhood; it served the purpose of a time-keeper; the possessors of watches were the exception then; the man who owned a gold watch must be an aristocrat. The Yankee wooden clock had but recently come into vogue. The odoriferous and appetizing flavor of the beefsteak and onions which incensed the nostrils of the neighborhood of the "Farmers' Hotel" "lingers o'er me still." Next below the "Farmers" was Cyrus Athearn's Tobacco Factory and Store. He was the predecessor of his

nephew, James Adams in that business. Adjoining him was Aaron Rumsey's hide and leather store. Next came Newbould & Ostrom, hardware; then the Banking House of Henry R. Seymour & Co., George B. Gleason was the Co.; on the corner of Seneca Street was the white brick hotel known as the "Buffalo House;" quite a favorite house; an early proprietor was Ralph Pomeroy; subsequently A. C. Powell. Over its dining room, reaching down Seneca Street, was a famous ball room, where Young America "tripped the light fantastic toe;" which they were taught by Ainsworth, the master of the art of dancing. When the "Buffalo House" was abandoned as a hotel, the Main Street corner was occupied by Ferris & Eaton, as a tailoring establishment; the rear, or dining room, on Seneca Street, was converted into a saloon and restaurant, which was known as "Perry's Coffee House," a favorite place of resort for the young men about town.

At the south-eastern corner of Seneca and Main Streets, was a brick building occupied by Benjamin Fitch as an auction store. Above the store Benjamin B. Stark kept a good school, where the writer was taught the use of rules, the "rule of three direct," and the ruler indirect, and who would linger at Fitch's corner window to stare at and covet a wonderful hundred bladed knife displayed there. Fitch, who always remained a bachelor, was generally known by the *sobriquet* of "Betsy." He seemed to be continually plying his nasal *proboscis* with "Athearns" Maccaboy Snuff from the pocket of his buff marseilles wainscoat, where it was deposited in bulk. He was an enterprising merchant and subsequently did a large business for those times under the firm name of Fitch, Marvin & Co. In his later days, after retirement to New York, he evinced his early love for Buffalo, (where he founded his fortune,) by liberally endowing the "Fitch Creche" and the "Fitch Institute," a worthy example, which might well be followed by some of his contemporaries, other wealthy men, who have acquired their fortunes here. The auction store was destroyed in the great fire which occurred in the winter of 1832-3 and was rebuilt for the firm of Robert Hollister & Co., and painted

in checkers like the Laverack & Co.'s store of the present day, who are their successors. The Hollisters were a very well-known, active and progressive family, who at an early day in their generation, established a series of "checkered stores" from Utica, N. Y., to the interior of Ohio. There were a number of brothers, and by spreading themselves over the then new western country, and this unique mode of advertising, by painting their stores in varied colored checkers, they became widely known through the west; so well known that it was said: "The Hollisters had a business house behind every stump in the west." Their enterprises were not confined to trading in their stores, but they took up other business pursuits. They did much business in pot and pearl ashes, which was a prolific source of profit in a timbered, new country. They traded with the contractors on the Ohio canals; they built the first two Ericsson Propellers that trafficked on the Lakes; the "Hercules" and "Sampson," which were successes. In February, 1847, wheat was being sold in Chicago and other ports on Lake Michigan at from forty-five to fifty cents per bushel; the steam-ship "Sarah Sands" arrived in New York an unexpected visitor on the 7th day of February, with exciting reports of the Irish famine. The Hollisters at once equipped a special envoy, (William Laverack), with instructions to spare no expense of horse flesh, outstrip the mails, and purchase all the wheat in those Lake ports, which he did, of which fact the writer was informed at the time by Mr. Laverack. During the month of March wheat advanced at those ports to one dollar and fifty cents per bushel, and flour which had been selling at two dollars and seventy-five cents and three dollars per barrel, advanced to eight dollars. The Hollisters also established the "Hollister Bank," (which went down in the crash of '57.)

Robert Hollister & Co., moved later to Washington Street, taking down their old checkered store, and on its site built the handsome brown free-stone building, now occupied by the "Lehigh Valley Rail Road and Coal Company Offices." Robert Hollister also built for his residence the handsome dwelling No. 680 Main Street, subsequently sold to Henry Kip, President of

the United States Express Company. After Mr. Kip's decease, it was converted into an apartment house called the "Holland."

Next south of the Hollister store was Clapp & Humason, boots and shoes store; C. Hequembourg & Co., jewelers; Tweedy & Smith, hatters; William B. Hayden, books and stationery; Stillman & Ransom, Hatters; E. A. Lewis, tin plate and sheet-iron store; Mr. Lewis was the predecessor of Pratt & Letchworth; Billings, Gowdy & Terry, dry goods; Pearly A. Childs and Isaac Warriner, furniture and chairs; Meyer & McClanan, jewelers; Meyer was the father of General Meyer, ("Old Probabilities;") Gustavus Bassett and Theodore & Morris Butler, books; Richard J. Sherman, dry goods, the original predecessor of Barnes, Hengerer & Co., fifty years ago; and Marcy & Masten, dry goods jobbers. The foregoing stores in this block were all of brick, then came frame buildings; Daniel Kenny, tailor; Miss Cutler, millinery; Joseph Haberstro, gunsmith; Case & Howard, leather; and Philander W. Sawin, tailor. At the corner, from Sawin's store to Crow Street, the corner opposite the old "Mansion," was a handsome flower garden belonging to Mr. LeCouteulx.

From Seneca Street down to the Terrace on the west side, was a busy block; it was nearly all destroyed by the fire of '33; it was known and distinguished as "Cheapside." After it was rebuilt it was re-occupied, at the corner No. 180, old number, by William Williams & Co., a prosperous drug, dye stuffs and grocery house, which is still continued by Powell & Plimpton; "The Manufacturers' and Traders' Bank" now occupies the old corner. Next south of it was Coit, Clark & Merrill, a wholesale dry goods house; then came Jacob Seibold, a worthy German grocer; when the crash of '37 came, the mercantile houses on Main Street, tumbling down in rapid succession, almost literally like a "row of bricks." One of Seibold's neighbors, (George Brown), accosted him one day and said:

"Jake, have you failed?"

"Wat's dat?"

"Have you broke down? bust up? shut up shop?"

"Naw! Naw!"

"Well you will, we are all going to fail."

Said Seibold, "I don't owe nobody noting."

"Makes no difference, we are all going to fail."

"Vell, if dots so, I must go and spoke mit mine frau, about dis business."

Next to Seibold was Hollister & Curtis, wholesale dry goods ; the Brown, above mentioned, subsequently took Mr. Curtis' interest ; they did not fail. Next south of them Moorhead, Adams & Hosmer, in a five story, blue, polished stone front, "Arcade Store," a busy concern, and an odd triumvirate : Irish, Scotch and American. Moorhead was a queer character, full of odd and quizzical sayings ; his partner, Hosmer, whose baptismal name was Sidney, he would always address as, "Now, Sad-ney."

At the time the firm was building their beautiful store, which was a matter of considerable interest in the then small city, Hollister & Curtis were building theirs' next door. They had gotten up to the fourth story and Moorhead was going on with his fifth, when some one asked him : "How high he intended building his store ; if that was the way he expected to get to heaven ?" "I don't know," said Moorhead, "but I'm going to build it one story higher than Bill Hollister, any way, and get a good start." Next came Patterson Brothers, hardware ; and Gardner & Patterson, crockery ; Maynard & Flagg, stoves and tin ware ; A. & A. Raynor, hardware ; Sutherland & Jones, fashionable tailors ; Brown, Buckland & Co., bankers ; then a recess stone front building occupied by Johnson, Hodge & Co., bankers. Adjoining the Banking House, in the same stone building, was the "Commercial Bank," one of the old "Safety Fund" banks ; it did not save it from failure however ; Israel T. Hatch, was its President, and Hamlet Scrantom, Cashier.

Over this bank were the law offices of Smith & Warren, (Henry K. Smith and Edward S. Warren.) In all the remaining rooms of the second and third floors, two of our leading representative and stylish young men, Russell S. Brown and John W. Buckland, established themselves in bachelor's apartments, with their servants, steward, butler, etc., and lived in grand style, a circum-

stance so unusual at that time, that I here mention it. When the elegant furniture for the rooms was unpacked upon the sidewalk there was a considerable gathering of interested neighbors, expressing their wonder at the reckless extravagance of the young gentlemen. Why? "It must have cost as much as six thousand dollars!" They were of the firm of Brown, Buckland & Co., Bankers; Brown had the reputation of being a wonderfully good and shrewd financier; he was also known as the best dressed young man here, indeed his apparel was so elegant and immaculate as to acquire for him the *sobriquet* of "Dandy Brown." He was also of the firm of Starkweather & Brown, which firm held the title to considerable real estate, including a number of stores on Main Street. At Mr. Brown's death the tenants in respect for him, closed their stores and attended his funeral. Mr. Buckland, an Englishman by birth, an elegant looking man, was a great lover of dogs; it was not uncommon to see him attended by two large dogs, one a St. Bernard and the other a Newfoundland.

Next to the bank were the old buildings known as the "Exchange Buildings," which underwent considerable change in their time; the upper stories were used as the "Buffalo Museum," the walls of which were very much decorated with water and land and animals, which were never on the earth, nor the water under the earth. The lower main floors were occupied by Geo. W. Vantine, hatter and furrier; Hempsted & Keeler, dry goods; followed by Daniel M. Hodges; a French wine store, "Blancan's;" Andrew A. Hall, hatter; Storrs & Parmalee, grocers. Next below, in a white frame store, was the shop of N. & V. Randall. The Randalls were at the head of the N. Y. State Militia in this western part of the State: Major General Nelson Randall of the 8th Division and Brigadier General Volney Randall of the local brigade. General Randall was the predecessor of Major General Rufus L. Howard, as commander of the 8th Division, Militia of the State of New York. For a long number of years, General Nelson Randall acted as Grand Marshal of all the Fourth of July and other parades, succeeding to those honors after Dr. Ebenezer

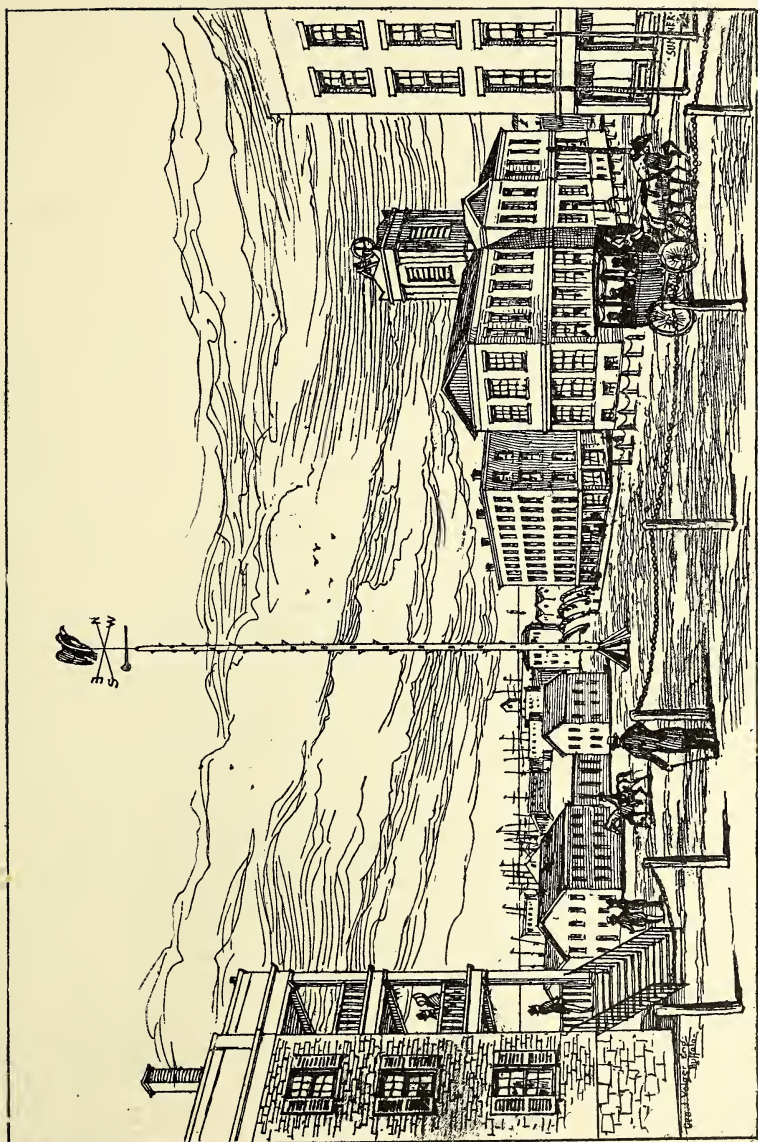
Johnson and General Lyman Rathbun, both of whom had usually been chosen as marshal on all public occasions. All three of these gentlemen were remarkably handsome men and well poised horsemen. Next below the Randall shop was a large, ugly frame building, which stood a little askew and gable end to the street, where R. Hargreave Lee had his second store; it had an attractive look when you were hungry. I can see now, just where stood a box of imported pine apple cheese and a keg of white grapes from Malaga, for which my mouth watered.

On the corner of the Terrace was an ugly, large stone building which earlier than the thirties had been called, "The Stone Tavern." On its ground floor which had been the basement, was the Book and Job Office of Charles and James Faxon. Charles Faxon's son, Henry Faxon, *was the author of the poem*, "Beautiful Snow." The corner office was occupied by Hiram and Harry Waring, as a broker's and lottery office; public lotteries were then considered legitimate and respectable. Their great, attractive, rubricated placards, on either side of the door, were very seductive to the would be possessors of lucky tickets. In the corner office above the brokers, Doctors Trowbridge & White were always ready to use scalpel, calomel or lancet.

During those days of the thirties from the aforesaid "Exchange Buildings," down to and around the Terrace to Pearl Street, all the buildings were removed to make room for the brick buildings, which now are there, and which were built on land leased by Bennett & Williams of Johnathan Sidway, on a fifty year lease. But before its expiration, the property reverted to the Sidway family: the buildings were rapidly occupied. Where stood the "Randall Shop," was taken by the City Bank, John B. Macy, President, and O. Ballard, Cashier. Macy was an energetic business man of the Dock firm of Smith & Macy, both men of strong characteristics; Isaac S. Smith had once been a candidate for Governor of this State. Macy when he came shouldering his way up the steep hill at the Terrace from his place of business on the dock, had the appearance of some great leviathan of the deep pursuing his prey and out of

his element. Macy was drowned by the destruction of the steam-boat Lady Elgin, which was burned on Lake Michigan. He was a powerfully built, large man; he jumped from the deck of the steamer into a small boat loaded with escaping passengers swamping it and drowning them and himself. Below the Bank, were Dexter & Masten, dry goods; Tommy Smith, grocer; Marvin Bennett & Co., and Calvin Nichols & Co., dry goods; and on the corner, William Kingsley & Co., clothing; the first introduction of an exclusively ready made clothing establishment here, now grown into extensive proportions. On the Terrace, the shops were filled with various respectable kinds of business. The first office next to Main Street was that of George C. White, Banker; subsequently he established White's Bank. Near Pearl Street, was a restaurant and lodging house, called the "*Western Sans Souci*," kept by one Jim Meeks, a well-known pugilist and teacher of the "Art of Self Defence." He was the captain and leader of a company of mounted masked "Fantastics" who paraded on public days for amusement and fun, pleasantly tolerated by the authorities and citizens. Their uniforms or disguises were grotesque, unique, comical. On the Terrace Boulevard, near by Main Street, was the Market House; the first municipal building of any importance erected in the city. It was an elongated, cruciform structure, with a square belfry of moderate height, on top of its two stories and high basement; in it was a great clanging bell, which harshly sounded all the fire alarms, "a custom more honour'd in the breech than the observance." The basement was devoted to stalls for the sale of fruit, vegetables and fish; the first floor to stalls for butchers' meat. The lessees of the stalls bore names singularly appropriate to their business; there were among them as I remember:

Booram and Shepard, of whom you could buy sheep or mutton; there were John, Henry and Tom Lamb, who sold the best quarters of spring lamb for fifty cents, and South Down mutton at eight cents per pound; Metcalfe & Kalbflesh, whose fillets of veal and cutlets were at all times welcome and who gave their customers the sweet breads for the asking; they never would



MARKET HOUSE.

offer them for they were not considered wholesome or palatable. There were Alberger, Oxbelly and Bullymore, who always sold the best cuts from steers, never an old cow or bull; and Charley Cook could cleave it up; while the Cheney's, Hoags and Fischer, sold the pike, perch, mullett, suckers, bass, trout and Albany beef (sturgeon.)

The second floor was for the city officers and council chamber of the "Honorable Body" of ten Aldermen, two from each of the five wards, who elected the Mayor; who presided over them, and gave the casting votes.

The Mayors, Councilmen, and the other city officers for a long number of years from 1832, when Buffalo was incorporated a city, were entirely American born and quite generally our best and most respected citizens. In 1839 our time-honored citizen of German birth, Doctor Frederick Dellenbaugh, was elected an Alderman of the fourth ward. In 1843 our worthy friend, the late Patrick Smith, of Irish birth, was elected an Alderman of the first ward and served us with an honorable record.

During the first twenty-one years of our corporate city government with nineteen city officers but five of foreign birth held office, viz: two Germans, two Irishmen and one Scotchman; while in 1876, our National Centennial year, when we took possession of our grand new City Hall, which was occupied by our then thirty-eight city officers, nineteen were foreigners, or foreign-born.

In comparing the first twenty-one years of our city government with the succeeding twenty-one years in the first period: but a fraction of one per cent. of foreigners held office, while in the last period forty to fifty per cent. were of foreign birth. I do not include the county offices, nor the fire and police forces. If these were included the percentage would be increased against the native Americans. Appropriate to this subject: One day in conversation with a prominent German citizen (Solomon Scheu) on an approaching municipal election, he said, apparently in earnest:

"I would deplore the election of a German as Burgo-meister of Buffalo."

"Why so? You are a German, and I think we could look further and fare worse than you."

"Oh!" said Mr. Scheu, "Once there, you will always have to have them."

"What would become of us Americans then?"

"Those who didn't like it, 'you know,' better emigrate to Germany."

Another little anecdote appropriate here, was told me recently. Meeting a party who had held one or two quite important city offices, and desiring another which was to come by appointment from our German Mayor, and to which he subsequently appointed a German, I suggested the *fact* of our political subjugation by the foreign element, ingrafted among us, principally Irish and Germans. He replied by saying: When I was chairman of our Democratic city committee of seven we got together one day to endeavor to make up a slate for city officers to support at the coming election. (The committee was composed of three Irishmen, three Germans and himself; he, I think, was Irish or Scotch by birth.) Being chairman, the other members proposed names for the various offices, until there was but one office to be filled, when Patrick H——, a hack-driver by occupation, proposed the name of a well-known Irishman. The chairman looking over and scanning the list and realizing the outrageous injustice of practically disfranchising the native Americans (not Indians), said: "See here Pat! What about the Yanks?" to which Pat replied, "Ough! to hell with the Yanks!"

This was not the first council chamber; previous to the building of the Market House they held their meetings in a room over Rathbun's fancy dry goods store, number 230 Main Street (old number.) The entrance to it was between two stone piers, which led up-stairs; it was but two and one-half feet wide; the portly forms of Mayor Johnson and City Clerk Dyre Tillinghast, had to turn edgewise to squeeze their way through and up. "It was *such* a getting up-stairs" for the "City Fathers."

The noisy bell on the Market House alluded to, was the one which sounded the alarm one night to warn out our native troops to defend us against an anticipated attack of British veterans, who were said to be in the vicinity of Black Rock, marching on Buffalo, during the Patriot War in the winter of 1837-8.

The corner below the Market, where stands "Spaulding's Exchange," was familiarly known as "Martin Daly's Corner," where Daly had a grocery; from thence down towards the Canal bridge to "Nigger Alley" were some inferior shops. (There was no Lloyd Street in the early thirties;) "Nigger Alley" ran down-hill through the block north-westerly from Main Street to a level with the water of the undocked canal and up again and out at Commercial Street a short distance above the old "National Hotel" on the corner of Commercial Street and the canal, which was the passenger station or dock for the "Line Boat" passengers, as the opposite corner junction of Pearl Street was the "Canal Packet" station. Between the "National" and Daly's corner on Commercial Street was "D. Cross' Hotel," a long two-story white frame building, which gave place in 1836 to the "Birkhead Buildings," which were occupied by wholesale grocers, then considered first-class buildings; they are there to-day but much deteriorated.

Opposite the Market was and is the "Mansion." At that time it had large veranda's on its Main Street front for each of its then three stories; this site has been occupied as a tavern or hotel for over eighty years. It was first known as Landon's tavern in 1808. The first Court of Niagara County (which then included Erie County) was held there in June of that year, when Judge Augustus Porter presided. Subsequently Joseph Landon continued the tavern as the "Mansion," followed by Benjamin Caryl and afterwards by Erastus Hathaway, Phineas Barton, Phillip Dorsheimer, and others.

Below the "Mansion," east side of Main Street down town, the stores were occupied by Hart & Lay, druggists; Coots & Bruce, tailors; Benjamin Campbell, clothing merchant; Patrick

Milton, grocer; Cameron & McKay, carpet dealers and upholsterers; Morgan & Paddleford, dry goods (Morgan was the father of Darwin E. Morgan, the well-known carpet dealer of to-day on Main Street;) Parmalee & Hadley, stoves and hardware merchants; Pugeot Brothers, brass workers. In the upper stories of some of these stores was White & Smith's paint shop. (Henry G. White is faithfully pursuing his business after fifty years; he knows much about Buffalo and those who have lived here during that time and imparts it to others in a genial way.

At the corner of Quay Street and the canal stands the Dudley Block nearly as it did fifty years ago; it is on the site of one of the early taverns kept by the "Harris" family. This finishes Main Street down as far as the canal bridge. From the old stone tavern at the upper corner of the Terrace to the early bridge over the canal, the grade of Main Street was very steep. It was the jumping off place from up-town to the "Flats" below. This declivity was a grand place in winter for our boy coasters. Below the canal bridge, on the west side of Main Street, where stands the old Marine Bank building, was "Madison's Temperance House," a large wooden structure; on the south corner of Hanover Street was George W. Allen's clothing store; further down on that block at number 84 (old number) Sextus Shearer had a hardware store; (he built in 1835 the house now owned by Mrs. Geo. B. Gates, corner of Delaware Avenue and Allen Streets, which latter street was then "no thoroughfare.")

These were about all the buildings on the west side of Main Street until you come to the "Steamboat Hotel" below Dayton Street. This building was of rough-cast stone, with a cupola belfry. In one of the lower stories James McKnight had a store. He was famous for giving you a pleasant greeting on meeting you: always "Good Morning," "A fine morning, Mr. Blank," no matter how disagreeable or fierce the weather might be. He was the father of Theodore W. McKnight of this city. The only other building on the west side of Main Street that I recall, of the early part of the decade, was the old red warehouse

at the foot of the street, the ship-chandlers shop of Munger & Willard, which cornered on the dock.

On the east side of Main Street, below the canal, the first corner, where is the Bush & Howard Block, was vacant as I now remember; on the next corner below, Scott Street, was the "Travelers' Home," or "Huff's Hotel," a wooden building of considerable dimensions, kept by H. D. & W. W. Huff. During the great traveling era on the canal and lakes in the thirties, and later, this tavern was usually crammed with guests. The trunks and baggage were piled in front of the house daily, "Mountains high;" literally and without exaggeration, the writer has frequently seen in front of that hotel a pile of trunks ten to fifteen feet high, thirty feet long and from three to four trunks wide. Dick Huff was famous as an expert carver in those days. He needed to be, as he did most of the carving for the numerous guests of the house. At a public ball one night when all the guests were seated at supper, I held the watch while he carved a twelve-pound turkey; he placed the fork in the breast bone and completely carved it in precisely one minute, leaving the keel bone on his fork!

After this hotel came the Webster Block, built in 1835; seventeen stores, which were very soon fully occupied by wholesale jobbing houses, dealing in dry goods, groceries, hardware and other commodities; among them were Hervey McCune & Co., William Fiske, Charles A. Milliken, Thompson Brothers, S. W. Hawes & Co., E. Stanton Gaw, Austin Pinney, Sidney & Clarence Shepard, and others.

On the south-east corner of Perry Street one of the family of Harris had a tavern, and below it was "Kelsey's Tavern." There was built during the decade, at the corner of Ohio Street, to accommodate travelers by Lake, the very large "Commercial Hotel;" it was destroyed to make way for the Lackawanna Rail Road. On the corner of Ohio Street and the Dock was the line of brick stores which still encumber the ground.

To retreat to the "Canal Bridge," from there down to the dock at the foot of Main Street, on the west side, the vacant spaces

were filled up during the decade, or soon after, with the stores which are nearly all there to-day. I remember some of the firms that occupied them: Henry & Edward Root; James A. Cowing & Co.; Sidney Shepard & Co.; Yaw, Palmer & Co.; Henry Hager & Co.; Samuel D. Flagg; Walbridge, Hayden & Co., and Tannahill & Clark, all or nearly so, wholesale grocers; George Palmer & Co., leather manufacturers; (the late Noah H. Gardner and Jabez B. Bull, were Palmer's partners;) Grosvenor Clark & Co., dry goods; Horace Hunt, Walter S. Hunn, and other concerns of lesser note. On east side of Main Street below Perry Street and the Harris Tavern, on the corner, were and now are two grey stone front stores, which were used as the "City Hotel." Below this were built several brick stores; among their occupants was William Tell Jones, wholesale wine dealer, memorably a very handsome and manly man, noted for his physical strength, especially in his jaws. He could take an ordinary hard wood whiskey barrel, by a grip of his teeth on the chimes and throw it over his head! Luman A. Phelps, a grocer and dealer in spirits, was an occupant of one of those stores.

Then we come to the "Dock," at the foot of Main Street, on Buffalo Creek, as if it were the *ultima thule*! On the left angle stretched away southward, "Long Wharf," and at right angles northward, "Central Wharf," to "Prime" and "Commercial Slips," and Commercial Street, beyond which the continuation of the "Dock" was denominated "Commercial Wharf."

Near the foot of Lloyd Street and Central Wharf, was the old extensive Ship Chandlery establishment of Atwater & Williams (Henry C. Atwater and Gibson T. Williams) originally established by Kimberly & Waters (John L. Kimberly and Sheldon Thompson) and succeeded by Waters & Atwater; H. C. Atwater & Co.; Atwater & Williams; Williams, Howard & Co., (General Rufus L. Howard); Howard, Newman & Co., (George L. Newman); Newman, Rogers & Co.; Newman & Scoville; Newman, Vosburg & Co.; Vosburg, Baker & Co.; and finally Howard H. Baker, now in the Sidway Block, fronting the Terrace. This seventy year old concern has founded the fortunes of several of its various members.

The "Dock" at the foot of Main Street was not, in the old days, what it appears to us now. There were no cumbrous sheds, outlandish structures, nor huge elevators to obstruct the *beau coup d'œil* or shut out the *buena vista* beyond. As you approached the Creek from the summit of the hill, at the upper corner of the Terrace, you at that time looked down the sharply descending grade of Main Street, over and beyond the "Dock" and Creek, upon light green and bright grass; the wild new second growth shrubbery, willows and berry bearing bushes, that seemed to grow luxuriantly in that mellow atmosphere, constantly refreshed by the moisture distilled in it, from the large body of water in the bay, in near proximity; beautiful blue and sparkling water, which gladdened the eyes of the pedestrians and dwellers of Main Street, like looking at pictured landscapes, which should be indelible there, but since has become obstructed by unsightly objects. Even the once clear, refreshing atmosphere has become dull, dense, permeated with smoke and heavy; the green fields and blue water screened and shaded from sight and memory dear, a place of beauty, a joy forever, gone!

That place relegated to the operations of the thundering locomotive and lumbering, rumbling freight cars, have assumed the prerogative of eminent domain, quite forgetting and over-riding marine rights and views. There was a palliating compensation, when that delightful outlook was only at times or temporarily obstructed by steamboats at the landing, and the wharf was crowded with incoming and outgoing freight, products of the world: waiting its distribution to home or foreign points; or when pyramids of trunks and other baggage of travelers appeared on that "Dock" it gave, with the surging, puffing steamer and the moving throng of people, such an appearance of activity and life to the locality that all sentimental thoughts in the observers were diverted.

Where are those busy wharves and marts of trade? that in those old days of the thirties, seemed to attract and draw all the sinews, brains and enterprize of the young city! All changed. One generation finished that business episode in Buffalo's local

history. The frequent processions which now-a-days are wending their way up Delaware Avenue, are disposing of the last lingering actors of that era.

The following little sketch *apropos* of the foregoing, was written by the writer of this, for the "*Express*," a few years since, when "Central Wharf" and its vicinity was being razed, and remodeled for the "Lackawana Rail Road" purposes :

"ON THE DOCK" AS IT WAS.

Editor Sunday Express :—Without the intention of trespassing upon the prerogative of your "Rambling Old Resident," thoughts and subjects sometimes occur to me in my ramblings about town which I would like to suggest to him (if I knew him) and which I wish he would "write up."

Going down Main Street the other day until I reached "steam-tug port," at its foot, (alluding to the frequent congregation of a flock of little spuyten tuyful steam tugs which gather and hover about the foot of Main Street, screeching, whistling and blowing clouds of smoke into the windows of the offices making day hideous to the dwellers therein, while crouching to snap at the first applicant that approaches for a tow line), I was amazed while contemplating the vestiges of creation there. Was I another Rip Van Winkle? or had there been a Lisbonian earthquake there which had swallowed up all the people and buildings? This used to be called

"ON THE DOCK,"

—but where are all the warehouses, the offices, and balconies of Central Wharf? Where are all those bright, busy members of those thrifty and celebrated firms that I remember of old? I recollect these old firms: Gelston & Evans; Pratt, Taylor & Co.; Sheldon Thompson & Co.; Joy & Webster; Norton, Carlisle & Co.; Townsend, Coit & Co.; Barker & Holt; Holt, Palmer & Co.; Daw & DeLong; Smith & Macy; Treat & Carter; Kinne, Peabody & Sawyer; Munger & Willard; A. R. Cobb & Co.; Kinne, Davis & Co.; Kimberly, Pease & Co.; Azel Hooker; Ward & Brace; Mahlon Kingman & Co.; Sizer, Brown & Co.

I remember these and others, with their hosts of energetic, gentlemanly clerks, embryo principals, who comprised most of the list of forwarding and commission merchants, who ranged our docks when this was an infant city. Put their names in print once more, that our "old settlers" may see them and our new commercial men can learn who were their predecessors.

Why would it not be a good idea to procure the names of all the old dock merchants, commencing with Porter, Barton & Co., have them engraved or lithographed from bona fide signatures that can now, I think, be procured, and have them framed and placed on the walls of the Merchants' Exchange? It would do us "old 'uns" good to revive that old dock and meet those cheery, pleasant faces that were earnestly hurrying to and fro receiving and dispatching cargoes by lake and canal, all so busy from early dawn to dewy eve. There was more work for those busy men to do when there were no manifold letter-books, typewriters, telegraphs, telephones, elevators and railroads, during the decades of the thirties and forties, than nowadays, when the later Central Wharf men, had easy times in their comfortable offices or lolling on 'change, trading cargoes of grain, with time for discussing politics, blended with a little piquant gossip, sauntering on the balconies, occasionally sending a messenger with a telegram or giving an order on some giant elevator for a boat-load of wheat, telephoning up-town to wife to place an extra plate (I beg pardon, "cover") for a friend to dinner.

I can only find three names in the foregoing list of merchants who are still with us, and they must be the veritable fathers of the dock, who have remained to bury it in the dead past and see the descendants of those time-honored fathers swarm to our new hive up-town. Those three are John Pease, James C. Evans, and Henry M. Kinne. Who would suspect the sprightly, active Kinne of being the patriarch of the dock? Since dead!

I should not omit a somewhat later generation of venturesome, active, jolly men; who made the dock and Central Wharf glorious for grand transactions, and an occasional *coup d'etat*, in millions of bushels of wheat and corn. It is not looking back very far

to call to mind the faces and forms of some of those merchants—they are not quite all gone. I'll name a few of them: Sam. Hawes, Sam. Purdy, Sam. Holley, Sam. Suydam; that jolly Scotchman, big Jim Murray; Emanuel Ruden, Charley Hall, Philo Durfee, the Walbridges of Walbridge's steamboat line; the Hollisters, who placed the first Ericsson propellers on the lakes, called the Hercules and Samson; Niles & Wheeler, Hazard, Monteith & Sherman; Fish & Lathrop, Fred. Guiteau, who was not native, but almost to the manner born; Carlos Cobb, George S. Hazard & Co., Rounds & Ranney, Hayes & Johnson, Reynolds & Deshler, Cutter & Nims, Sherwood & Vought, Samuel K. Worthington & Co., Holley & Johnson, Chester Hitchcock, and John B. Griffin & Co. We must not forget Hugh & John Allen, Clark, Guthrie & Sturgis, nor Chas. Ensign.

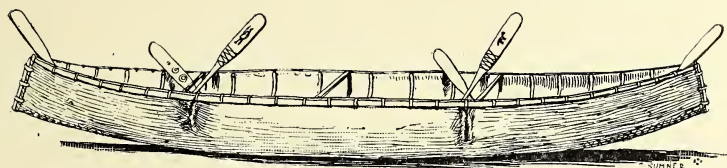
There was at that time a curious concatenation of euphonical names of business men in the near neighborhood of the foot of Main Street, noteworthy as the numerous "Sam's" above recorded, viz: There was John Law, the grocer next to Martin Daly's, where stands Spaulding's Exchange; Henry Daw, the genial senior partner of Daw & De Long; E. Stanton Gaw, the wholesale dry goods man in the "Webster" Block; Ambrose P. Yaw, the wholesale grocer opposite the Webster Block; and John F. Shaw, a grocer on Commercial Wharf.

Commercial Street was quite an important one in the thirties; the brick block now standing at the corner of Water Street was then occupied by firms doing a heavy wholesale trade; I remember among them Kinne, Peabody & Co., (the father of William H. Peabody), Taylor, Lee & Co., and Hough & Sawyer, (the father of George P. Sawyer); Thomas Blossom and the Baron, Luden de Bee. In the next brick building was the store of A. D. A. Miller, the senior of Miller, Greiner & Co., of to-day.

I met on my travels, not long since, an English gentleman, a former resident here, quite a stranger now, who enquired of me in his bluff hearty manner: "How is such and such a one?" to which I was compelled in each instance to reply, "He's dead!"

And this called forth from him the repeated, surprised ejaculation, in his emphatic burly English way: "God bless my soul, is *he* dead!" I thought he was calling the roll of the cemetery, and answering for himself, *Adsum!*

It is, however, not my purpose to arrange a funeral procession in jotting down these pencilings by the way; it is only to recall the forerunners, and the pleasant times on those old docks which are gone from us forever, but which phoenix-like have risen in the new era of the Board of Trade and Merchants' Exchange.



GÄ-Ö-WO

CHAPTER V.

IROQUOIS!

The Seneca tribe of Indians, traditionally the most savage of the "Six Nations" of the historic Iroquois, held that portion of their "reservation" which they mostly chose to occupy, on the south-eastern confines of the city.

Early in the thirties and previously, if their character had been what their ancient reputation had taught us to believe, the people of Buffalo might have thought themselves to be living under a "reign of terror," from the *Ursa Major* which lived next door. For while the people of the infant city were peacefully pursuing their usual vocations, unconscious of harm from an approaching earthquake, its rumblings or growls might at any moment be heard in their midst.

It was no uncommon sight during the middle hours of any fair day to see ranging or loitering on our streets as many native American Indians: chiefs, warriors, squaws and papooses as "Yengeese,"* as the natives would persist in calling our citizens or strangers among us. The reader can readily imagine our defenceless condition and danger from such a source in those early days; if the warriors of the tribe and their allies should have pounced down upon us very early, some fine morning, and

*The Indians had for a century previous called the English-speaking people "Yengeese," to distinguish them from the French. Hence came the *sobriquet* of "Yankee."

in their war paint, raided the town, sacked and burned it! But this was not thought of nor heeded by us, or the Indians. They were not bugbears nor phantoms to be feared, even by the white children. The traders and shopkeepers cultivated their good will; most of them could be captured with a jug of "fire water," (rum.) Our children amused themselves freely with them and were delighted to obtain their miniature bark canoes, snow shoes, snow snakes, and bows and arrows.

The Indians enjoyed congregating in groups in some sunny spot about the town. The greensward of the Terrace Hills in sunny spring days or during the autumn, was a favorite resort, where the older men and warriors of the tribe loved to linger and talk over their early wanderings. They would lounge on the steps of the "Old First Church," where they could look at our young men playing wicket ball in front of the church; (no fences there then), and this was a favorite ball ground. They would gather along the curb-stones, (where there were any), in front of the shops, and notwithstanding their reputation for reticence, among the sages and warriors, except for an occasional "Ugh!" the larger number seemed mighty fond of airing their jargon, with an interjectional remark from a silvery tongued squaw. Now and then you would see an old chief or eagle eyed warrior, with his "far away look," in whom it would seem an effort to smile, it appeared to be natural to him to look sober and dignified; but the ordinary Indian had an easy, good natured way with him, though rather dull. I do not remember ever hearing a man of them guilty of a free and hearty laugh and I have known many in my youth.

The men, nearly all of them, were remarkable for their erect bearing and stately walk; not as with many white men, crook-backed, stoop-shouldered, many walking as if their stomachs were weak—and I presume they were—but the Indians performed no manual labor. In walking, the Indians did "toe in," as the American young man does to-day, to imitate the English dude, so as to appear "quite English you *know*."

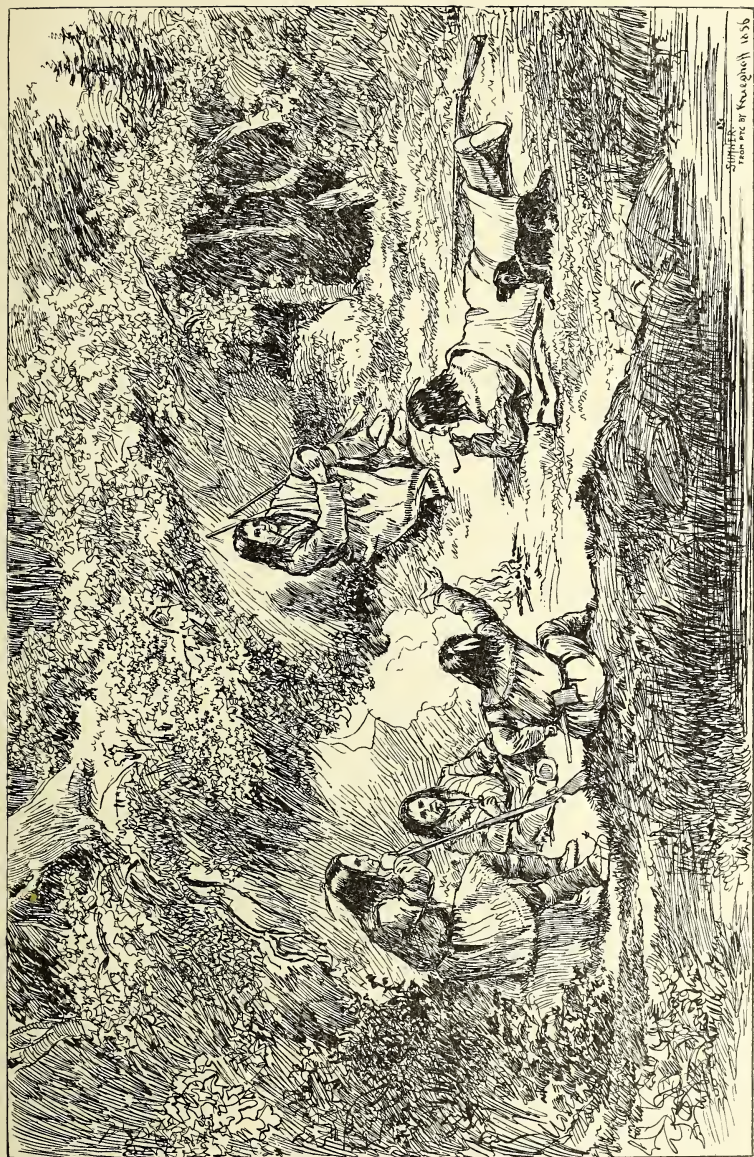


Illustration
from the
Museum
1056

MOON-DAY POW-WOW.

The deterioration or degeneracy of these Indian tribes, must, as I think, have been due in great measure to a too free intercourse with the white people. They were tamed and petted as you would the wolf whelp. They had the natural greed for gain; would bargain with a considerable degree of shrewdness. As temptations became more numerous they would barter their articles of use or ornament to obtain the tempting goods they fancied. They would barter their honor or virtue to satisfy their covetous desire for gew-gaws, gay ornaments of display, or that devil of all the world, (rum, "fire water.") The females, like all the sex, from those recorded in the Pentateuch to our latest Parisian bulletin, the savage, the civilized, the heathen and christian; all colors and races, the illiterate and learned, the noble and servile, all, all love to adorn themselves. It is the instinct of the sex to attract and please the masculine branch of humanity. Does it not show effeminacy in man to desire to ornament himself?

Many of the merchants and business men of the town could talk quite freely with the Indians in their own dialect. The words and phrases of the Indian dialect were all gained, taught, learned through the ear by the native sound; you caught the names of men and things in *Kintergarten* fashion or object mode of expression and sign language, without regard to correct orthography, orthoëpy or syntax. Books of the Indian languages did not exist, or if they did they were rare and unobtainable. The Indians, particularly the squaws, in their utterances, seemed not to move their jaws, their ejaculations and talk came from the chest or was guttural. For example: if you wished to get rid of a drunken Indian, you said to him "jaog-go," at which he would no doubt utter ugh!

Among the questions asked an applicant for a clerkship in a store or shop, at that time, or fifty years ago, was: "Can you talk with the Indians?" Some of our traders who were quite familiar with them, their talk and ways, did a thriving trade with them; bartering tobacco, rum, *Mackinaw three and a half point blan-

* Mackinaw blankets were those manufactured for the government to supply the Indians of the Northwest, when they assembled at Mackinaw to receive their annuities. They were commonly used by most of the Northern Indians. The points were three, black points, and a half one, woven in the corner of each blanket, indicating the weight and size.

kets, broadcloth, (staesh,) for their smoke-tanned deer skins, furs, bows and arrows, axe helves, baskets, mococks of maple sugar, moccasins, and varieties of the squaws' handiwork.

When their government "annuities" were paid them, their money had to pay up the scores of the year past, which the trader had trusted the Indian or his squaw; this confidence in their word of honor, was seldom misplaced by the trader.

The embroideries and ornaments made by the squaws, and which they offered for barter for goods for wear and for the making of new work, were oftentimes ingeniously wrought, in original designs, very pretty and artistic patterns; they included smoke tanned buck and fawn skin moccasins for men, women and children, shapely made and comfortable to wear; and they were very generally worn by our people here, in the thirties. They were worked with various bright colored porcupine quills and beads ornamenting them; numerous other articles of their handiwork they produced: satchels, bags, wallets, purses, belts, cushions, buckskin leggins, mittens and gloves, and the like.

For this ingenious work there was considerable demand by the squaws for scarlet broadcloth, red silk and ribbons, and imported beads of all colors, of which red, white and blue were the favorites.

The Seneca girls and young squaws were by no means unattractive in person or manners. They were usually neat, clean, and picturesque in their costumes, which were half savage, half civilized. The young girls of the tribe were really very pretty, with their shining purple black hair, of which they always had plenty, and it looked soft and glossy from the profuse quantities of pomatum with which they dressed it; their rich, rosy, copper-hued complexions, in which, when spoken to abruptly by some of us, you would plainly detect the maiden blushes spreading over their cheeks and foreheads, sometimes with tinges of pink and white blood, suspicions of a not very remote Anglo Saxon ancestor. Not much could be said of their forms, according to the made up artistic model of to-day; though there was never an angular or bony one among them, there was that supple swaying of grace-

ful ease, which untrammelled nature is wont to give to animal or vegetable life; they did not shew those forced good forms which the tailor dressed American girl now exhibits; no pads, no stays, no palpitators, no bustles, no French heels, cramped, pinched nor tortured those Wanita's, Wild Rose's or Wat-a-wah's:

“ Wild roved the Indian girl,
Bright Alvaretta,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata.”

Genesee and Susquehanna;
Or the Tick-e-ack-gou-ga-haunda!

Their pretty little feet encased in pliant moccasins, handsomely embroidered with the quills of the “fretful porcupine;” well formed ankles, covered with loose cloth pantalets or leggins, gave them an easy, graceful step, with that peculiar turn of the foot called “toeing in,” which in the white girl would be called “pigeon toed,” but brought about in the Indian child by the cramped position of the legs and feet in the basket or cradle.

They did not shew that nervous excitability in action and movement, of their white sisters; more of a gliding, undulating motion, rather the phlegmatic in temperament.

YOUNG SQUAW COSTUME.

Their dress, when arrayed in their best garments in town, was first, over whatever might have been the garment representing the chemise and other underwear; usually a short under gown, or jacket, of Turkey red, oiled calico, a class of goods they all were fond of. This gown, or jacket, was open in front like a coat or waistcoat, but lapped over and was fastened in front with a half dozen or more silver rings, with a cross bar like a buckle; leggins or pantalets, of fine, blue cloth, bordered with the listing woven with the cloth; above the listing were circular lines of silver rings, with the cross bar; as many lines of these bright rings as the taste and wealth of the wearer would permit, and also embroidered with fancy colored quills and beads. They wore a



SENECA INDIAN AND SQUAW.

short petticoat, called gā-kā-ah, usually rather close-fitting, as if made from the least quantity of fine broadcloth possible; their fortunes being extremely limited, 'twas not to fit the fashion but their *wistaw*, (money.) They were very fond of fine, listed blue broadcloths, (which, at that time, were all imported from the west of England,) as their white cousins were of silks. This skirt was simply made by folding one of the listed edges five or six inches above the other like folding a blanket so both the stripes would show. These lists were of variegated colors, different from the blue of the cloth, then belting it around the waist under the middle fold; thus these listed edges served as borders to, and around the bottom of the skirt; above both of these lists it was adorned with embroidery, silver ornaments or both. In some instances the daughter of a Chief might have one so elaborately decorated that you might fancy her an Oriental Princess. These embroidered decorations were almost always the colored porcupine quills, and beads. Over the thus far dressed maiden, she wore a square of dark blue *very* broadcloth, used in lieu of the almost universal, (among the Indians, bucks and squaws,) Makinaw three and a half point blanket. These broadcloth, or woolen blankets, they handled with native grace quite equal to the white lady with her cashmere shawl; nor was she averse occasionally to raising it, and so re-enfolding it upon her person as to show in the process, the pretty ornamentation of the jacket, gā-kā-ha and leggins. The head gear was a black beaver or silk hat, the same as worn by the white gentlemen when in full dress on the street, often a "Leary," the then-fashionable New York hatter. In place of the ordinary hat band, or over it, was a band of silver two inches broad, flagee or perforated work, the upper edge of the band being ratched, or like the upper edge of the conventional crown. When not having this silver band, a wide, pea green or sky blue ribbon was substituted. Sometimes, a belle more precious of her complexion than her sister belles, wore tied round the hat, a green berage veil; perhaps this was in imitation of the white ladies, wearing the hat and green veil when riding on horseback in rough or sunny weather; a wide, silver necklace, or rather band,

was worn about the neck, with pendants which dangled over the bust, with one to four or five silver hoops or disks, pendant from the ears. This completed the costume of the Seneca belle of the "upper ten," with a moderated gradation, as might be their worldly condition in shekels.

The squaws, young and old, often carried by a band round the forehead, a basket similar in size and shape to a peach basket, or rather more like a pannier with one side flat, resting against the back. This basket was of much use; was more or less decorated with knots of bright ribbons. The forehead band was of red staesh (cloth; a favorite goods with all the squaws,) or woven in colors of moose hair, bright with embroidery, in which white and blue beads predominated, giving a pretty effect to the red band, these bands or straps were called o-ä-ta-ose-kä or burden strap; they were an inch or an inch and one-half broad. This basket was the receptacle for the requisite articles of their toilets and light parcels; and they utilized it also for bringing to market wild strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, wintergreen and huckleberries; wintergreen leaves tastefully tied with the tender green and red sprouts of the same; bunches of wild flowers, pond lilies and sweet flag. The old squaws would bring the various green herbs, catnip, summer savory, sorrel, water cresses, leeks, horseradish, sassafras root, and cow-slips. [They would sometimes bring in from the south-easterly part of the Reservation, bottles of oil, which our mothers called "Seneca Oil," which was a cure-all, for all the cuts, bruises, and aches and pains under the canopy—especially for rheumatism. This oil was obtained by the Indians in the winter, by absorbing it in their blankets from the crust of the ice, where it had oozed out from the banks of the streams, more particularly on French Creek, and Oil Creek in Pennsylvania. Little did "Lo," or his white brethren, know the commercial value of that same oil (Petroleum) at that time.] The mothers would also carry their babies in those baskets, as they also carried them in a gaping portion of their blankets on the back of their necks between their shoulders.

The customary manner of young mothers of caring for their babies or papposes, was this: a flat board, covered with a half-round basket work of the dried inner bark of a tree, (the hemlock or perhaps the pine,) from the neck to the ankles all wadded within, large enough easily to slip the pappoose into its wadded interior; a slight, half round platform, for the feet, when the child is old enough. Over all, were two, three or four hoop bands or fenders, one directly in front of the child's forehead, for protection from injury; the head end of the board, or cradle, was rounded, and sometimes a hood of wicker work extending to the hoop forehead band or fender; this was also lined with red flannel and wadded. To complete its construction for use, a tough, upright, bent hoop rose over the upper end of the board, removable, to substitute the embroidered forehead band of the mother. The cradle and wrappings were bright with colors and decorations, according to the degree of the mother's love. It was carried with ease by the young squaw, like the baskets heretofore mentioned, by the band about their foreheads, or round the neck over the shoulders. While shopping or otherwise employed they would set the pappoose aside in an inclined upright position. When halting by the roadside or on the trail, or about the wigwam, they would hang the pappoose by the hoop of his or her cage or cradle to the branch of a tree, where it would literally

"Rock a bye baby,
On the tree top,
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock."

To see and hear a bevy of those young squaws or Indian maidens, in the shops or on the walks, talking their Indian dialect in liquid, silvery tones, with their rippling, gurgling laughter, was an interesting sight and pleasant music to the ear.

The old squaws, as age environed them, gradually forgot or neglected their nobility of dress, or like civilized matrons, parted with their material jewels and gew-gaws to their jewels of daughters; they substituted the ordinary Mackinaw blanket for their embroidered broadcloth; their hats became ancient like them-

selves. They liked, however, to cling to their silver brooches and ear drops; but alas! for their ears which in youth were small, pretty and well formed, the practice of wearing these numerous, heavy pendants had torn down and slit the cartilages, destroying all semblance of their early form and beauty, adding another feature to the growing ugliness of increasing age of the squaw; she grew gross, and awkward, waddled in her gait; her countenance grew hideous, swarthy and rusty. This change resembled in more civilized life, the old women of another race of tribes, nomadic, like the Indians, of whom it is said: the North American tribes are descendants of one of theirs lost!

The costumes of the men were deer skin leggins, moccasins, a buckskin overshirt or jacket, and the blanket, sometimes worn like a coat, belted in by a red sash; perhaps an Indian dressed fur cap without visor, or a knitted toque, or feathers tied in the scalp locks. A young Indian, a brave or chief, would improve upon this dress by wearing belts of wampun or strings of shells or beads wrought into the belts, or the use of silver ornaments, snake rattles, wolf and bears' teeth, and other weird articles attached to their clothing, their moccasins, or the fringe of their buckskin leggins, creating musical sounds as they walked or loped, Indian-like, and which sounds warned you of their coming, without guile or with peaceful intention; nearly all wore the tomahawk in their belts. The scalping knife was commonly worn in a leather sheath on the left side as was the tomahawk on the right, but both were mostly used for peaceful purposes. But they were rapidly assimilating to the ordinary dress of their white neighbors.

We seemed here to be in an Indian atmosphere. Many of the Indians were known to our well-known residents; they were saluted on the streets, instead of "how de do," or "good morning" it was "togus" or "skaeno." The names of the chiefs or leading men among them, were as familiar to us as were those of Walden, Allen, Chapin, Pratt, Wells, Townsend, Porter, Bird, or Wilkeson. There was Red Jacket, Young King, Con-joc-ety, Seneca White, Steeprock, Captain Isaacs, Two Guns, Old Smoke,

Kenedy, Tommy Jimmy, The Jamisons, and Farmer, with his erect and stately walk and eagle eye, long blue surtout coat, red sash and red turban; (the reader will not confound this man with "Farmer's Brother," a celebrated Chief of the Senecas, who died in 1815;) and a number of other chiefs and warriors.

Farmer lived in his lodge on Farmer's Point, a bend of Buffalo Creek, now used for business purposes.

The people would go out to the Indian Church for a Sunday drive or to Sulphur Springs and Jackberry Town to see their games, or the burning of the white dog, or a war dance, when the Indians had on their war paint for the occasion.

The young braves, when they came into town with their long hickory bows and quiver of arrows, would amuse our young men and maidens, shooting at "pennies" (the old-fashioned large cent), which were stuck up edgewise, half into the ground, at fifty or one hundred feet distant from the marksman. If they hit the penny, forcing it out of the ground, which they usually did, they put them in their wallets which hung by their sides, much like a game bag, as their captures; and with the utmost *sang froid*, as an old warrior would hang the scalp of his victim to his waist belt. These young braves did much mischief among the bushy-tailed black and gray squirrels, in the north woods above the town, with their bows and arrows, as also in the great pigeon roost to the south of us and west of the reservation.

In those days we were in autumn looking to the approach of "Indian Summer," which was due in this region the last half of October or first half of November; when we had that dreamy, hazy, yellow atmosphere, the sun setting each day like a ball of fire seen through the haze, the forest trees and foliage which was very affluent about here, were in their greatest glory, dressed in the gorgeous hues of the rainbow, the brightest colors of all the year.

Among the most noted of our traders with the Indians was one Griffin, a partner or assistant with Erastus Sparrow & Co., who did business in the brick store painted black next to the corner of Seneca Street, where the Bank of Buffalo building now

stands. He was so well known and popular with the Indians that the tribe made it the place of *rendezvous* at the times of the payment of annuities. The quantities of cloth and blankets he sold at those times appeared fabulous. It would be a very "scalawag" Indian to whom he would answer *tan-ta-gig-egac* (no trust) when one asked him *ese-gig-e-gac-e?* (you trust me?) He had traded with the Indians and associated with them so much, and was so familiar with their dialect, that, different from the rule of the leopard, he had begun to change his spots or complexion, getting to be quite red or copper colored! His popularity was so great among them that they never refused to give him all the wives he coveted, without the form of a marriage ceremony, nor did it matter whether the coveted squaw was a maid, widow or some other fellow's squaw. He or they cared little for that. The shop-keepers about the town sought to ingratiate themselves with the Indians, to wean away their trade from Griffin, by courteous attention and frequent presents of trinkets to the squaws, and nigger head tobacco and jugs of fire water (rum) to the men; and partially succeeded, but Griffin held the fort for a long time.

The curse of the Indian was rum; it overcame him much sooner than the white man. When the writer was a boy he often saw upon our streets a well-known Indian, "Captain Isaacs," in bad condition from too much imbibition of said rum. On one occasion he was surrounded by a gang of unruly urchins taunting him, until his maudlin endurance changed to angry bravado: bracing himself up, he struck his manly breast and said in stentorian tones: "Me Captain Isaacs! Big Indian Me!" which of course created a shout with the boys.

NATHANIEL T. STRONG.

It is evidently the nature of savages when civilized, educated and cultivated by intercourse with refined people, to retrograde, to deteriorate from their acquired or improved condition. In my youthful days I formed a sort of romantic attachment to a young Indian boy, several years older than myself. At that

time I was trying to acquire the Indian language or rather the Seneca dialect by oral process. This boy endeavored in a cursory manner to impart it to me; which, with my frequent trading with the Indians, I got to know quite a good deal of it; sufficient at any rate to carry on a trade conversation quite freely. He, "Nat," must have attracted the attention of influential whites, interested in the amelioration of the Indians, or his relatives were better off than the generality of the tribe, for the boy was educated, sent to Yale College, graduated from there and returned to Buffalo to read law. If I remember correctly he did so in the office of Fillmore & Hall or Hall & Bowen. He had developed into full manhood and had the manners and polish of a gentleman, dressed in the usual style of the period: Black coat, black satin vest, chin collar, with black Italian cravat, patent leather dress boots and regulation hat, his personal appearance was like a very dark, smooth-faced Italian or Spaniard, a little too rotund, or perhaps a gentleman from Hindostan. He was an hereditary chieftan of his tribe. He called upon me and we soon became quite chummy again. We occasionally of an evening, visited a *café* or wine cellar. With his other accomplishments he had learned to discuss the relative merits of the various brands of wines, could detect the appearance of furriness on the "Chateau Margaux," whether the temperature of the champagne was near to *frappé*, too dry, or too thin, or if the precious "Liebfraumilch" was genuine, or too picklish, was critical in selecting his charm of kanaster, or the Noreagér's were too rank; and was quick at detecting the impurities in the leaf brought from the Queen Isle of the Antilles. He would order his woodcock or bottle with all the nonchalance of a New York or London swell.

Well, note the contrast. By degrees our intimacy subsided: now and then, at intervals which became less and less frequent, I would see him and detect in his breath the odor of rum or brandy; then, a seedy look about his habiliments; a growing bagginess about the knees of his black doeskin trousers; his dark, smooth face had assumed a more swarthy hue; his city hat had

lost its lustre and grown a trifle rusty, and he wore it more *a la* Indian. The last time I saw him to meet him face to face and talk with him, there was a decided change, his dress had taken on a semi-Indian tone, his face looked bloated, sodden. He was not then under the immediate influence of rum, but his senses seemed misty, cloudy; there was the wild, roving, "far-away look" out of the windows of his soul, native to the *Indian*. Part of his tribe had been removed about this time to a reservation in Cattaraugus County. He dropped out of our city life; he disappeared from me. Long afterwards I heard of him as being on that reservation, but he and his habits had degenerated back to the typical Indian of the time; living Indian fashion, wearing the blanket, smoking the common clay or Indian pipe, using cut "nigger-head" tobacco instead of the fragrant "Havana" of the earlier days. He died about 1883 or 1884. His portrait hangs conspicuously in one of the rooms of the Buffalo Historical Society. His name was Nathaniel T. Strong.

To confirm this tendency or inclination in the character of the savage to retrograde, deteriorate, or fall away from his highest point of cultivated civilization, I will relate an instance told me by a friend, an officer in the United States Army, who had been stationed at several outposts among the western Indians. At one post, where the Arapahoes were numerous, two bright little Indian children of that tribe, were much noticed. The Indian commissioners, guardians and experimentalists took these girls by consent of their parents and the tribe, sent them to Philadelphia to school, clothed them in the ordinary dress of the white school girl, entirely separating them from their tribe. From the preparatory school they were promoted to a well-known first-class "Young Ladies' Academy," and taught the higher branches of female education. They were instructed in other accomplishments: music, drawing and dancing; they were furnished with fine wardrobes, silk dresses and the like, and in every way respected as parlour boarders. They were much admired for their brunette beauty, pleasing address and *naïveté*. Through some change in their guardianship or patronage, they

were returned back to their native tribe, then in the vicinity of a large Military Barracks or Fort. At first they bore themselves as well-bred young ladies; were visited by the officers and gentlemen about the Post. There was talk of their being married to some of the officers. But, in time, in associating with their tribe, their silks and finery dwindling away; their companions becoming more and more of the vulgar sort, they finally became the associates of the enlisted men of the barracks, until they assimilated with the common Indians of the tribes; wearing the semi-nude covering of the western squaws, until at last they reached the lowest rungs of the ladder of life, becoming outcasts of their own tribe, *sans* beauty, *sans* clothing, cleanliness, virtue, *sans* everything. Can the reader imagine a more pitiable, miserable condition for two, once enlightened human beings?

Why attempt to civilize the Indians, or ameliorate their supposed condition? Only teach them with the strong hand of power to fear our superior race and let them alone in their rapid decay, until like the Bison of the western prairies cotemporaneous with them, they are obliterated from the earth, as one of the ancient, traditional races of men.

CHAPTER VI.

STAGES.

An important branch of business during the decade of the thirties, and before railroads came into use, was the running of stage lines on the principal routes of travel. It was a profitable business; particularly when subsidized by the government for transporting the United States Mails.

Deviating thus early from the subject of this article, I wish to insert here a few words in regard to the mails and our local interest in the establishment of our cheap postage system.

The present universal system of cheap postage, originated with, was advocated by, and inaugurated in Great Britain in the decade of the thirties, through the instrumentality of Rowland Hill. Through his perseverance with the House of Commons, by showing the defects in the old system, and the many advantages of the new.

It is related of Mr. Hill, that in the pursuance of his investigations, and efforts to gain practical information, as to the working of mail carriage and their deliveries, he one day in following a postman, saw him stop at a small ordinary dwelling and hand the woman at the door a letter, and waited to collect the change, the customary shilling (about twenty-five cents.) After a time, the woman who had been engaged in a feigned, stupid manner, closely examining the exterior of the letter, as if she could by that process discover what was written within, handed it back to the postman, shaking her head and muttering something about no money.

As soon as the postman left her, Mr. Hill approached the woman and said:

“Why did you refuse the letter?”

“Oh, we are not able to pay the postage.”

"Will you allow me to follow him and get it from him? I will pay the postage."

"Oh! No! there is nothing in the letter."

"How do you know that?"

"Why the letter is from my brother; he does not write inside but puts little marks and signs on the outside which we understand."

A rather ingenious method of obtaining cheap mail service.

The next improvement, first advocated by Rowland Hill was the postage stamp system which was adopted in 1840. Some years afterward the successful efforts of Mr. Hill was rewarded by having knighthood conferred upon him by the Queen.

Shortly after the adoption of the cheap postage system in England, Edward Everett strongly advocated it in the American Congress.

The greater facilities for transporting the mails by the introduction of steam power, seemed to demand a reduction in postage, from what it had been for a century previous. It was also the opinion of thinking men, that by such a reform, it would so augment the quantity of mail matter, as soon to be able to maintain its own expense, while at the same time it would be a collaborator in educating the people.

Our much esteemed townsman, the late Honorable Nathan K. Hall, when he was in Congress from this district advocated and urged the lowest rates for postage, not only on letters but for printed matter for the dissemination of all useful knowledge among the people. And during his administration of the office of Post-Master General, it was through his efforts placed at three cents per half ounce for letters, for any distance under three thousand miles; printed matter sent through the mails was also reduced. Subsequently the rates were still further reduced.

To resume the purpose of this article. The old stage coach system required the aid of men of good business qualifications, energy and executive ability; and combinations of such men, coupled with money to manage and maintain the regular established lines, and institute new ones as the ever-increasing business demanded.

Buffalo was a central and important point, a sort of "half-way house" between the east and the west, and diverging points to the south-west and Canada, for transferring and reshipping passengers and the mails, either way, by the various lines of stages that had their *termini* here. The names of some of these companies and lines as I recall them, were: The "Pilot Line;" "The Swiftsure;" "Telegraph Line;" the "Ohio Stage Company;" "Neil Moore & Co., of Columbus, Ohio," and "Chrysler's;" and "Forsyth's" stages in Canada. There were at that time extensions of those Canadian lines as Brundage's Line from Drummondville and the Falls to St. Davids, Queenston, the old Shire town of Niagara, and St. Catherines; and E. W. Stephenson's stages from there to Hamilton and onward; and the various more important lines connecting east and west with the lines mentioned above.

Among the earliest of the men who controlled these lines here, were: Sylvanus Marvin, who, I believe, was the first proprietor that was instrumental in aiding and securing the establishment of a through connecting line to Albany. Mr. Marvin was a brother-in-law of the late Judge Walden; after Mr. Marvin, came Chauncey C. Coe, who was followed by his brother.

Bela D. Coe, an educated gentleman of quiet, unostentatious, undemonstrative manner, but of rare tact and ability for business, and the organization and controlling of men.

Edward L. Stevenson, the general superintendent, executive officer and book-keeper, which position he held for a long series of years, and by which he became known to a great number of people; Mr. Stevenson is one of the remarkable characters of Buffalo; now an octogenarian, he has been a resident of Buffalo since 1823; his stage, livery and private estate offices have all this time, sixty-seven years, been within three hundred feet of his present location, 394 Main Street. A man somewhat reticent in manner, with strong executive qualities, singularly successful and remarkably methodical and correct in his business transactions. He has built up an ample fortune, by a steady, practical, consistent mode of life; never

living beyond his income, but always living well ; temperate, steady, reliable, his word as good as his bond, which few men ever obtained, for debt has always been his *bête noir* ; an unobtrusive giver, always for some proper purpose. But, I am not wishing to write his obituary, only intending to notice his traits of character *en-passant*.

Benjamin Rathbun, whose latent ambition seemed to be, to do the best for the traveling public in the most satisfactory manner ; and he succeeded in a quiet, effective way "like the power behind the throne."

Silas Hemmingway was for a long time a successful and well known stage proprietor.

There were other proprietors of the shorter lines reaching out into the country in various directions ; among them, William Penfield ; Albert Hosmer, of Avon Springs ; Danforth, and Ottley & Co., but of these I knew but little.

I recall also, the names of other stage proprietors at that time familiarly known to the public, who lived in the towns along the lines traversed by the stages, such as : Thorp and Sprague, at Stanwix Hall, Albany and at Schenectady ; Faxon and Butterfield, of Utica ; Colonel Phillips, of Syracuse ; Isaac Sherwood, of Skaneateles ; Colonel John M. Sherwood, of Auburn ; S. Greenleaf & Co., of Canandaigua ; John Gregg and Alexander (Lord) Duncan, of Canandaigua, were stockholders, as were John Magee, of Bath ; Arnot, of Elmira, and Asa Nowlan, of Avon Springs. The hotel proprietors at the important points were interested as stage proprietors, particularly Comstock of the United States Hotel at Avon.

This Hotel was famous for years for its good breakfasts, with most bountiful supplies of broiled chickens, good coffee and Van Zandt's rich hot corn bread, never equaled ; and as VanZandt had a secret corner on it and would not "give it away," the art of making his famous corn bread has never been divulged. As the guests seemed all to have good appetites after their mile walk to the Springs, and the supplies of chickens and corn bread unlimited, their consumption was prodigious.

Blodgett, of the "Stage House" at Pembroke, was also interested in stages, and his house a famous place for trencher men. As was "Blossom," of the Ontario House, Canandaigua.

There were also Colonel Sam Barton, of Lewiston, Walbridge and Blynn of Lockport and Rochester, Sprague of Rochester, Bissell & Humphrey of "The Eagle," Batavia, Rufus S. Reed of Erie, and Capt. Sartwell and Benjamin Harrington of the "Franklin House," of Cleveland; the Niel's, D. W. Deshler and the Sullivants of Columbus and Nathaniel Tallmage of Lancaster, Ohio.

STAGE COACHING.

Stage coaching was not at all times a romantic method of travel, although the fashion of to-day, and a wish for diversion, have decreed that it is now the correct thing to do, to have a complete outfit of a Brighton Stage Coach, with all its modernized appointments, blooded horses, and gentlemen owners to manage the four-in-hand reins and whip and go for a merry time, speeding through the country. But in the thirties, in the rough seasons of the year, the roads were a terror to timid passengers, and occasionally they became impassable; deep sloughs (called slues) were formed, now and then, there were swampy places, where stage teams became mired; long stretches of these swampy roads were bridged over by what are known as "Corduoy Roads." This was much the kind of roads thro' the "Cattaraugus Woods:" These roads were formed by cutting down the adjacent timber along the side of the road, trimming off the branches without much attention to the closeness of the trimming or the equality in size of the logs, and laying them side by side, over the swamps, cross-wise the road, to settle or bulge, as the caprice of the frost or moisture might take direction. Those persons who never have enjoyed driving over miles of this sort of a road, at a snail's pace, can imagine the delightful sensations of bump, bump, bumping along or coming whack up against a larger log than usual to a dead stop, particularly in a dark, stormy, sleet-freezing night when the only possible means of seeing our way, were the dim lights of the stage; the writer has experienced all this.

Compare this mode of travel with that of vestibule trains, sitting on velvet easy chairs, enjoying a complete dinner and wines, looking out of large plate glass windows, framing beautiful landscapes, or reading by the aid of electric lights, while rolling smoothly at a speed of forty to fifty miles the hour.

The drivers of the stages were many of them men of good reputation, and quite well known, I remember the names of a few who drove for Bela D. Coe and Rathbun; a large tall man was Harrington, who died recently, living at the time on Chippewa Street; Hopkins, a quite entertaining expert of the whip; Dan Beverly, Brundage, and a quaint odd character known as "Old Age," a little, angular bent up chap, funny as could be and witty enough for a king's jester, and as strong and good natured as a donkey.

The late Isaac T. Hathaway was a general agent for the stages, more perhaps as a kind of Quartermaster General looking after the stock and supplies, subsequently he became Superintendent of the Niagara Falls Rail Road.

The stage proprietors and stockholders were leading citizens in the communities where they resided, from Albany to Buffalo; Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati; Detroit and Chicago; enterprising men; a kind of disconnected chain of live men, mutually interested in like objects, and had they combined their strength, could have formed a potential syndicate; a grand monopoly; perhaps an oligarchy.

The stage proprietors as their financial means multiplied, became interested in other enterprises; were officers of the local banks, located in their substantial dwellings, usually on prominent corners of their towns, with the Banking Office in the rooms most observable. I can count a number of such in my memory.

After the displacement of the stage lines and decline of that business, many of those active men, betook themselves to new pursuits, having an affinity with the old; the first of which, of course, were canal lines, steamboats, transportation companys,

and then rail road interests, express and telegraph companys ; quite a good number turned capitalists.

The proprietors, superintendents and agents of that system, were a strong type of men, enterprising and progressive. It would be a surprise to many of the active men of the present day, engaged in the transportation of the animate and inanimate, were they to study up the subject, to find how many of those men promptly took hold of Rail Road, Steamboat and Express work, and from thence to Telegraphs as a natural sequence, and how many of their families of reputation and wealth, have been planted, exist and flourish in those cities and towns all along the lines of those old stage routes.

The "old staging days," as they were half a century since, when they are talked of by the "old stagers" always revive their somnolent memories ; and then the episodes and incidents of those times flash across their twilight brains like the showers of meteors in November skies.

In conversation recently with a stage coach director of the old times of the thirties, speaking of the business of the stages at that time, the latent fire of his sparkling dark eyes shone brilliantly as he remarked that : Many were the times he had sent out twelve to fifteen coaches of a morning, and the fares were fifteen dollars to Albany ; and when the drivers and others would take such occasion to strike for more wages, they would be paid off on the spot, and the proprietors, their brothers, uncles and agents, would mount the boxes at once, and the procession would move at the crack of the whips, which could be heard all over the corporation, and away they would go, twelve miles in the hour, their stage horns crowing like chanticleers !

CHAPTER VII.

LAKE MARINE SERVICE.

Before my time, in 1818, after Robert Fulton's adaptation of steam on the Hudson River, enterprising residents of Buffalo built for lake navigation the first steamboat ever built to sail on the inland waters of the continent. It was called the "Walk-in-the-Water," after an anglicised Indian mode of nomenclature. Fulton's steamboat, the "Clermont," had established the ultimate success of steam as a motive power and opened a new era to the world.

Steam on the Hudson was an important event, more so than the people then knew, and forever to be coupled with the name of Fulton and that beautiful river called by tourists "The Rhine of America." And wherefore, this form of constant comparison which concedes superiority to the Rhine? Nature has adorned the "Hudson" with as many pictures of beauty and grandeur, on its three hundred miles of length, from Sandy Hook to Glenn's Falls and Lake Horicon; as its European rival can claim, from the Island of Batavia, to the Alps, with the single exception of the Alpine feature. We can match and surpass its beauties. We can hardly set off the Adirondacks against the Alpine regions, the mothers of those beautiful rivers the Hudson and Rhine.

The Hudson, it is true, has not the artificial accessories of castellated ruins, nor the poetic "vine clad hills," nor the "Heidelberg tun," though capable of having all these; but has her unrivaled Palisades, Crow Nest, St. Anthony's Nose, and the Catskills.

The God of nature has distributed his blessings and favors justly; no nation nor peoples' have far away to look for his beauties and bounties. *Apropos* of this: When two gentlemen

friends, Messrs. Optimist and Pessimist, the last of whom was given to hypercriticism, were passing over Lake Maggioré, one remarking upon its beauties, the unreasonable one replied, "It's all very well, but it does not compare to our 'Lake George!'" "Oh, well," says the other, "We are not on Lake George now; let us enjoy *Lago Maggioré*."

"WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY;"

From the beginning of the present century, up to the period of the introduction of steam power on the lakes, the restless youth and young manhood, impatient at delving in the rugged soil of the New England States and Eastern New York, began to emigrate to the west, as Western New York was then called, or to the "Genesee Country," as the Genesee Valley was then spoken of, until most of the lands of Ontario, Livingston, Monroe, Genesee, Niagara, Chautauqua and Erie Counties (and the other counties created from them) were taken up. When emigrants began to seek for "green fields and pastures new" in the Western Counties of Pennsylvania, and in Northern Ohio, on a wide belt of land, known at that time as the "Western Reserve." And so ever progressing onward to the west.

The methods of travel adopted by these early emigrants and continued long after the opening of the Erie Canal, and the use of steam became general on the lakes, was economically practicable as well as picturesque and unique:

Almost any day from April to October, might have been seen passing through our highway, westward bound, a single family rig; often a Caravan of two, three or more, sometimes a dozen in line of Pennsylvania Arks (wagons) or "Prairie Schooners," so called from their rising stem and stern, with great canvas covers, sustained by curved top hoops, not unlike a stretched-over gigantic calèche. Passing over native trails or the national roads, through the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, on to Indiana, Illinois, and to the farther west the Missouri and North-West territories and on towards sundown.

Each family of emigrants providing their own moving power and sustenance for man and beast and in those white canvas-covered, Gypsy, long reach wagons, with broad tire wheels, two, three or four horses, perhaps a span of horses with a cow on the lead, a "spike team" (so called); again, with two, three or four yoke of oxen. These wagons were equipped with furniture, bedding, cooking utensils (a big iron pot hung underneath the wagon), spinning wheel, babies and the family cat, and tied to the reach, a long rope leading a cow, followed by a shepherd dog or mastiff, or both. The wagon was also provided with a fifth wheel fastened strongly to the stern, as necessity required one at times; a refutation of the old adage, "as useless as the fifth wheel of a coach."

This system was a novel and primitive mode of travel. The people, mostly farmers, thus literally taking up their beds and walking, and *bivouacking* Gypsy fashion, where night o'ertook them, occasionally breaking down on the *route* or perhaps burying one of their party by the roadside, but usually reaching their objective point, after tedious weeks of weary travel, to begin life all over again, clearing up the virgin soil of the west.

When the great Erie Canal was finished and the water of our vast chain of lakes was married to tide water in the Hudson River, a new era in the methods of transportation was inaugurated. When the new systems and aids of travel were introduced of course the old were gradually abandoned. The increase of facilities for travel and the transportation of merchandise, produce and live stock, gave an impetus to the business; emigration to the west increased rapidly.

The reader will not forget that at the commencement of this western hegira the supplies of beef, pork, flour, and most necessities of life, had to be transported to the immigrants settled there, thus casting the bread upon the water, which was returned to us, more than a thousand fold. As a consequence the freight and passenger traffic multiplied more and more. Steamboats of greater tonnage, more passenger room, and larger freight capacity were needed.

SHEIKS OF THE LAKES.

There originated or came to us, a class of men who appeared to be created for, and alone adapted to the business of navigating the lakes. Captains, masters and mates of steamboats and vessels, a special race of men, made for that remarkable era; like Mrs. Stowe's Topsy, "they were not born, they grewed," like the oaks, hickories and sycamores of the forest, a clan or tribe of men, so peculiar in themselves, I think we shall never look upon their like again; we might call them the *Sheiks* of the Lakes. At this early period the maps and charts of the lakes were incomplete; all the rocks, reefs, shoals, and quicksands, impeding navigation were not clearly defined, the islands and short cuts were not all known; your short, chop seas, currents and headlands, with the absence of sufficient sea room and the need of adequate, approachable harborage, were all obstacles to encounter. Your navigator had to be possessed of instinct, shrewd judgment and endurance to overcome all this; they did it! They were men of hardy natures, stalwarts, brave, courageous; inured to rough usage and dangers, skillful in their profession, quick in grasping an intricate or complicated situation, suddenly thrust upon them, and fighting their way out of it. Safety in their looks; capable of enjoying life in luxurious ease, shrewd in their business transactions; not obtruding, or never forgetting their opportunities for money gains; agreeable in conversation when off duty, rough in an emergency; jovial by nature, *bon comrades* in association; good livers or bad livers, as circumstances might place them. Many of them have turned out and proved to be long livers; rough diamonds, they have filled the requisition of their time and like their class of ships are passing away into the dim past.

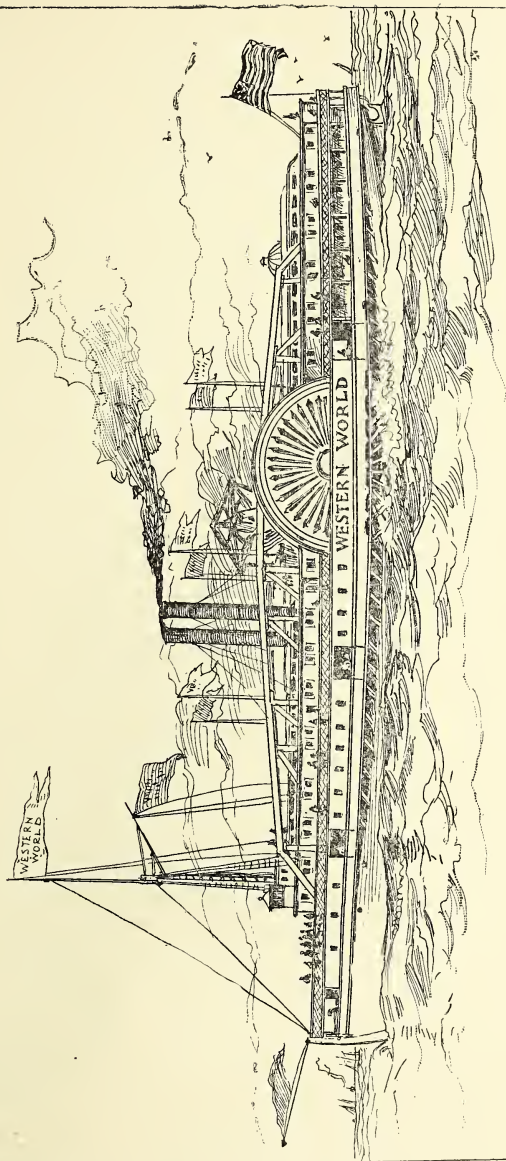
These ambitious sailors were not the typical "Jack Tar" of the ocean service, nor the ordinary master of the merchant marine, a far different type of men. Ocean navigation demands innate courage in those who pursue it and are willing to brave its dangers; on our great inland seas, with all the dangers of ocean navigation increased and magnified by the need of sea room and the heavy chop seas born of boisterous weather. The want of

proper charts, the undertaking of such a dare-God livelihood, gave evidence of either manliness or recklessness; hardly a season passed without incidents of great self-denying bravery, hardihood or great power of endurance being related of those stalwart men. The encomiums which rained upon them for their brave behavior, they regarded no more than if they were "thistle down or feathers." In what I have said I mean for the period of the decades of the twenties, thirties and forties.

In looking back and seeing their persons pass in review before my mind's eye they appear to have been built nearly after one model: broad-backed, full and deep chested, mostly of middle height or above, long-winded, sturdy, unexcitable, phlegmatic; cool when confronting dangers, alive to the occasion; never dull, a good deal of iron and steel but no lead in their composition. There were men among them of refined tastes and the manners of gentlemen, of the Polonius mode of dress, to which was added an approachable exterior attitude, and when in the humor, an abundance of *bon hommie*, as our older citizens will recall; such men as Captains D. Howe, Henry Randall, A. D. Perkins, George W. Floyd.

The peculiar race seemed to be the outcome and amalgamation of three nationalities combined; the shrewd New England Yankee, the Holland Dutch, and the Norman gentleman. Their individualities and their commands, became more stamped and defined as they grew to fit their grooves and the men were more fitted to them.

The character of the vessels was as remarkable as that of the men. The first few years after the introduction of steamboats on our lakes, it was a changing and experimental era; they were built on all sorts of models: round and full-bosomed bows, flat and square sterns, sharp cut water lines, narrow prows, flat bottom, deep bottom and deep keels, narrow, with receding and narrower sterns; some with lower cabins only, some with upper and lower cabins both, others with only upper cabins. Horizontal and perpendicular engines and walking beams, high pressure and low pressure; some with one smoke stack, like the "Cleve-



THE MODERN SIDE-WHEELER.

land," many with two smoke stacks like the "Henry Clay," or "DeWitt Clinton;" with three like the "Charles Townsend;" with four smoke stacks and two engines, like the puffing and coughing high pressure "New York," with its four, short, diamond shape, busy walking beams. After the introduction of upper cabins, the models, strength and beauty of the boats constantly improved, until in the fifties when steamboat travel culminated, and was superseded by rail travel, they seemed to have reached the ultimatum of perfection for side wheel "steamboats;" for utility, speed, comfort, luxury, ornamentation, they were the wonder of the world; never excelled before nor since, on salt or fresh water.

The modern and more recent Ericsson propeller, and still more modern screw steamers, built for capacity, utility and economy, being the goal which modern enterprise and contractors seek, have produced a class of steamers on lake and sea of greater speed, larger dimensions and more profitable. But the last passenger side wheelers on our lakes, those "Floating Palaces," were incomparable. Many of my possible readers cannot forget the "Northern Indiana," Captain Bob Wagstaff, prince of good fellows, and its consort the "Southern Michigan," Captain A. D. Perkins, with his immaculate ruffle shirt bosom? and genial manners. The "Queen of the West" and "Crescent City;" the favorite old "Empire," having three or four hundred feet clear sweep of cabin, with Captain Howe in command; the new "Empire State," Captain Morris Hazard; the "St. Lawrence" and "Mississippi," and that *ne plus ultra* of steamboats, the "City of Buffalo." I do not expect to particularize the merits and good qualities of all those old side wheel steamboats or their captains; nearly all of which, both boats and their captains, were each identified with the other, and conjointly, a separate history.

As new and improved steamers were rapidly produced, the deserving captains rotated from the old to the new, while the worthy mates or first officers succeeded to the older boats. Many of the boats were short-lived; what with calamities of storm and fire and those boats which were hurriedly built and early relegated to

the junk yard, and others which could not maintain their running expenses, by reason of their slow sailing capabilities, too much use of fuel and other defects, were razed or went out of commission; the changes were many and frequent.

The steamboats and their captains are all so vivid in my memory, I cannot resist recording them here. In several instances the names of the boats were duplicated and triplicated, as their earlier namesakes disappeared. Following the list of boats, I will record a list of their captains as nearly as I remember them. Of course the captains commanded several boats in succession. The names of the boats will be given, beginning with the oldest, and following as they appeared from time to time down to the latest, as my memory will serve. These vessels ranged from one hundred tons to three thousand tons.

The first or pioneer boat, built for lake service, as most Buffalonians know, and which belonged to the pristine era of steamboats, was built at Black Rock, near the head of Squaw Island, which was then thickly covered by forest trees, in 1818, and started on her first trip August 25th of that year, and was wrecked before my time, was the :

“WALK-IN-THE-WATER.”

Pioneer.	Enterprize.	Superior.
Wm. Peacock.	Charles Townsend.	Henry Clay.
Wm. Penn.	New York.	General Porter.
Robert Fulton.	De Witt Clinton.	Commodore Perry. [thony.
United States.	James Monroe.	Anthony Wayne or Mad An-
Ohio (2.)	Pennsylvania.	Columbus.
Experiment.	Bunker Hill.	Victory.
New England.	Caroline.	North America.
Barcelona.	Washington (2.)	Adelaide (Canadian.)
Thames (Canadian.)	Constitution.	Sandusky.
Michigan (3.)	Lexington.	Governor Mason.
C. C. Trowbridge.	Albion.	John Hollister.
Paragon.	Patronage.	Algomah.
Champion.	Defiance.	Emerald.
Columbia.	Amelia.	Islander.
J. Woolcott.	Southerner.	Sam. Ward.
Fairport.	J. D. Morton.	Globe.

Dover.	Eclipse.	Wave.
Ben. Franklin.	John Owen.	Herald.
Frank Moore.	Havana.	Astor.
Adrian.	Commerce.	Mishawaka.
C. L. Gager.	Waterloo.	Union.
Detroit.	Rochester.	Chesapeake.
Uncle Sam.	General Macomb.	Governor Seward.
Governor Cass.	General Harrison.	General Scott.
Governor Marcy.	Thomas Jefferson.	Oliver Newbury.
Erie.	(Little) Erie.	Chautauqua.
Cincinnati.	Wisconsin.	Buffalo.
Daniel Webster.	Great Western.	Niagara (2.)
Star.	Albany.	Troy.
James Madison.	W. F. P. Taylor.	Constellation.
G. P. Griffith.	Illinois.	Cleveland.
Milwaukee.	Tecumseh.	Alabama.
Kentucky.	Pearl.	Ruby.
Indiana.	Julia Palmer.	London.
Diamond.	Canada.	Fashion.
Chicago.	Belle.	St. Clair.
Red Jacket.	Arrow.	Huron.
Golden Gate.	New Orleans.	Pacific.
Nile.	Saratoga.	Bay City.
Hendrick Hudson.	Garden City.	Iowa.
Baltimore.	Louisiana.	Missouri.
Oregon.	Minnesota.	St. Louis.
Boston.	Empire.	America.
Clifton.	Artic.	Ocean.
Atlantic.	Sultana.	Baltic.
Keystone State.	Mayflower.	Lady Elgin.
A. D. Patchin.	Plymouth Rock.	Buckeye State.
Western World.	Queen City.	Western Metropolis.
Empire State.	Northern Indiana.	Southern Michigan.
St. Lawrence.	Mississippi.	Queen of the West.
Crescent City.	City of Buffalo.	

Two steamers built for service on Lake Michigan in 1859 with ocean marine engines, the Detroit and the Milwaukee, one built in Buffalo and the other in Detroit. The Canadian man of war Minos; the United States man of war Michigan; and the two first Ericsson propellers built for the lakes, the *Hercules* and *Sampson*, which commenced a new era in steamboat propulsion and relegated the side wheelers to the past.

Included in the foregoing list of steamboats are the :

Wm. Peacock: which burst her boiler in 1831 and was destroyed immediately after leaving this port, scalding to death some seventeen persons.

The *Erie*: Captain Titus, burned on Lake Erie in August, 1841, by which over three hundred persons lost their lives among them a number of well-known Buffalonians.

The *Washington*: the first of this name was wrecked; the second burned and beached two or three miles above the Buffalo light-house, by which a large number of lives were lost.

The *G. P. Griffith*: burned and broke in two parts and sank on Lake Erie; and many lives were lost.

The *Lady Elgin*: burned and wrecked on Lake Michigan, with large loss of life; among the passengers was a prominent citizen of Buffalo, John B. Macy, who had been president of the City Bank.

The *Atlantic*: foundered in a gale in eighteen fathoms of water on Lake Erie; nearly all the passengers were lost.

Among the captains or masters who commanded many of the foregoing list of steamboats, whom I can call to mind, were: Captain Job Fish, first; John Davis, second; Jedediah Rogers, third, and Captain Sherman, all captains of the "Walk-in-the-Water."

Wm. T. Miller.	Chelsea Blake.	John Shook.
Peter Shainholdts.	Asa Hart.	Augustus Walker.
O. Shepard.	Harry Whittaker.	Robert Hart.
John Stewart.	Miles Case.	Gilman Appleby.
Aaron Root.	S. F. Atwood.	John Hebard.
Sam. Chase.	A. H. Squier.	Robert Burnett.
Chas. L. Gager.	Levi Allen.	Chas. C. Stanard.
Lester H. Cotton.	Ben. Stannard.	J. T. Homans, U. S. A.
David P. Dobbins.	Amos Pratt.	Fred. Miller.
Morris Hazard.	D. P. Nickerson.	James J. McFadden.
Walter Norton.	Chas. Burnett.	Adolphus Howe.
Simeon Fox.	Geo. W. Floyd.	J. L. Edmunds.
Archibald Allen.	C. A. Milliken.	Charles Folger.
Wm. T. Pease.	— Powers.	C. Gregory.
Jacob Imson.	R. Haskell.	Jeremiah C. Oliver.
Gil. Traverse.	W. P. Stone.	J. W. Tuttle.

D. H. McBride.	G. A. Strong.	Chauncey Vail.
W. W. Davenport.	Robert Wagstaff.	L. A. Pierce.
Charles H. Ludlow.	Asaph S. Bemis.	David Wilkinson.
T. J. Titus.	W. Dickson.	Thos. Wilkins.
A. D. Perkins.	R. Estabrook.	James M. Lundy.
Peter Hotaling.	Fred. Wheeler.	E. Robertson.
R. C. Bristol.	Ben. Trowbridge.	Henry Randall.
Richard Winslow.	Morris Tyler.	H. Van Allen.
I. T. Pheatt.	Geo. W. Willoughby.	A. T. Kingman.
E. P. Dorr.	James M. Averill.	John W. Webster.
	Frank Perew.	

Many of the captains above recorded commenced their careers as masters of sail vessels; it was considered as a promotion to be appointed to the command of a steamboat. Of those mentioned, there is but one who did not sail a steamer; but he deserved to be included among our noble list of stalwart captains: John W. Webster, who was in command of the "Brig Neptune." I know, from his own lips, that once during a violent storm he was struck down by a lightning stroke, from the effects of which he never fully recovered.

His brig was wrecked in a wild snow storm and terrible gale, on a bleak, barren shore of Lake Michigan; the cold was intense, and he had to make his way several miles to a lonely habitation, the last mile crawling on his hands, with his feet and legs frozen; he suffered amputation of both. If I remember the event correctly, most of his crew were lost with the vessel. Captain Webster has been known to mount the rigging of a vessel after the loss of his legs.

Charles M. Reed, of Erie, Pa., was, during the era of side-wheel steamers, the most enterprising, boldest steamboat proprietor on the whole chain of lakes. He built some of the largest and best boats; his list of boats would make a large, handsome fleet; he employed the most reputable, thorough-going men as his officers. The late James C. Harrison was his general agent at Buffalo.

I have been told that in the history of the steamer "James Madison," one of Mr. Reed's boats, the profits one season exceeded the original aggregate cost of the steamer and a surplus beyond that, of four thousand dollars; there were several Captains who commanded this vessel, among them were Captain Levi Allen, R. C. Bristol and James McFadden.

There was living at that time at Erie, P. S. V. Hamet, a French gentleman of wealth, and who possessed a lovely daughter, of whom Captain Bristol became much enamored and which passion the young lady reciprocated. But to a matrimonial arrangement between the lovers, father Hamet made his most decided objection.

The boats of the "Reed Line" all touched at Erie on their passages to and fro. On an occasion of the usual call of the "Madison" at the Port of Presque-Isle and while surging at the pier, steam being up, Captain McFadden in command, a carriage made its appearance from which came Miss Hamet, Captain Bristol and another, on board, to inspect the vessel. As soon as the party had reached the cabin, the lady forgetting to disembark, the boat slipped from her moorings and continued its passage. The "Madison" was not a fast boat; and another of Mr. Reed's boats (the "Jefferson") being at the dock, she pursued, and the "Madison" was overtaken at Conneaut, Mr. Reed himself being on board.

This abduction or kidnapping case, as it was called, created much talk all around the region of the lakes. Civil and criminal suits were instituted against Captain Bristol by Mr. Hamet, which implicated others, I am not sure but embroiling Mr. Reed in the controversy. Finally Miss Hamet did *not* marry Captain Bristol.

To complete these records of the Lake Marine, or approximate to it, of those old steamboat days, I will add the names of the firms of proprietors, agents, consignors and commission merchants living here, who were at the same time owners and agents of the several lines of canal boats on the Erie Canal, which gave life to

this traffic, and were instrumental in and opened the highways of travel and traffic to the "far west:"

Sheldon, Thompson & Co.

Townsend & Coit,	{	Troy and Erie Line.
Coit, Kimberly & Co.,		United States Line.
Kimberly & Pease,		" " "

Barker & Holt,	{	Merchants Line.
Holt, Palmer & Co.,		Clinton Line.
Hunter, Palmer & Co.,		Washington Line.

Joy & Webster, Buffalo Line.

Gelston & Evans,	{	Telegraph Line.
		Commercial Line.
		Transportation Line.
		Western Line.

Norton, Carlisle & Co.

Mahlon, Kingman & Co., Detroit Line.

Winslow, Spencer & Co.,	{	Great Western Line.
		Utica and Buffalo Line.
		New York and Buffalo Line.

Pratt, Taylor & Co., Eagle Line.

Rice, Saltar & Co.,	{	Troy and Ohio Line.
		New York and Ohio Line.

E. T. Wilson, New York and Ohio Line.

George Davis & Co., National Line.

Atwater & Ruden,	{	Pilot and Traders Line.
		Erie and Ohio Line.
		American Transportation Co.

Edward Norton & Co.

Ward & Brace, Fulton Line.

Kinne, Davis & Co.

A. R. Cobb & Co.

Azel, Hooker & Co.

Niles & Wheeler.

Smith & Macy.

James Murray.

Niles & Kinne.

Samuel F. Purdy.

Philo Durfee.

Russell & Hawes.

At the time Gould & Fiske managed the "Erie Railroad," "Jim" Fiske managed a line of handsome Arcade Steamers on Long Island Sound. Among other improvements and customs he adopted, was putting all the officers into dark blue uniforms with gilt buttons and gilt bands around their blue caps. This fashion was not original with Fiske in the Merchant Marine Service. Colonel W. F. P. Taylor, of the old firm of Pratt, Taylor & Co. of the Eagle Line, introduced the custom years before by having the officers of their boats, when on duty, wear a uniform consisting of a naval cap with silver gilt band and eagle buttons, blue pea jackets with a white spread eagle woven in the cloth flaps, and box coats with large white spread eagle woven in the skirts, and white gilt eagle buttons.

THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.

In the summer of 1844, it might have been in 1845, I saw here in Buffalo the son of King Louis Phillippe, the Prince de Joinville. As he passed me leisurely with a *nonchalant* air, accompanied by his *suite* of three friends, I had time, as a merchant might say, to take an account of stock of him. A jaunty, well set up Frenchman, quite English however in dress, cast of countenance and walk, evidently in good humor and jovial with his comrades. He wore a short, drab brown, sack coat, the prevailing fashion of those days, his hands stuck in his low coat pockets, his right hand holding a crooked neck Niagara cane, wrong end up, handle in the pocket. He was *en route* for Fort Mackinac and Green Bay, on a voyage of discovery to ascertain the whereabouts of Eléazer Williams, said to be among the Menominee Indians, as a missionary priest, and also to be the lost Prince of Bourbon, son of the "Widow Capet," whom no one seemed to care for after Marie Antoinette gave in her adhesion to Dr. Guillotine. The Prince de Joinville appeared to be enjoying a pleasure trip; he had taken passage on board the "Columbus," commanded by Peter Shainholdts, bound for Green Bay. Shainholdts was a Frenchman or a Fleming by birth, but had sailed our inland seas, and knew all about Saginaw Bay, *Presque Isle*,

Michilimackinac, Thunder Bay, *Bois Blanc* or "Boblow" as the sailors called the island, and so on. Was a first-class, safe sailor, with whom a Prince might be trusted; a magnetic, demonstrative Frenchman, full of enthusiasm and fun, a big fellow and *bon comrade*. The Prince and he were soon on intimate terms of conviviality. Shainholdts was a resident of Buffalo, well-known and ranked among our best commanders. The Prince on his return wrote a few stanzas of off-hand poetry descriptive of his voyage; I preserved a copy for a long time but cannot discover it; my memory does not recall but a line or two, which ran thus:

"Our *Capitane* Shainholdts, spoke all langue;"

"Indian, Anglais, Dutch, Patois, and Profane."

A TEDIOUS AND PERILOUS JOURNEY.

In December '47 after a tedious, dismal, back-aching journey from Wisconsin Territory, of nine weary days, I, in a stage load of nine inside passengers, through prairie mud, (none blacker), rain, sleet, snow and ruts, in stage coach, Jersey wagon, and every sort of four-wheeled vehicle; sometimes on three wheels, driving, dragging, or riding on a fence rail, or walking, plodding and working our passage; holding up the stage on a slippery side hill; we reached the old "Michigan Exchange" at Detroit, late one evening, weary and worn. Next morning we counted ourselves fortunate when we saw a placard announcing the departure that evening for Buffalo, of the "Steamboat Michigan," Captain Stewart; "for freight or passage apply on board." We were glad to take the risk of lake passage, very late in the season though it was, rather than another journey on wheels or fence rails.

When we assembled on board we found the only passengers were our stage load of nine, with two supernumerary captains, one with his wife, who herself was an experienced sailor. We were gratified to find on board, as steward, that well known caterer and sterling good fellow, Wyncoop, who, together with our captains, either of whom was a "Stonewall" of security and safety for us; one of whom, "Old Blake," rivaled our Stewart as "Commodore of the Lakes" *par excellence*. The first night on board,

we had our first gale of wind ; I was a wide awake lad, but "tired nature's sweet restorer," soon sent me to the welcome arms of its God Morpheus, who had no sounder worshipper. In the morning when I opened my state room door, imagine my surprise : instead of the white porcelain and gilt mouldings of the cabin of the evening previous, it was all blackened, scorched and charred by fire. It seems that after I had gone to my berth and asleep, the gale came on and the "Michigan" pitched and tossed in the cross-fire of the seas to such an extent, that the cabin stove, a wood-burning affair, though wired in place, capsized and set on fire the carpets, curtains and draperies, which but for the zealous watchfulness of our friend Wyncoop and the efficient aid of our three old captains we should all have gone to "Davy Jones' Locker." The gale continued through the next night and we were driven into one of the ports on the south shore of Lake Erie. The third day there was a violent snow gale ; I cannot forget with what watchful eagerness I studied the stoical countenances of those three weather wise and weather beaten captains as they scanned the vessel, watched the portentous clouds, conferring together on the situation. No anxiety appeared in their faces, nor was I conscious of a thought of danger, while being protected by these giant mariners. On the morning of the fourth day there was a heavy and continuous snow storm ; the wind had subsided, but the feathery flakes of snow still came down. We all knew that we were in the vicinity of Buffalo light house, but where was it ? We could not catch a glimpse of any known object to guide our keel ; we could hear the nine o'clock Sunday school morning bells ; an hour or two on we heard them ringing the good people to church, but no sound or beacon to point the passage into the harbor. Our captains were at their wits ends, while toiling with their surmises and struggling with their opinions as to their position. They reminded me of the superlative wisdom of "Jack Bunsby" and "Captain Cuttle." At length we found our way to the dock, foot of Main Street, and drove up in a sleigh through two feet of snow, to a late dinner at the "Mansion," furnished by mine host Dorsheimer.

There was great fun and sometimes excitement in those days on the various steamboats. All one season, there was much strife between the "Constitution," Captain Gilman Appleby, and the "Sandusky," Captain Stannard, as to their relative speed; every return trip from Detroit, when they were lightly loaded, they were to be seen when a long distance from port, with their long, cometic, dense volumes of belching fire and black smoke suggestive of burning oil and tar; the coughing puffs of exhaust steam, and clattering rush of paddle wheels, could be heard for miles, while running side by side, endeavoring which should reach the goal of her dock first, the winning boat landing amid the cheers of the multitude assembled there. These contests would continue nearly through the summer season, with alternating success between the rival boats.

Our old popular captain, Bob Wagstaff, was a kind of daredevil driver on the lake and awakened much interest with his feats of navigation and speed. With his sharp prowed "Northern Indiana," he contended it, had no competitor for speed and hence raced continually against his own time.

Who that remains with us of those old steamboat days, that does not remember that bonnie steamboat "St. Louis," Captain Fred. Wheeler; clerk, Sanford and "Tut Bloomer," (prince of caterers) as Steward? Full of fun, wit and originality, and who could develop a splendid chowder from a sturgeon and a few clam shells, or feed a multitude with five barley loaves and a few small fishes, and the crew from the fragments. Where? where? are the jolly parties, large and small, who were with "Captain Fred." the round trip to Chicago, again and again, merely for the fun and association? Captain and crew and nearly all the excursionists, rare good fellows, gone! Gone to the shining shore; and the larks and frolics of those jolly days gone by forever!

CAPTAIN AUGUSTUS WALKER

EFFECTS RADICAL IMPROVEMENTS IN STEAMBOAT CABINS.

Among our list of captains may be found the name of Captain Augustus Walker; a man of enterprising genius, the first to con-

ceive and introduce into use the upper cabin upon our steamboats. It was a long time before he could prevail upon or induce ship owners or ship builders to construct them; all manner of objections were raised against their adoption, they were impracticable; they would increase the tonnage and cost without a corresponding return of ducats, by reason of the necessity of building the hulls heavier and very much stronger; their increased depth of draught would impair their speed, requiring more power to overcome the *inertia*, make them unmanageable in heavy weather, lessen, materially, their carrying capacity for freight, and many other cogent reasons, so that, not being a man with an abundant purse, it took Captain Walker several years to gain a practical experiment of his original idea, as unique as it was finally successful. If I remember rightly, his first attempt was to construct an upper cabin upon the steamboat Daniel Webster, a favorite boat, painted black, then an unusual color for American vessels, and which got the sobriquet of the "Black Dan," by which name the great statesman was often spoken of, alluding to his complexion and heavy dark brows. The experiment succeeded so well that soon after a steamboat, the "Great Western," of which Captain Walker was a part owner, was constructed, adopting a model designed for an upper cabin, which was an entire success; this boat became very popular with the traveling public.

The Great Western was the forerunner that sounded the death knell of all the old hulks then in commission, which had only the old sub-marine cabins. Each new steamboat that came out, and they rapidly followed one after another, were provided with improved upper cabins. Previously, in the old class of steamboats, so soon to become obsolete, we had the dark, stuffy, unwholesome, after cabin, below deck, mostly beneath the water line. With long lines of open berths, built in tiers along the sides of the cabin, made to conform to the bends and ribs of the hull, each with a short valance or curtain in front to screen the occupant. There were also tiers of temporary racks, constructed nightly, through the centre of the cabin, for the sleeping accommodation of a superabundance of passengers. And between

these temporary berth racks and the stationary ones on either side, were stretched long lines of continuous tables for meals; often, late snoring sleepers, were penned in their berths while breakfast was being served. A general wash-room where passengers congregated in gangs to perform their ablutions, was provided on one side of the machinery, reached through a dark cramped entry way forward of the cabin, while the other side was occupied by the steward's pantry and kitchen.

At that time, in the later years of the "thirties," when this radical change to the upper cabins was made, the steamers were of small tonnage and a limited passenger capacity, compared with their upper cabin successors. They were often crowded, on their upward passage, considerably beyond their limit. Imagine the sanitary condition under the circumstances I have stated, particularly in rough weather, with sorry appointments for those afflicted with *mal de mer*.

All breathing the tainted atmosphere redolent of bilge water, the confined air from greasy machinery, the fumes from the kitchen and odors of the perspiring colored waiters, meantime, as the meals were about to be served. The hungry passengers who were fortunate enough to obtain a standing place alongside of the tables, with one hand clutching a cane bottom stool, whereon to sit when the order was given by the steward to "take seats ladies and gentlemen," fearing reprisals, looking upon their near neighbors, wanting food, as their wolfish enemies. All waiting the sounding of the hideous gong (sometimes purposely withheld to tantalize the struggling passengers and amuse the aforesaid colored waiters with their broad satanic grins.) Then, most of the passengers would plunge into the tables and gorge from the trenchers of food by shoveling it into their mouths with buckhorn handle long case knives. When fully established at this delectable occupation, a stalwart negro would stalk round the table, ringing a harsh, high-toned bell and crying out repeatedly in a droned bass voice, without modulation: "All those passengers wot hav'nt paid their fares will please call *immejutely* to the Captain's office and s-e-t-t-l-e!" After one such a call, I once heard

while passing through Long Island Sound, a facetious chap exclaim: "Here, waiter! waiter! take this cup, called coffee *to* the Captain's office and have it s-e-t-t-l-e——d!"

Now note the contrast to the foregoing description: After the consummation of Captain Walker's idea or conception of the Upper Cabin Steamboat, the passengers were introduced into light, airy saloons, above decks, opening out of which were well appointed state-rooms, with egress to the guards upon the upper deck. These state-rooms were furnished with the customary necessities and comforts of a bed room, of course in a moderate way, but as compared with the old way, it was luxurious. More than all, you enjoyed the privacy of your own room, with pure air, light and water. The upper cabin, also, gave you a light and airy apartment for your meals, where you could distinguish the color of your next neighbor, and could analyze to a degree the character of your food by the sense of vision; you had also, a protected promenade, where you felt you could hold up your head as you walked; even the waiters seemed more respectful and obliging. Indeed, it seemed as if we all had emerged from a common sewer and taken our proper places in the world's progress.

It did not take a long time for Captain Walker's invention to become universally adopted, but, excepting locally, I have never heard his name mentioned in connection with this improvement, so essential to the health and comfort of travelers.

It is said that: "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." Walker was as deserving of honor and a memorial monument as Jenner, Hahneman or other life preserver on sanitary principles.

Sylvanus Russell, who rests entombed in "Forest Lawn," was the inventor of the improved dredging machines, which are in continual use in our harbors.

GRAIN ELEVATORS.

Joseph Dart was the inventor of the grain elevator which he first practically used in this city. The site of the "Dart Eleva-

tor" was where the "Bennett Elevator" now stands; it seems a pity that in naming elevators they should entirely abandon "Dart," whose immense labor saving invention has revolutionized the transfer of grain throughout the world.

Since writing the foregoing: Robert Dunbar, a highly esteemed and long a resident of Buffalo, has passed away. A mechanical engineer by profession; since his death he has been spoken of as the inventor of the grain elevator system. That Mr. Dunbar may have worked in unison with the late Mr. Dart in perfecting his invention may be true; never having heard that Mr. Dart was a practical or professional mechanic, he may have called so expert a man as Mr. Dunbar to his aid, as is commonly done in applying ideas to practical work. Having known Mr. Dart for many years and never having heard of any other person being mentioned in connection with the invention of grain elevators, I could not change my faith in Mr. Dart's reputation as the inventor; and yet I maintain a high estimate of the late Mr. Dunbar and his abilities.—EDITOR.

CAPTAIN LEVI ALLEN.

It would be a regretted omission for me not to make a special mention of the man whose name heads this paragraph. Captain Allen, if I be not mistaken, is the oldest Lake captain now living, and whose age is nearing the nineties, having been born in 1802, and who has lived here longer than any other known person, unless perhaps he might dispute that honor, with Mrs. Thaddeus Weed, whose father, Dr. Cyrenius Chapin, was the first permanent settler in Buffalo.

The Captain's first experience as a sailor was on board the "Walk-in-the-Water," he has been master of several of the old side-wheel steamboats; in particular the "Buffalo," a long time favorite, which he built. Besides having been one of the most notable and popular commanders of steamboats on the lakes, he has been engaged in many enterprises on land as well as on the water: is to-day interested in business.

Captain Allen resides on Delaware Avenue in apparent good health. A man who has ever been much respected in this community; a genuine stalwart. May he outlive *this* his own century!

CHAPTER VIII.

SOLICITORS.

There was a class of men in Buffalo of a race or type peculiar to themselves; they adopted the title and were known as "Solicitors." They possessed characteristics, not usual with others, in like condition, or on the same plane of life. We might call them a *clan* of men. They originated at the time the stage coach was the popular method of travel from here to the east. From here to the west and north, or south-west, travelers mostly went by private conveyance, emigrant wagons, or sail vessels, of small tonnage or freighting capacity. The stages multiplied; stage routes were opened, and lines formed in all directions. Rival lines employed men to seek out travelers and engage them as passengers. Canal lines of boats, for people and freights, were established, and Canal Packet boats exclusively for passengers became a stylish mode of travel. Finally, steamboats came into general use. Travel increased, emigrants began flocking to the west; those passenger solicitors, or this clan got to be an important factor in advertising the various lines of stages, canal boats and steamboats. These men were also called "steamboat runners." They ignored that title however, emphatically. They were "steamboat agents;" or, rather, as they finally assumed the title "General Solicitors!" Albeit they were rivals in their calling, like lawyers in the courts, when their wrangling business was over they were boon companions, true to their clan. They soon abandoned stage business and sought wider fields in canal and lake business. Our older citizens can recall the names of many of those men, now mostly, or all, passed away.

To our older citizens the recollections of them will bring to mind many of their characteristic jokes and anecdotes. The

writer now remembers the names of a few who were well-known in his early youth. Milt Keyes, with his three-cornered cocked spectacles, with green side blinders; Bill Baldy, with a mahogany face; Sam. Paine, a sort of sporting character; Bill Lockwood, a noted horse plunger, who quite recently "passed in his chips;" "Hoppy" Young, who is still *ambulant on tellus*; Andrew Campbell, "who has thrown up his little game;" Gus. Tiffany, the legislative statesman; Fred. Emmons, John O'Brien, and others of that ilk. They were fair representatives of the men of whom I write. They had a dual profession: besides being solicitors for passengers for stages, canal packets, "line boats," and steamboats, they were *counselors* and advisers to the travelling public for the numerous and various *sorts* of hotels, taverns and places of resort, here, there and elsewhere. The business of soliciting and the number of professionals increased.

A noted character among these "General Agents," and who assumed a higher tone than the ordinary solicitor, was

COLONEL NAT. JOHNSON.

He was known to every one in this vicinity, and to the traveling public, if not personally, by reputation. He seemed to be the special runner for the Lower Lake and River Steamers: the "American Line" of pleasure Packets between Lewiston and Montreal.

The boats of this line were examples of neatness in every way: not extravagantly fitted up with sumptuous gorgeousness, but clean, fresh and bright and carefully appointed with selected crews. The steamers were the "Lady-of-the-Lake," Rochester, Cataract, Niagara and Ontario; severally commanded by Captains Estes, Kilby, Van Cleve, and Ledyard, all good men. In those days it was thought to be the realization of a romance to make that picturesque trip.

In the summer season the great flow and drift of southern travel went by the way of Niagara Falls and through the "Thousand Islands," the White Mountains, Lake Champlain, and Lake George, to "Saratoga Springs." This southern travel

mostly consisted of the sugar "Nabobs" of Louisiana and rich planters from the "Cotton States," and their families, and friends; frequently in parties of six, eight, ten and often a dozen, including their sons and daughters, lively southern girls, with pleasant, jolly and prettily spoken manners, accompanied by their "Old Aunties," maids and other colored servants; slaves, but trusted members of and friends of the family, all going for a good time. When these parties put in an appearance here at the old "American," or at the "Cataract" and "Pavilion" at Niagara Falls, all of which were "Nat's" combined "headquarters." Then Colonel Nat. was in his glory.

Very soon some *sub rosa* "Pal" of Nat's would quietly approach the party and slide into a communicative and suggestive conversation with them, ascertain their intended movements and plans, (these parties were very frank to talk of their intentions, for whoever their conversations might be with, were their friends for the time being.) Then this transient "Pal" of Nat's would inquire in a wondering manner, "Why, don't you know Colonel Johnson? Why, he will pilot you and give you all the information that you can possibly need. Everybody knows Colonel Johnson. He is a particular favorite with all southern ladies; goes down to Georgia in winters to see Colonel Black and Colonel Barlow and I don't know how many others. You must know him, of course." Then all the party are clamorous to see this wonderful colonel. The "Pal" or sub-agent then offers to seek him at the office of the company, or over to the General's, presumably General Porter,* and of course is successful and brings the Colonel, who is a large man, with debonair manners, (rather coarse), a too genial face, which face has a carmine showing of good fellowship; it also has a substratum of coarseness below.

He is introduced with a "flourish of trumpets" to the party, ladies and all, as Colonel Johnson, "General Agent" of the

* General Porter at that time resided in a quite large and sightly old-time mansion a block away from the Cataract Hotel on the corner of the two main avenues. The house was surrounded by ample grounds embellished with shrubbery.

Lower Lake, Montreal and Quebec Steamers. After a little the Colonel is asked if he "won't join them in a mint julep, in which beverage they were about to indulge when the Colonel came up." The Colonel beams! "Why, of course he will." He is quite pleased to think they have ascertained the merits of the "Cataract" julep in unstinted glasses; if they do not put quite enough *eau-de-vie* into them; but they will wish while engaged in the process of absorption, through the straws, that their necks were a yard long, so they can the longer enjoy it. Colonel Nat. has bagged the flock, or game!

WORKING THE IMMIGRANTS.

Large bodies of immigrants, landing from canal boats, to take lake passage, were assailed by the individuals of this clan, with most earnest desire to aid and assist the western pioneers from New England or Jersey, the immigrant Teutons or Sons of Erin to take the right boat and not be misled by those false pretenders, who were trying to deceive them into taking those other boats, which are notoriously slow old tubs, besides being unseaworthy.

They would labor hard in their vocation, individually, or diplomatically, make compromise treaties with each other, and forming in parties of twos and threes or a triple alliance offensive or defensive and thus attack the massed bodies of immigrants, hesitating in doubt which rival steamboat to take; assailing them on either flank and by eloquent persuasion seeking to accomplish their mission in favor of this or that steamer in whose interest they might be employed. To secure the whole or a large party by one individual, by collusion with a leading man among the travelers, was a notable success or achievement; a victory over his brother solicitors.

As the *high toned* solicitors ploughed their way through the crowd of immigrants along the wharves, with all their polyglot of languages, with noisy ejaculations of "*Mien Gott!*" "*Be Jabbers!*" "*Gott in Himmel!*" "*Sacré Bleu!*" and other expletives, each in their own vernacular, until the confusion, clatter of

tongues and general racket, became like the Council Chamber of Pandemonium. This condition of entanglement was part of the game of the solicitors to evolve ; to have the question of preference of boat or boats decided and scoop them all in, until for the sake of public decency it would be necessary to call for the

“ POLICE FORCE,”

to quell the disturbance and bring order out of chaos. About this moment of time of the chaotic negotiations, some successful advocate of the clan would cordially grasp the hand of the leader among the enigrants, in token that the whole matter was settled, and march off with him to one or other of the advertised steamboats, followed by nearly all the Argonauts ; but Mike or Pat would linger, hoping to discuss the matter further, from pure love of disputation.

The so-called “ Police Force,” were a self-assuming genus of men, born and brought forth soon after the *accouchement* of the city, and were the progenitors of the old “ Niagara Police,” established here after the example of the “ State Police ” of New York City, some years since, which has finally evolved into the present systems. Our earliest “ Police Force ” as a class, were brighter, more keen witted, more alert, with more executive ability than the members of the ordinary constabulary of the town ; the “ Cop,” night-watchman, or “ Charley,” of those earlier days. They did not hesitate to arrogate to themselves however, a “ little brief authority ; ” but they were good monitors and protectors of the public peace and order. From this class of men, afterwards were selected our Sheriffs and Deputy Sheriffs, our keenest and sharpest detectives, Police Inspectors, Chiefs and Commissioners, and deputy U. S. Marshals.

There were among them such men as George W. Smith, Robert H. Best, George B. Gates, Samuel Fursman, Joseph K. Tyler, Marshall W. Bottom, John W. Stewart, John Pierce, Milan Adams, Benjamin Toles, Leroy Faraham, Asa P. Harris, Col. Alfred Clemons, Henry Judevine, John Prince, Peter Corbin, Jonathan W. George, George A. Hudson, and others.

The members of the "Police Force," could and did, often control the unruly classes by a look or raising a warning finger. They filled the bill at the time that they adopted as their official cognomen, "The Police Force."

The writer has frequently in talk at the "Old Buffalo Club," heard one of the men above mentioned, when relating some ancient "chestnut" say, with smothered pride: "When I was on the Police Force," alluding to those times. But, I have again digressed from the text. Some of the "Solicitors" had personal peculiarities which were continually cropping out. They were popular with the mass of the people; humorous, witty; their serious faults were too much "gamboling on the green," indulgence in the flowing bowl, and other sensual and exciting gratifications.

Among them was one curious character, Fred. Emmons; always good natured, known to be funny, oftentimes impecunious. Late one night going to his home, (there were no street lights then,) an unknown person made a stroke at him but missed his aim; Fred. turned on him and laughingly demanded, what he wanted? "Your money or your life!" to which Fred. instantly replied: "See here, stranger, I hav'nt any money, but, if you will step round with me into "Perry's Coffee House," I'll give you my note at ninety days!"

I was standing at the corner of Main and Seneca Streets late one night, talking with an old friend, William Trowbridge (a younger brother of the late Dr. John S. Trowbridge,) he had returned that week from a three years' whaling voyage. As we were parting, I said to him: "Where are you stopping, Will?" "At home," he replied. At that instant a man passing said: "Where did you say?" "Why do you ask; who are you?" said Trowbridge, "Oh, I am taking the census and I wanted you in." We then discovered that it was the irrepressible Fred. Emmons.

The steamboat William Peacock burst its boiler, (I think it was in the season of 1832,) a few miles out of Buffalo Harbor, and many passengers were scalded to death, which caused consternation in those then traveling, and consequent timidity. Shortly after the event a party of Eastern States people were

here, going West ; Fred. plying his vocation, approaching them, presenting his credentials, (a steamboat advertisement,) said : He was the agent of a nice new steamboat, about to leave for Detroit, Michigan, and the intermediate ports ? (Detroit at that early date being generally the ultimate destination of steamboats ; occasionally one would reach out as far as Mackinac or Green Bay.)

“ Would’nt the party like to take passage on his boat ? ” A respectable looking elderly lady in the party spoke up : “ I don’t like steamboats ; you bust your bilers and scald folks. ” “ Oh ! ” said Fred, “ My dear Madam, ours is a new steamboat, constructed on a new principle ; not one of those high pressure boats like the “ Peacock,” but a low pressure engine, we use nothing but cold water, never let it come to the boil ! ” The party took passage with him.

The Gus. Tiffany mentioned above was elected a Member of Assembly and served in the Legislature of this State ; the opposing candidate against Tiffany was the Hon. Henry W. Rogers, a superior man in every way ; who, supposing he had a “ walk-over,” did not exert himself quite as much as he should have done. He seemed disgusted at the result of the election, and well he might.

John O’Brien was another queer character of this clan ; a jovial Irishman but an American citizen, brim full of patriotism. If at any time between sun-down and the peep o’ day the people heard the sounds of drum and fife, they were quite sure it was a nocturnal outburst of John O’Brien’s mercurial temperament. He seemed always to have those instruments at his beck and call. The outbursts of his patriotism sounded on every occasion ; he rioted in it at the head of his band ; everybody seemed to tolerate him.

The Texas War of Independence ; the so-called “ Patriot War ” in Canada ; the War of the United States with Mexico, were glorious opportunities for the ebullition of his enthusiasm.

When there was a “ beating up of recruits ” here for Sam. Houston and Texas, after the massacre of the Alamo, John was

drum-major of course. A public meeting was called, to be held in the old ball room of the Buffalo House over "Perry's Coffee House," at the north-east corner of Main and Seneca Streets. The meeting was engineered by another odd and well-known character, Leonard P. Crary, familiarly addressed as Len. Crary. He published the first editions of the Buffalo Directory before Buffalo became a city; I think he was a lawyer by profession. He was also pregnant with patriotism. At this meeting he made one of his 4th of July characteristic speeches and had succeeded in arousing the audience up to a high pitch of enthusiasm and closing up his last sentences with this peroration:

"When the inborn liberty of American citizens has been stamped under foot, by that vile usurper Santa Anna and his myrmidon slaves of grovelling Mexican greasers, and our friends who have emigrated to Texas, in the hope and guaranty of enjoying civil and religious liberty, and freedom from oppression, and are shrieking to us for help from the diabolical miscreants massacreing them in the Alamo! I say under such circumstances, so important to them, calling in accents of despair for material aid and money to save the cause of liberty! 'Can a Roman Senate! or *we* long debate, gentlemen?'"

A well-known citizen noted for his humor as well as his obesity, Luman A. Phelps, standing near the speaker, raised his hand aloft and in a stentorian voice exclaimed, "No, by Hokey!" The meeting seemed about to collapse, as it did with shouts of laughter; when John O'Brien struck in with his drum and fife corps, the tune of Yankee Doodle.

If the reader does not "catch on" to the underlying wit and sarcasm of this fun, I will explain. Texas at that time had declared its independence of Mexico, with a good show of right, which Sam. Houston was endeavoring to establish. Texas then was notorious as a refuge, or haven of rest, and paradise for, escaped convicts, adventurers, murderers, robbers and horse thieves, and was considered a God-forsaken country not fit for an honest man to live in. It was a common saying that a

criminal, a disreputable man, or one escaped from justice, that he had gone to h——l or Texas, as we now say of boodlers and bank wreckers, that they have gone to Canada. At that time you could purchase a million acres of the best land in Texas for fifty thousand dollars.

Leonard P. Crary here mentioned was the father of Oscar F. Crary, who has been employed in the Buffalo Custom House for fifty years past. I am also informed that solicitor O'Brien, everybodys' friend, was the father of John T. Raymond (Colonel Sellers), the actor, who died a year or two since. He was born in Buffalo.

One of the little practical jokes perpetrated by this fraternity under the lead of our facetious friend, Fred. Emmons, was told me a short time since by our time-honored Buffalonian, Henry G. White :

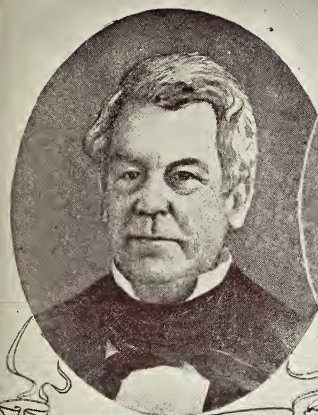
When the church called "Dr. Lord's Church," was building, (It was a sort of private undertaking by Dr. Johnson, Dr. Lord, and I think George Palmer), the basement walls, and part of the wall of the superstructure, having been built, an early winter came on, it was thought better to roof it over with rough boards and discontinue the building of it until the spring opened ; the high pitched roof gave it the appearance of a huge ice house. One day in the latter part of winter, the "Solicitors" ordered a number of large loads of straw they found standing on the market place, to proceed to the structure with which to pack in the ice. The teamsters were in waiting a whole weary day, to deliver the straw as directed to either Dr. Johnson or Dr. Lord and get their pay. There was some tall swearing among them, when they came to realize that they had been sent on a fool's errand.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS AND FASHIONS OF THE TIMES, AND WHO WERE THE PEOPLE IN THE THIRTIES.

In social intercourse among the people, there were those who were more cultivated, better educated than others and whose manners were more graceful and easy ; a conclusion easily reached in a community of divers people, newly brought together from various parts of the country ; mostly however from the eastern division of the State and the cities and villages of New England, who had gradually to be fitted into grooves, which circumstances provided for them ; dove-tailing and splicing with one and another as their natural and habitual characteristics inclined them. Or, as "birds of a feather flock together;" which suggests "Dundreary's" query : "how can birds of only *one* feather flock?"

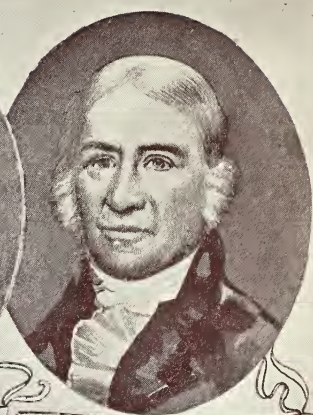
Yet there was no exclusiveness nor holding aloof from each other, as a notable feature of society, on the supposition of better family antecedents, connection, breeding, education, or the magnitude of wealth one happened to possess. Wealth, at that time, was not such a desideratum needed to give men a position of influence as other qualifications ; though it was desirable as an adjunct and strengthened the other advantages. Indeed it is very doubtful if a single individual in the City of Buffalo in that decade of the thirties, say in 1838, could have realized from his possessions the full sum of one hundred thousand dollars ; though a number of our then citizens, could, at a later day, from thrift, economy and the gradual increase in value of those same belongings, have told a much higher figure as their fortunes. The reader will remember however, that that amount of wealth was rarely accumulated at that period by one person, west of Philadelphia, New York or Albany, where Stephen Girard and John Jacob As-



·SETH·GROSVENOR·



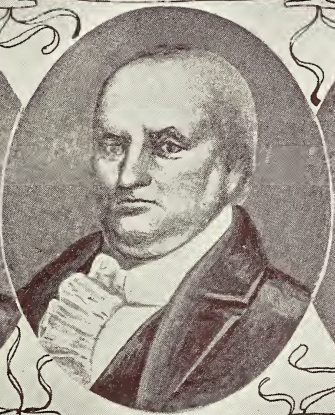
·GENL·PETER·B·PORTER·



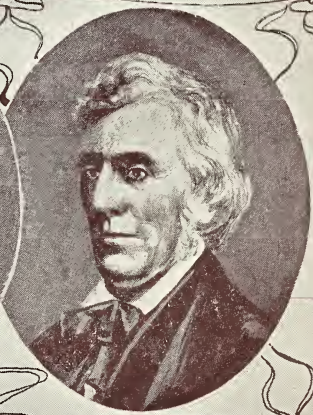
·LOUIS·LE·COUTEULX·



·HONL·ALBERT·H·TRACY·



·JOSEPH·ELLICOTT·



·JUDGE·SAMUEL·WILKESON·



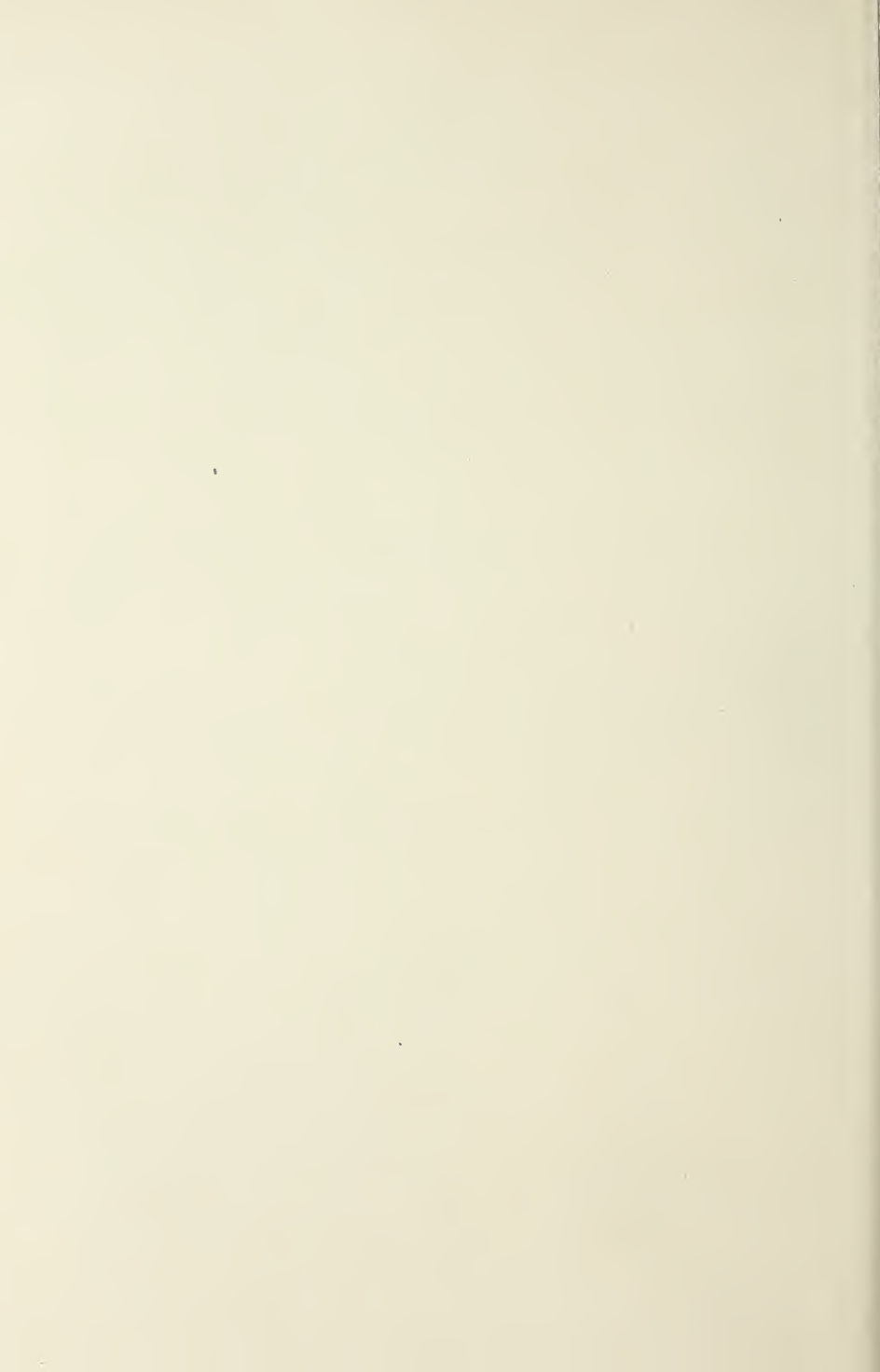
·JUDGE·CHAS·TOWNSEND·



·SA·GO·YE·WA·THA·
·HE·KEEPS·THEM·AWAKE·



·JUDGE·EBENEZER·WALDEN·



tor were considered exceptional wonders of wealth with their five millions or more each, or the Patroon of Albany with his large entailed realties.

Nor was there any seeming sycophancy or toadyism by those of limited means, moderate fortunes or on a lower plane of social attainments, towards the richer or more exalted.

If Persons who had committed no crime or were not in some disreputable calling, were worthy citizens; they were usually admitted on terms of equality into general society, it mattered not if he or she maintained themselves by dealing out dry goods, haberdashery, millinery or groceries, or was a respectable mechanic, or an inn-keeper, they were kindly and freely met, without patronizing, by the doctors', judges' or bankers' families. Of course there was a limit to this freedom of intercourse; there was a general and liberal feeling of fraternity and *bonhomie* among the people; all the people knew all the other people. There were a few families who, by right of education, accomplishments, condition and influence, entitled to a certain precedence, which was cordially, quietly acknowledged by those of lesser mental and financial acquirements.

Be it remembered that in the days we are writing of, the methods of travel and facilities of communication with other parts of the State and the world at large, were inconvenient and slow. In the long bleak winters, (which seem to moderate with the advancement of civilized life and the settlement of the country.) it was extremely slow. The winters were then more prevalent of snow, and biting winds seemed more to blow. During the other seasons we had sail or steam craft on our lakes, which made communication with all the west and south-west quite frequent.

THE CANAL PACKET BOATS.

We also had passenger packets with their three and four horse tandem teams to whisk the "Red Bird Line" of boats through the Erie Canal to Rochester, connecting there with another line to Utica and thence to Schenectady.

This system and manner of traveling had its pleasures and advantages: the passengers, many of them, preferred this method to the crowded stage coach, particularly for a twenty-four hours' ride, the time between here and Rochester. Much depended on the captain, as he was responsible for all your comfort while under his jurisdiction. His duties were multifarious: he was on the alert that his boat was brightly painted, the red tassels at the horses' heads were not slovenly attached, nor the drivers slouches; that his starred "Blue Peter" was flying over the stern as a signal for starting. He was Purser and Clerk; kept track of the manifests or trip sheet, was Steward and Caterer; sometimes in an emergency had to take a "trick" at the stern post, or steering gear; or when in fear of a sudden wreck to rush on shore and become a ratchet or pawl at the snubbing post. He had to know and be jolly with all the male passengers, and gallant and attentive to all the women. Such an one was Dan Bromly or Phillips, and others of the captains of "The Red Bird Line of Packets." It was really better than our Rail Road Sleeping Car system; there was more opportunity and scope to move about; the passengers were more inclined to be sociable, if they wished; the boats and their fittings were tidy, the meals were good and well served on the long tables of the cabins. Between the meals, the tables were dismembered and converted into smaller ones and used for whist parties and round games. Of course when bed time came, there was considerable hustling to make up the bunks, when the customary red damask curtain was hung amidships of the cabin; then came the announcement of the nocturnal division between the male and female passengers.

Each boat was not complete in its appointments, if, among its crew, there was not a key bugler, who could enchant the frogs on the night run and play romantic airs on moonlight nights, as did Henry Varian, almost a rival of Kendall, the celebrated Boston bugler, whom I once heard discourse most eloquent music on board of Dan Bromley's Packet.

There were also in greater numbers, the so-called "Line-Boats" belonging to the various transportation companies, carrying both

freight and passengers, drawn by the more limited two horses power; more moderate in rates, usually one and one-half or two cents per mile, or five dollars from Albany to Buffalo, each passenger "finding himself" in food and drink. The accommodations and comforts of these boats were not in any way equal to those of the packets; they were patronized mostly by people in limited circumstances, western bound, seeking new homes.

Then again, the stage routes, wagon and country roads were in better condition for driving at speed.

In winter we were debarred most of these advantages, and were confined to stage coaches and wagons, on wheels or runners, as the snow, mud and ruts might best permit.

POSTAGE AND CURRENCY.

At that time the postage on a letter of a single sheet without envelope was, from Buffalo to New York city, two shillings, noted in red on the outside, thus: 2/—. To Albany $\frac{1}{6}$, or $18\frac{3}{4}$; to Utica fifteen cents; to Rochester ten cents; to Lockport or Batavia six pence. And you had to declare the number of sheets (or single pieces of paper contained) when you posted the letter; and it was stamped "single" or "double," on the outside, as you had declared and was verified at the other end of the route. If prepaid it was stamped PAID; if not, the postage was collected at the place addressed. Newspapers, each sheet, prepaid two cents and one and a half cents.

Money was not plenty and postage was dear, much dearer then than the same rates would be now. It was the custom to seal letters with large red wafers or an ostentatious display of red sealing wax to keep the folds of the commonly used fools-cap sheets together, and for more voluminous correspondence on one sheet, (the limit for a single postage); the mammoth folio-post paper; envelopes and stamps were later institutions.

CURRENCY.

The "York" currency was then in vogue, six and one quarter cents a sixpence, twelve and one half cents the shilling, eight shil-

lings the dollar. Some old fashioned merchants in keeping their books adhered to the old mother currency of £. s. d.; ours was an inconvenient currency or division for traffic. Besides, we had no National coinage to represent these divisions, the only coin that did was the Spanish or Mexican silver, that was stamped on one side with what we suppose to be a representation of the pillars of Hercules, and from which came the typical or arbitrary sign of the dollar mark \$., which some suppose to be a monogram of, or a gerrymandered U. S. The pieces were dollars, halves, quarters, eighths, and sixteenths, and contained the accurate amount of test silver, to represent the divisions of our currency.

The common currency of the New England States at that time, was six shillings for the dollar, the division was most accurately represented by the common silver coin known as Pistareen, which was worth sixteen and two-thirds cents and halves of it, eight and one-third cents, a Yankee shilling or sixpence.

Then we had our large copper cent and half cent, the cent weighing 264 grains of copper, the half cent heavier than our present cent. The English silver pieces crowns and half crowns, were also quite commonly used and passed current with us, at nine shillings for the crowns and four and sixpence for the half crowns; they were of good value, but an awkward coin for use, and gradually disappeared; used by silver-smiths, they are seen with us now, but rarely. The gold coins most popular in circulation were the "Carolus Doubloons," standard value \$16, there were half pieces called "Joes," eight dollars; *Louis d'Or*, \$7.⁸⁰, *Moidores* \$6.⁰⁰, Napoleons \$3.⁹⁰; the English Guinea \$5.⁰⁰; and Sovereigns, "Georges," \$4.⁸⁴; when the Victorias came in, the last year of the thirties, they passed current at \$4.⁸⁵, and have ever since; the English Guinea was not plentiful but quite a pretty coin, and used to be retained or sought for as keepsakes. Our own coins were not plenty at that time, made up of decimals, the simplest and best currency on earth, which displaced the foreign coin as rapidly as coined, and put in circulation.

The writer has the vanity to assert that being actively engaged in retailing goods, he wondered why our federal currency was not used, appreciating its superiority, to the use of shillings and sixpences. He adopted the custom of constantly and persistently using the terms for prices, of dimes, quarters, halves, and all decimal divisions; abandoning entirely the "York" currency, substituting the federal, and by urging the same practice by his neighbors, it soon became popular here. The only (flimsy) argument used by shop-keepers against the decimal system, was that when selling an article for a shilling or sixpence they would be compelled to take a dime or half dime. My usual reply was, that they could get ten or fifteen cents as easily as they could get a sixpence or one shilling, and thus reap a profitable advantage.

It was common, particularly in New England, to call a sixpence or a half dime, a *flip*, and a shilling a *bit*, as in the Southwestern States along the Mississippi a shilling was called a *levy*, and sixpence a *picayune*; the paper currency in circulation were the notes of the New York Safety Fund Banks and of the United States Bank and its various branches.

EXPRESS COMPANIES.

At that time there were no conveniences of package or money expresses, like "Harnden's Express" in New England or the "American Express" in this State, which were the first established in this country. I very well remember seeing *tall* Henry Wells, early in the forties climbing out of a sleigh in front of Steele & Peck's bookstore, then at 206 Main Street, (old number) with his hand satchel of express matter, and in the sleigh some packages of freight, valuable or destructible goods, which made up the manifest of Wells & Co.'s Express, which doubled the road from Buffalo to Albany twice weekly, the senior proprietor acting as messenger and general clerk. This express company and its business grew rapidly and soon was merged into Livingston, Wells & Co. Express. William G. Fargo was brought hither from the central part of the State as an expert man to transact the business of the warehouse and office; Mr. William B. Peck

assisting at the books. And so it grew into the gigantic proportions of "The American Express Company of *Buffalo*," with William G. Fargo at its head, assisted by such men as William B. Peck, John T. Lacy, Andrew G. C. Cochrane, and other well known Buffalonians. One of the generous and kindly things among the many known of William G. Fargo, in the early years of his management of this company, was his undeviating custom of employing first the young men of Buffalo, good men and true in all the places of responsibility, sending them out on the roads to establish new agencies, and giving them the management of the offices; in this way Mr. Fargo was the means of helping quite a number of unemployed young men and starting them on their progressive life; for this and other generous deeds all honor to William G. Fargo.

During the thirties and previous to the establishment of Express Companies, if money or other valuable packages were to be sent east or west, they had to be sent by special messenger; indeed there were men employed for that purpose, to convey money from town to town or city, to make exchanges between the banks. These men were known as "Bank Messengers;" they were selected for their coolness and courage as well as honesty, and were usually well armed and on the alert against marauders; however, they were seldom molested. Neither could you send small packages by mail as now.

It took the mail coach from four to eight days to come or go to New York in winter, by the "Pilot Line" or "Telegraph Line" of four horse "Post Coaches," limited to six passengers in each coach. In summer the trip was accomplished in from three to four days, by stage to Albany and by mail boats down the Hudson to New York, unless they got aground on the over-slaugh in the Hudson River near Coejeman's.

MERCHANTS' TRIPS EAST FOR SEMI-ANNUAL SUPPLIES.

The merchants going in March or October to New York or Philadelphia for semi-annual supplies of goods, had usually to carry from twenty to fifty letters, besides parcels; and they formed

no small part of the contents of their trunks, sometimes compelling them to take an extra one, to accommodate their many friends; and then to deliver their contents, and the contents of their wallets and satchels at their destination, and "no postal law agin it."

The merchants' trips to New York and Philadelphia (the head centres of supply for the whole country) was an important event, occurring only at intervals of six months, and when a merchant was about to leave, it was generally known several days before; then would begin the asking of favors, to carry letters or parcels or to execute a commission; word would be sent in thus: "Would Mr. Hemsted kindly find room in his trunk to take a small package to a friend in New York, for Mrs. Blossom?" or "will Mr. Dana please take charge of a package of letters to New York for Messrs. Hollister & Curtis."

They were social and business letters, often times they had commissions to execute, and return letters and parcels to bring back, but all were willing to do it, cheerfully: though their friends were rivals in the same trade, it was the custom.

"SHINNING."

Another friendly custom among the merchants and traders at that time, worthy of note, and to be commended for its practical friendship and kindly feelings among neighbors and those engaged in a rival trade, was the custom of "Shinning." As it is in all times and periods, trade had its fluctuations. Now and then dull and stagnant, then again lively and "booming." In a dull time several merchants out of our number, might be seen on an afternoon, rapidly moving up or down town, every moment dodging in at some store, seemingly engaged in the laudable occupation of "Shinning!" They would salute each neighbor as with a wad from a pop-gun:

"I say, Charley! have you anything over to-day?"

"Yes, I guess so; how much do you want?"

"Oh all you've got; I want eighteen hundred 'fore bank closes."

"There, there's nine hundred."

"Thank you, when do you want it?" (this might be of a Thursday.) The party helped, having gone half way to the next door, hears someone behind him shouting:

"Monday!"

"All right Charley!"

Another neighbor could have been heard to say:

"John, can you do me five to-day?" holding up five fingers.

"Yes, give it back to-morrow?"

Thus was the surplus money kept in rapid transit. Ben Rathbun, who was in all kinds of business, would send out sometimes of an afternoon, an hour before the banks closed, half a dozen clerks and sweep the entire street of money. Main street was the only busy street then.

The most wonderful part about the custom, was the entirely free feeling as to a want of confidence in the borrower; the money was handed over without hesitation; those loans were primary debts of honor. Should a debtor get caught before having provided for this honorable claim, the first item you would find in his schedule of assignment was provision for this debt, the same as provision for payment of funeral expenses in your will, when probated. No "monkeying" with honor in those days.

Our "Foreign News" from England and the Continent of Europe, averaged from six weeks to three months in reaching Buffalo, when the "Highly Important News," "twenty days later from London" had almost been forgotten where it came from. Our Congressional proceedings in Washington, when published in our daily paper, the "Commercial," was a week old.

The "Commercial Advertiser," was first issued as a daily paper, in 1834. I remember very well, looking at its first number, with boyish interest, in the store of Hemsted & Keeler, spread on the counter, under the arm of the late George W. Bull, afterwards for many years its correspondent "Taurus," from the Capitol at Albany.

LADIES' COSTUMES AND ADORNMENT.

The styles of dress of the decade of the thirties and later were of course the fashions of the period. In ladies' clothing and

adornment, colors were a good deal worn ; more so than in the present decade. The materials were as rich and costly for that time as nowadays, to a casual observer ; with as much variety, perhaps more display, with brighter colors. The costumes were not as quiet among ladies of good society as now. Ladies wore for walking and carriage dress in autumn and winter : soft lustered Italian silks, black watered, armure, and corded silks ; brocades, Irish poplins, and velvets, and satin levantines and pongees. For woolen or worsted stuffs, soft French merinos, bombazines, cashmeres, circassians, and ratinets, with a variety of the Scotch clan plaids, and figured flannels. In cotton goods, the usual variety of gingham and calicoes. Their outer garments or wraps were in more limited variety : broché and merino shawls ; and as an extreme variety, a shawl from the "vale of cashmere." These last were of the family *heir-loom* variety. Cloth pelisses sometimes called a habit, generally made with plaited skirts and tight bodied jackets of blue cloth ; the jackets lengthened at the back into a sort of bobtail : of course they varied in style according to the mantua maker's art and skill. Enormously large muffs and very long boas of lynx fur were then the mode. Bonnets of silk, cloth, and velvet and bombazine, all in various colors and shapes ; for runabouts and for sleighing comfort, close silk hoods lined with coney or down fur ; also, various colored, wadded and quilted silk hoods with cherry-colored linings turned well back from the face with long tabs or pendants hanging down on the shoulders or bosom as part of the facing ; they were known as "Kiss me if you dare" hoods. A stylish thing was an otter, silk-lined strait hood, turned over at the face edge. Lasting or prunella boots with an Indian embroidered moccasin for the outside. India rubbers, arctics or "gums," were not then invented. When the first specimens of rubber overshoes appeared they were hideous devices to look upon, or to utilize, seeming to have been formed by dipping various sizes of bent base ball clubs in melted gum, like tallow candles ; then, left to cool, stuffed with straw to prevent collapse, they were put on to the feet by stretching ;

there seemed to be no design to give them graceful shape or form, line or trim them. No soles; simply a sort of ugly rubber sock. But they were pronounced a great improvement on previous foot coverings for overwear in bad weather, rain, mud, snow or slush.

Apropos of "*gums*" as they are still called in New England. A gentleman and his wife, during a visit with a family here a few years ago: one summer morning the gentleman, going on a short excursion of an hour by rail, the lady being careful for the preservation of his health, called out to him from the top of the stairs outside, "Willie! *Willie*!! Don't forget your gums!!!"

The ladies shopping, visiting or driving in summer (we seemed to have hotter weather then than now) wore leghorn flats, shaped into bonnets according as the fashion dictated, and also a variety of plaited straw, fine and beautiful, the work of Tuscany and Florence. Also the English, Dunstable straw bonnets, and for a dashing belle the large "Gainsborough" hat with one or more white ostrich plumes was a most picturesque adornment. The styles were large, varying from year to year; the straw work elaborate, and the trimmings fanciful, of course. The light straw and fair complexions blended well and gave to the ladies fresh attraction. For careless wear, neighborly visiting, or a drive in the chaise, a green silk calèche formed like the top of said chaise, of whalebone or reeds, to fold and fall back on the back of the neck at will, or stretch forward over the face, this was an almost indispensable head gear. This chaise top, or hood, was provided with flowing reins of green silk ribbon for expert handling, drawing forward the fan folded top, down over the face, dropping back over the neck, or resting as an arch over the top of the head. It was also provided when needed with a thick green barege veil, to protect the face in bad weather, to preserve the wearer's incognito when engaged in surreptitious visiting, or out in a dark night.

A full dress walking veil, which was not uncommon, was a long and wide, white, damaskeen silk blonde: they nearly covered the person; they were elaborately figured, in large

patterns, the entire edges scalloped, marking the pattern of the figures. The dresses, which were worn short and narrow, rather too scant (seven to ten yards of thirty inch wide silk sufficing to construct a fashionable dress for any lady), were composed of figured plain, striped, and graduated circular stripes from the waist down, in all colors and shades from black to white, glacé, chené and watered, all these for day or walking dresses. A beautiful dress for evening was a white, watered and striped satin. If of good *fit*, with a Madame du Barri waist, the effect was charming. The other materials, then the mode for summer wear out-of-door dresses, were French cambrics, lawns, muslins and smooth-faced gingham; French crêpes and Barege, not to forget those beautiful, fine silk challies. Silk, barege and hernani (sewing silk) scarfs and shawls were much worn, and lace mantillas, and as a rarity elaborately embroidered white, red, and blue canton silk shawls—several times in fashion in my remembrance, but were never a popular fashion for long; with white or flesh-colored silk or cotton stockings embroidered or clocked (open worked), with Lane's French kid slippers, black or bronzed, cut very low, the soles quite thin, without heels; the slipper held to the foot by galoons crossed and recrossed around the ankle; while the dresses, worn quite short, gave plenty of opportunity to scan or scrutinize my lady's pretty feet and ankles. With the before-mentioned elaborate Florence or Tuscan straw bonnet, this was the usual make-up of a lady for the street at one period of the thirties; to which you may add a Chinese, white ivory-handled parasol, exquisitely carved, a solid bead reticule worked in fancy colors, hanging by ribbons on the forearm or hand, and a pearl or ivory card case. Ladies' Swiss watches from Geneva, with long gold guard chains, were as stylish then as ladies' diamond solitaires are now; the latter, however, are rather too common.

This may read queerly, perhaps for a street dress for *walking* or calling on foot; should any of our younger ladies of the present day see a lady costumed in that style on the street, they would be likely to turn and stare at her (rude though it would

be) as an apparition; ejaculating "what a guy!" or with more charity, glancing at her slippers, "how imprudent." Is it a wonder that pulmonary diseases prevailed among women at that time?

How fortunate that hoops were not then in fashion, nor bustles; however, the bustles of to-day are but miniatures of those of 1846: they, were prodigious; those showed the women as monsters of size, or rather the bustles as monstrous; but it was the fashion.

In one of the early issues of the London "Punch" can be found the picture of a lady walking, having one of those enormous bustles; and following her two little English lads, evidently her sons; one of them had clandestinely placed his high hat upon the bustle and the two were bursting with suppressed merriment at the happy thought. These odd fashions, are of some purpose in the world. They create healthy merriment; which calls to mind another picture, seen in "Punch," at the time those immense hoops or "tilters" were so universally worn. A lady was getting into an omnibus on Regent Street, having on one of extra large proportions, which would *not* be compressed or squeezed in at the door: a burly John Bull, who *would* follow the lady, all too quickly, runs his large hatted head up into the cage to the boisterous enjoyment of the street gamins, standing round in the immediate vicinity.

In the early forties, after the collapse of the huge bustles of the time, the women, to ameliorate the lank appearance the change gave to them, substituted an extra number of skirts: (I once overheard one young lady ask of another, glancing at her skirts, "Do I stick out enough?") On another occasion I had the impudence to inquire of a young woman: "Imogene, how many skirts have you on, pray?" She laughingly replied "twelve." When doubting the assertion, she verified it by reaching down and turning up the hems and counting the number. Shortly after this time the numerous flounces on dresses came in fashion; which relieved the suffering victims from too much weight on their hips.

When enormous, we might say outlandish, head dresses were in vogue years ago, Sydney Smith, accompanied by a friend, met the historian Grote and his wife at an evening party in London. After being introduced to Mrs. Grote, Smith turned to his companion, remarking of her head dress, which was extravagantly in the fashion, "how very *grotesque*." This was said to be the origin of the word, but that is not so; I find the word in my "Bailey's" lexicon spelled "grotesk."

Unless there occur some unsightly deformity or *lusus naturæ* to a fashionable Queen or Princess, or noted leading lady of fashion, to cause the adoption of a grotesque fashion, or the repeating of a former one, like the farthingale, the styles, shapes and construction of ladies' garments, are much improved in many sensible ways from fifty years ago. There is more field for the *artiste*, modist, and *modeuse* in designing, creating and constructing ladies' wardrobe.

The quick distribution of information as to the introduction of styles in force in countries, or head centres of fashion, and importing and adopting them promptly, is remarkable. The fashionable people in all countries are rapidly coming to wear the prevailing styles of French, English or American dress. The increase of wealth stimulating expenditures in costly dress, encourages bright talent, and brainy experts, to employ themselves in the business, male as well as female, to create new novelties; and the immediate adoption and imitation of their fashions by those less able to lead; and withal to the use of better and more comfortable and healthier textile fabrics, and properly protecting the more susceptible and delicate parts of the person. The artistic adaptation of dress to the physique, supplying the omissions of nature, and her faults with outlines of beauty; securing ease to the wearer while conforming to it. The art of dress has been much improved by what is called the tailor made dresses and costumes, with the contemporary examples of the Parisian, Worth, and others for suggestions and guides.

The dresses for women at balls and parties were as now, according to the taste and selection of the wearer. The materials for

evening dresses which were then the mode, were white and very light colored silks, as rich or *ornate* as the purse could buy, or muslins, lawns and jaconets, embroidered; ladies devoted much time and money to embroidering their dresses. It was considered quite out of order for any lady to wear dark, sombre, or black dresses of any sort to a party or ball; except in cases of very old ladies: to them the departure from style was an offence condoned. The maidens wore white muslin dresses, unadorned except a knot or sash of ribbon or flowers; rarely a silk dress, or jewelry; diamonds were restricted to married ladies. Short sleeves, edged with lace to the elbow, if they had a white, plump fore-arm, if not, they wore a half long white kid glove, sometimes a white kid glove to the shoulder with semi-low necks; infant waists were also worn. Young married ladies and quite old girls wore Bishop and Van Dyke waists and a sort of plaited and barred waist of rich silks, close-fitting the bosoms, and just low enough to make you desire to see more, with very short sleeves, correspondingly made with the waist, plaited and crossed; very long, white kid gloves, slipping down from the upper arm and showing it, if well formed and full. This style of waist and dress was an historical one, of the first Empire, and really beautiful; it adorned beauty. Many must have seen it on the portraits of Madame De Staél, who was a beautiful woman. Dress waists, worn too *décolleté*, were ignored as immodest; no matter how lavish nature had been in personal charms, something was left to the imagination. Busk's or steel corset boards covered with white kid were much used. About this time the "leg of mutton sleeves" came into vogue, which gave rise to the refrain:

"In the good old days of Adam and Eve,"

"When ladies didn't wear the leg of mutton sleeve."

GENTLEMEN'S DRESS.

The costumes of gentlemen in the years of the thirties, say, '35, '36 and '37, were richer, more elaborate, of greater variety and more expressed in fancy; and made of finer materials than now fifty years later. For the street, office or court room, in spring or

autumn, they wore black frock coats, not unlike the "Prince Alberts," of the present time, with plain, dark blue, lavender or drab cassimere trousers, strapped with the same cloth under the boots; the straps as wide as the space under the instep would permit, the boots having high heels; the straps were a narrow continuation of the trousers legs, and buttoned underneath the feet or boots. Boots had circular steel plates on the heels, and were universally worn in day-time; at balls or parties, *pumps were worn, sometimes light French boots. The only person I have known in recent years, who continued the fashion of wearing straps, until his death, was the Hon. John Ganson, (who was stricken in court while trying a cause and died in the carriage while being taken to his home, in 1874.)

The fashion of straps had its recommendation in this: the trousers fitted close down to the feet, showing but little of the boots. The trousers did not bag at the knees, the feet being more or less covered appeared small; the ankle, ungainly feet and gaping trouser legs were not so unsightly, either walking or sitting down. The waistcoats or vests were of figured or embossed silk and velvet, sometimes in colors suited to the fancy, in figured worsted, or black satin; the worsteds, velvets and satins often made double breasted, except for evening wear; the silk or satin, cut low, showing a pleated shirt front, with a single bar pin, or a brilliant, if the wearer could afford it; a satin or bombazine stock, plain, high and stiff, with a white two-pointed collar coming up and over the chin and lapping, called "tooth-pick collars." As a change or improvement from a too prim or rigid neck, a handsome flowing bow was attached to the stock. The stocks were properly named. There was a number of variations from the dress described: the shirt front was often covered by a black satin, plain, plaited or figured front, or dickie, for morning wear (as the pure white shirt front was supposed to have been soiled over night.) With one of "Leary's" high black silk hats, of the mode (at one time called the "Count D'Orsay"

* A shapely made slipper.

style) completed the street dress, adding lavender or fawn colored kid gloves.

Another and far different style of dress, and worn both day and evening, by gentlemen of middle age, inclined to be portly: A blue dress coat, velvet collar, and gilt buttons; plain blue, black, lavender or drab trousers; a straw-colored cashmere vest, cut low, with four or six buttons; ruffled shirt front, the ruffles starched and plaited, protruding three to four inches; or if the linen cambric ruffles were without much starch, they were carefully laid to one side or the other under the vest collar as its immaculate condition might best appear. Or, an elderly gentleman would allow them to drop loosely in front, in a negligent manner, with a diamond pin peeping out of the folds of the ruffles; a white choker — namely, a piece of cambric wound in several folds around the throat and neck, worn without a collar and like the stock high enough to keep the head up. The wristbands were edged with narrow ruffles and fastened with linked buttons, jeweled. The watch was carried in the fob of the trousers from which a heavy “fob chain” depended, to which was attached handsome cornelian or other jeweled seals and keys. A large, handsome, double-cased, gold lever watch, with seals and keys as aforesaid, was considered a necessary requisite to complete the make-up of a gentleman in those days; a good time-piece being the exception, they were mostly silver Lepines, old French, and Swiss watches in common use, now and then an English silver lever. Gentlemen were somewhat ostentatious of displaying the heavy gold fobs, chain and seals. The same class of gentlemen rarely wear watches now, they have become so universally common. This costume was considered *en règle* for a ball room; but when thus worn, the linings of the swallow tails of the coat were changed to white silk, sometimes white satin; the gilt buttons of the coat were exchanged to gold and the gold buttons of the waistcoat jeweled. Light pumps with silk hose in place of boots and socks. This dress was undoubtedly a becoming and picturesque one; half military, half gentlemen of elegant leisure; the writer can recall several

handsome men in the times past, who wore that sort of dress, namely: 'Squire Grosvenor, Major Camp, Doctor Warner, Eli Cook, Colonel Palmer, Dr. Henry R. Stagg, Henry W. Rogers, Shubael Gallup, Doctor Haddock, and Gov. DeWitt Clinton.

In summer, gentlemen wore nankin vests and trousers, sometimes coats of the same material; and it was a neat suit for hot weather; white, buff, and fancy figured Marseilles vests; white linen drilling and duck trousers; not infrequently an entire suit of white linen. Such goods could then be worn for several days without being soiled; the atmosphere was purer and more clean; not so be-clouded with dust, smoke and cinders; you were not so liable to come in contact with your neighbors' crossed legs and muddy or dusty boots, in the street cars, and run the gauntlet of them; or your lady friends' *nawsty* dog fawning upon you. [I once, of a Sunday morning, called upon a delicate and supposed to be a refined lady, my cousin too, whom I had not seen for many years. I had on the whitest of white trousers and vest. My cousin had a pet dog of the Isle of Skye origin; the dog came up the door steps where we were sitting, having successfully scampered through a mud puddle. From his social manifestations, I was in terror of him; forgetting for a moment my watchfulness, (while in conversation), he suddenly jumped up my legs and into my lap and put his nose upon my waistcoat! when I had risen from my seat, behold! my condition! and guess the state of my temper. "Why! Fi-do! see what you have done;" while a covert smile, visible on her countenance, was all the satisfaction given me. That's why I do not like ladies' pet dogs.]

The conventional black dress suit for evening wear, was also then in fashion. The coat with the enormously padded collar running way up into the hair which was then worn long; the black skirts, or tails, of the coat were short and narrow, reaching down nearly to a point, making the figure of the man, if a little bent over, appear like an enormous black crow. This suit was worn with the high white "choker," as it was universally called. For an office, or careless coat, the frock was sometimes exchanged for a bottle green "shad-belly" coat. Claret colored, Dahlia,

Mulberry, or Adelaide color cloth frock coats were much worn. A full suit of black was only worn by clergymen. Suits of tweed or ordinary mixed cloths, with the sack coat were not known here in the thirties. In winter, out of doors, gentlemen wore plain drab cloth and brown or blue Petersham overcoats, frequently made in coachman style with three or four capes, one atop of the other, graduated sizes, and large, mother of pearl buttons, sometimes as large as our shrieking eagle silver dollars. About this time came into fashion the handsome cloth cloaks, which were very generally adopted. These cloaks were the *ne plus ultra* of elegant costume, made of fine black or blue broad cloth, a full circle in extent, containing from five to ten yards of six feet wide cloth, with shoulder cape (short) of the same, all lined with red or blue frieze flannel; Lyons silk velvet collar, and faced all the way down each side, with full width velvet. When worn by a portly and lordly looking man, with the mass of cloth thrown over the shoulder, the velvet facing ostentatiously displayed outside and folded over the arms after the manner of the Roman toga, it was what the women would call stunning! In mild winter weather, showing the ruffled shirt bosom, diamond pin and white choker. The reader can imagine the grand appearance such a man as Col. Alanson Palmer did make, or Millard Fillmore or the late Francis W. Tracy would have made.

Later on, when these costly cloaks were well worn, the style of cloaks changed, and they were supposed to have been razed to the size of the smaller "Spanish" cloaks, shorn of their capes and a part of their collars, the volume of cloth reduced in length, altogether a changed garment—but a graceful one, and quite convenient, if you also wore rapier and dagger *a la Hidalgo*.

To complete the winter outfit with the large cloak, it was considered "the thing" to wear a large cap, made up of otter fur, without visor, and gauntlets of the same. After the fashion of gentlemen's cloaks went out, gentlemen began to adopt a fashion of wearing very long woolen scarfs, in bright clan plaids crossed and recrossed over the shoulders and belted with the same, Highland style. Then came the very long, wool shawl, a convenience

which held as a fashion for a long time. Boots and leather boxes, buckled with straps, or for sleigh driving, long, red, Wellington stockings, coming up to the top of the thigh, if needed and over the foot; Indian moccasins, embroidered with various colored porcupine quills. With the Spanish cloak, the blue or black cloth caps were worn. Gentlemen universally wore beaver fur or silk hats, cloth or fur caps. Slouch hats, of wool, did not come into use here until the would-be liberator of Hungary, Kossuth's, visit to the country early in the fifties. The Kossuth, or Hungarian hats, were first worn here with an ostrich feather. The "Derby" is of still more recent introduction.

Elderly gentlemen and wise old doctors carried Bandana or Spittalfeld silk pocket handkerchiefs. The bandana were figured in red and light gold color, the Spittalfelds were dark wine color with splashes of what are called polka spots in lighter color; these handkerchiefs often were of extraordinary size, especially if the gentlemen were addicted to the use of snuff, which was a common habit; indeed the elderly ladies used it, sometimes to excess as they did Bohea or Hyson teas; and it was considered a token of politeness in both sexes to offer each other a pinch of snuff from their boxes when meeting. (The use of chewing tobacco was rare excepting among sailors.) These elderly gentlemen also carried large size Malacca canes with round ivory tops. It was not uncommon to see a couple of portly old gentlemen meeting on the street offering their boxes of Macca-boy, Rappee or Scotch, each to the other, (their boxes usually made of *papier maché*, round, with odd pictured tops); this custom was more particularly frequent if they possessed silver or gold boxes; then bowing and taking a liberal pinch, and waiting a goodly time, and if they could utter a hearty sneeze it was considered an achievement, and test of the good quality of the offered article; it was thought to be almost an affront if the gentleman *or lady*, were startled out of their desired sneeze; after which they would blow a blast from their nasal horns which might be heard a block away, and flourishing their bandanas and canes, as if the operation had been successfully performed.

SOCIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Although Buffalo in the thirties was a new town, a far west and provincial city, there was not, as one might suppose, as much *gaucherie* of manner, the vulgarisms and bad habits of uncultivated people, the slang and freedom of speech, the abuse of language as may be observed in greater proportion to-day in our greatly enlarged city, or in many of our western towns, after fifty years of progress.

There was no assumption nor snobbishness of the *nouveau riche* ; nor were you able to detect by manner or speech the mixture and conglomerate condition of what is called good society, then, as to-day. Those who affected good society, were the equals of their associates in the courtesies and amenities of life, although the advantages of education were not as wide spread and general, nor as easily obtained as now; yet the range being more confined was more thorough and practical; the college-bred man was an exception with us. The society man or woman did not affect foreign language or customs, which they did not know, and therefore would not assume to know. The ladies and gentlemen, young and old, in their intercourse with each other, and together, were courteous and polite, modest without *mauvaise honté* ; indeed they might have been called chivalric. Young gentlemen were ever courteous and deferential to young and old, without show of being ceremonious, but as if it were part of their nature and breeding. Their attentions to the ladies were not limited to attendance at their parties when invited, or their special attention to their own selfish gratification thereat; nor did they consider a formal call a *quid pro quo* or complete satisfaction for the compliment of an invitation from the hostess; nor did they consider her as the caterer employed to entertain them for condescending to act as squire *aux dames* for an evening; they esteemed it rather as their reward for their efforts to please and make their society acceptable. Nor did their attentions cease at formal politeness; they deemed it part of their duty to do what they could to contribute by personal effort, skill, tact, and if necessary the expenditure of money, (so far as their

incomes would honorably permit), to the enjoyment or pleasure of the day or evening, whenever present. The young men were bright, active, thoughtful, consequently intelligent, and they found the ladies reciprocated their good offices. The contemporary young ladies were unusually well informed; good conversationalists, generally fine looking, pretty, some, indeed, noted for their beauty, handsome appearance and engaging manners.

REQUIREMENTS FOR GOOD SOCIAL STANDING.

At that early day and in the rapid development of the city, it was almost a requirement for a professional or business man settling in Buffalo, that he should have talent, quickness of perception, good address and social ambition, to succeed. When he did succeed, he was fully trusted by the community. Most of those who were here, or came here during that decade, were young or middle-aged men, either from New England or Eastern New York; their ambition and independence of character, made them self-reliant and led them to the venture of a new home; and being the pioneers, and architects of their own fortunes, there were few drones or sluggards among them. Alas! Now and then, one would fall by the wayside, as in all communities; but none the less regretted by their friends for whatever good qualities they may have possessed.

The writer assumes to state, that nowhere in this or any other country was there so large a proportion to the number of the people, of gifted men, of brilliant qualities, brighter minds, honorable and chivalric characters, remarkable for their manly physiques, than the men who trod the halls and highways of Buffalo, during the decade of the thirties. Who of the older Buffalonians that can look back to that period, but to remember with pleasure, their admiration of such specimens of manhood as the following:

Dr. Cyrenius Chapin.

Wm. B. Rochester.

Samuel Wilkeson.

Rev. John C. Lord, D. D.

John G. Camp.

Albert H. Tracy.

Dr. Ebenezer Johnson.

Geo. P. Barker.

Edward Norton.

Dr. Henry R. Staggs.

Louis LeConteulx.

Millard Fillmore.

Isaac S. Smith.

Seth C. Hawley.

Bela D. Coe.

John L. Talcott.	James McKay.	Dr. Chas. Winne.
Nathan K. Hall.	Rev. C. S. Hawks.	Thomas M. Foote.
Wm. A. Mosely.	Geo. B. Webster.	Henry K. Smith.
Rev. Wm. Shelton, D. D.	Henry W. Rogers.	Austin Flint, M. D.
Solomon G. Haven.	Wm. Tell Jones.	Horatio J. Stow.
Geo. R. Babcock.	Lucius Storrs.	Ira A. Blossom.
Dr. Bryant Burwell.	Seth E. Sill.	Wm. A. Bird.
Alanson Palmer.	Lyman Rathbun.	Clark Robinson.
Jos. G. Masten.	Wm. K. Dana.	Hamlet Scramont.
Emanuel Ruden.	Russell S. Brown.	John B. Macy.
Eli Cook.	Wm. F. P. Taylor.	John A. Newbould.
John R. St. John.	Geo. B. Walbridge.	Lucius F. Tiffany.
Rev. Geo. W. Hosmer, D. D.	Danforth N. Barney.	Reuben B. Heacock.
Hiram Pratt.	Hollis White.	Charles Townsend.
Philo Durfee.	Edward Jessup.	Wm. A. Thompson.
Samuel F. Pratt.	John Hollister.	Samuel F. Purdy.
Dr. Francis L. Harris.	Jacob A. Barker.	Sherman S. Jewett.
Francis H. Root.	Orlando Allen.	John J. Fay.
Peter B. Porter.	Henry R. Seymour.	Stephen Osborn.
Jerry Radcliffe.	Dr. Noah H. Warner.	Lewis F. Allen.
Edward L. Stevenson.	Henry Kip.	Oliver Forward.
Wm. Wilkeson.	Geo. W. Clinton.	Ebenezer Walden.
Geo. C. White.	Edward D. Holton.	Horace Clark.
Dr. Francis C. Brunk.	James D. Sawyer.	Thomas Farnham.
James C. Evans.	Stephen B. Dean.	Spencer Daniels.
Wm. Warren.	Rev. John O. Choules.	Seth Grosvenor.
Philander Bennett.	Isaac R. Harrington.	Elam R. Jewett.
Orsamus H. Marshall.	Joseph Dart.	Pascal P. Pratt.
	James Hollister.	

One hundred names of prominent men in the community, and justly so; and which number the writer could quadruple from memory; men who have trodden our streets, buoyant with life, were known as enterprising in business, eminent in their professions, honorable in their dealings, known to and respected by each other, genial and fraternal in their intercourse with their contemporaries, had faith and confidence in each other, their words as good as their bond, (with rare exceptions), whose names and faces were as familiar as household words, to all the people. They all had their own affairs to take care of, for they were busy men, but were willing to serve the public in all honorable ways, when sought for; considering duty and regard for the people and city a "public trust."

After mature reflection, I will continue my list in alphabetical order as information for my readers, as to who were the men best known among us in the thirties. Men of brains and character; foremost in their vocations or occupations, prominent in the professional or business world and in social intercourse:

Major A. Andrews.	Stephen G. Austin.	John Adams.
Cyrus Atheran.	Samuel T. Atwater.	George W. Allen.
Job Alberger.	Nelson Adams.	John Ashley.
P. G. Alvord.	Stephen Albro.	Hiram Adams.
William G. Abel.	Henry C. Atwater.	Levi Allen.
Milan Adams.	Alexander S. Anderson.	Charles H. Allen.
William R. Andrews.	Fordyce W. Atkins.	Vincent Bidwell.
Zoroaster Bonney.	David Burt.	Thomas Blossom.
Theodore Butler.	Lorenzo Brown.	Abraham Bull.
Cyrenius C. Bristol.	Jabez B. Bull.	Pierre A. Barker.
Asaph S. Bemis.	John W. Beals.	Dr. Moses Bristol.
Roswell L. Burrows.	Lester Brace.	Morris Butler.
Curtis L. Brace.	Phineas Barton.	Benjamin Bidwell.
George W. Bull.	Orrin Ballard.	Abner Bryant.
Theodore D. Billings.	Elias A. Bradley.	Warren Bryant.
Myron P. Bush.	Albert Barnard.	John Bedford.
Henry C. Bryant.	Joseph R. Beals.	Theodotus Burwell.
Thomas Bates.	John W. Buckland.	Elliot Burwell.
Moses Baker.	James Brass.	George Brown.
George V. Brown.	Daniel Bowen.	Henry Bacon.
Joseph W. Brown.	John T. Bush.	John H. Bostwick.
James L. Barton.	Jacob Beyer.	Phillip Beyer.
Dr. Judah Bliss.	George H. Bryant.	James J. Baldwin.
Hiram Barton.	E. St. John Bemis.	Comfort L. Butler.
Irad Brickett.	Richard Bullymore.	Darius Burton.
Daniel D. Budlong.	Stephen Bettis.	Daniel C. Beard.
Philo Balcom.	Sidney Burr.	Martin H. Birge.
Oliver Bugbee.	Phineas Brintnall.	John Bush.
Jacob W. Banta.	Isaac F. Bryant.	Jacob A. Barker.
William Bivins.	George W. Bush.	Daniel O. Birge.
Isaac H. Burch.	Gustavus Bassett.	Squire S. Case.
Caleb Coatsworth.	Benjamin Campbell.	George Coit.
Benjamin Caryl.	Manly Colton.	Ansel R. Cobb.
Stephen Champlin.	B. Clark Caryl.	Grosvenor Clark.
Sebastian Chappotin.	Leonard P. Crary.	Gurdon C. Coit.
Peter Curtis.	Joseph Clary.	Abner Cutler.
William Cheeseman.	Samuel N. Callender.	Stephen Clark.
Thomas B. Chase.	Charles T. Coit.	Augustus Colson.

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| James A. Cowing. | John Cameron. | Henry Colton. |
| William A. Coots. | Andrew G. C. Cochrane. | Dr. John W. Clark. |
| Palmer Cleveland. | Dan. B. Castle. | Putnam Churchill. |
| Ephriam F. Cook. | Charles Coleman. | Charles H. Coleman. |
| Lambert Collette. | Manning Case. | Nehemiah Case. |
| E. Stanton Cobb. | Sylvester Chamberlain. | A. H. Caryl. |
| Harrison O. Cowing. | Pearly A. Child. | Rev. P. G. Cook. |
| Almon M. Clapp. | Charles E. Clark. | John H. Coleman. |
| Leon Chappotin. | Merlin Camp. | Samuel Caldwell. |
| Harry Daw. | Cyrus H. Deforest. | Orange H. Dibble. |
| James G. Dickie. | Phillip Dorsheimer. | Stephen B. Dean. |
| Henry P. Darrow. | Lyman Dunbar. | Dr. Frederick Dellenbaugh. |
| Daniel S. Dexter. | Charles L. DeAngelis. | Ebenezer Day. |
| Baron Luden DeBee. | Charles D. Delany. | James Demarest. |
| Benjamin Dole. | David M. Day. | James B. DeLong. |
| James Durick. | Edwin Dean. | Noyes Darrow. |
| Harrison Durkee. | John G. Dodge. | Thomas J. Dudley. |
| James B. Dubois. | D. D. Denning. | Charles Darrow. |
| Elnathan A. Darling. | Richard E. Dibble. | George Davenport. |
| Henry H. Denison. | William C. Demarest. | George Davis. |
| Elijah D. Efner. | Charles Evans. | Elisha Ensign. |
| John R. Evans. | Francis S. Ellis. | Lewis Eaton. |
| Augustin Eaton. | Theodore H. Eaton. | James E. Eaton. |
| Orrin Follet. | Alexander A. Evstaphieve. | Rev. Sylvester Eaton. |
| Rinaldo Farr. | William Fiske. | Morgan L. Faulkner. |
| Elijah Ford. | Samuel Fursman. | Nathaniel P. Ferris. |
| Elbridge Farwell. | Daniel Francis. | Silas A. Fobes. |
| Charles Faxon. | Samuel D. Flagg. | John B. Flagg. |
| Noah Folsom. | Benjamin Fitch. | Harlow French. |
| William Fitch. | LeRoy Farnham. | James Faxon. |
| William Henry Glenney. | Charles R. Gold. | George B. Gleason. |
| Jabez Goodell. | Seth H. Grosvenor. | Shubael Gallup. |
| Warren Granger. | Robert Gillespie. | Charles Gardiner. |
| James T. Goodwill. | Henry T. Gillett. | Noah H. Gardiner. |
| Ernest G. Grey. | Abel M. Grosvenor. | John Greiner. |
| Daniel Grider. | John M. Griffith. | Horatio Gates. |
| Henry Garrett. | Guy H. Goodrich. | Samuel F. Gelston. |
| Aaron Goodrich. | James Gibson. | George Gage. |
| Rollin Germain. | E. Stanton Gaw. | Elias Green. |
| William Galligan. | Cuyler Garrett. | Theodore Gowdy. |
| William Hollister. | Robert Hollister. | Geo. B. Gates. |
| Nelson Holt. | Horace Hunt. | Seth. B. Hunt. |
| Clark Hecox. | Thompson Hersee. | William B. Hayden. |
| Hiram Havens. | Henry Hager. | Theo. Hequembourg. |
| David L. Hempsted. | Israel T. Hatch. | William Hodge. |

Valorous Hodge.	Roswell W. Haskins.	John T. Hudson.
Henry Hamilton.	James Haggart.	Erastus Hathaway.
Samuel W. Hawes.	Garrett S. Hallenbeck.	Ephriam S. Havens.
John M. Hutchinson.	Samuel J. Hinsdale.	William A. Hart.
Henry G. Harrison.	John Harrison.	Elisha Hayward.
Elijah Hadley.	Russell H. Heywood.	Dr. C. C. Haddock.
Sidney L. Hosmer.	Dr. George E. Hayes.	John Hicks.
Francis J. Handel.	George Hubbard.	James Henry.
George Howard.	Silas Hemmingway.	Lewis L. Hodges.
Benjamin Hodge.	Philander Hodge.	Edwin Hurlburt.
Azel Hooker.	Albert Hayden.	John D. Harty.
Joseph E. Haddock.	Ethan H. Howard.	David L. Humphrey.
Charles C. Hall.	Nelson Holt.	Apollos Hitchcock.
Andrew A. Hall.	Isaac T. Hathaway.	Stephen W. Howell.
James C. Harrison.	Elias S. Hawley.	Rufus L. Howard.
Lucien Hawley.	Joseph D. Hoyt.	James M. Hoyt.
William C. Hoyt.	Daniel M. Hodges.	Seth Heacock.
Abram Hemstreet.	D. R. Hamlin.	Samuel Haines.
Merwin S. Hawley.	Horatio N. Holt.	
Walter Joy.	Miles Jones.	Samuel Jordan.
Mortimer F. Johnson.	George Jones.	Henry Jeudevine.
Samuel Johnson.	Thomas A. Jerome.	Hiram Johnson.
Henry M. Kinne	Thomas Kip.	John L. Kimberly.
Jesse Ketchum.	Zebulon Ketchum.	Mahlon Kingman.
D. F. Kimball.	George R. Kibbe.	Elisha Kimberly.
Henry Kip, Senior.	Phillip P. Kissam.	Silas Kingsley.
John E. Keeler.	James H. Kimberly	Jacob H. Koons.
William Kaene.	William Ketchum.	Thomas Kennett.
George G. Kingman.	William Kortz.	Henry Kip, Jr.
Jedediah Lathrop	Wittiam Laverack.	John Lay.
William Lovering, Sr.	John A. Latimer.	Peter W. Longley.
Abraham Larzelere.	Henry Lamb.	Charles B. Lord.
William Lovering, Jr.	Elijah Leech.	Thomas C. Love.
Thomas Lamb.	R. Hargreave Lee.	John T. Lacy.
T. Scott Lord.	Harlow S. Love.	Cyrus P. Lee.
Nathan Lamban.	Warren Lampman.	Christian Lapp.
John Lamb.	John R. Lee.	Alfred Luce.
Samuel M. Longley.	Henry Lovejoy.	Daniel Lockwood.
Mecall Long.	William H. Lacy.	Delos Lathrop.
Charles Lay.	James J. Lord.	John Lock.
Dr. John E. Marshall.	Judge McPherson.	James McKnight.
James Miller.	James Milnor.	Harry Miller.
Augustus C. Moore.	George A. Moore.	Daniel G. Marcy.
William T. Miller.	James Murray.	Hervy McCune.
Sylvester Matthews.	A. D. A. Miller.	Robert H. Maynard.

Richard McClevy.	Hugh McKibbin.	John J. McArthur.
James MrCredie.	Henry B. Meyer.	George McKnight.
LeGrand Marvin.	Silas Manville.	Charles A. Milikin.
Eurotas Marvin.	George L. Marvin.	William G. Miller.
William G. Murray.	James Moffat.	Jacob S. Miller.
Edward Munger.	Patrick Milton.	Albert S. Merrill.
Elisha A. Maynard.	Isaac F. Maltby.	Bradford A. Manchester.
George W. Merrell.	Janathan Mayhew.	Arthur McArthur.
Frederick H. Masten.	Dan. Marble.	Alex. McKay.
Robinson Morehead.	George Metzger.	Samuel H. Macy.
Francis G. Macy.	William J. Mack.	George Mount.
William Madison.	Foreman Mount.	Amos Morgan.
James Mullett.	Allexander Murray.	Henry G. Macy.
John T. Noye.	John Norton.	George L. Newman.
John R. Nickels.	Joseph G. Norton.	Calvin L. Nichols.
Frederick W. Newbould.	Isaac W. Newkirk.	John Negus.
Richard L. Ogden.	Ira Osborn.	John Newman.
William G. Oliver.	John W. Orr.	Harry B. Ostrom.
Nathaniel T. Otis.	W. G. Oatman.	Rufus C. Palmer.
Samuel A. Provoost.	Theodore C. Peters.	John R. Prince.
Heman B. Potter.	Lucius H. Pratt.	George Palmer.
John N. Peabody.	Horace Parmalee.	James P. Provoost.
Charles S. Pierce.	Oscar Packard.	Thomas G. Perkins.
Robert Pomeroy.	Erastus S. Prosser.	John Pease.
Luman A. Phelps.	Wm. Petrie.	Peter Pugeot.
Talbot P. Powers.	Harrison Park.	Anson B. Platt.
Nelson B. Palmer.	Luman K. Plimpton.	Geo. A. H. Patterson.
John Patterson.	Wm. B. Peck.	Hiram W. Perce.
Loring Pierce.	Geo. A. Prince.	F. S. Pease.
E. P. Pickering.	John Peterson, Sr.	Peter B. Porter, Jr.
Rushmore Poole.	Edward Root.	Samuel Russell.
Henry Rumrill.	O. P. Ramsdell.	Robert Russell.
Amasa R. Ransom.	Aaron Rumsey.	Elijah J. Roberts.
Wm. Ruxton.	Alonzo Raynor.	Dr. C. H. Raymond.
John N. Reynolds.	Schuyler Ross.	Wing Russell.
Wm. G. Ramsdell.	Benj. Rathbun.	Alanson Robinson.
Henry Root.	Henry P. Russell.	Wm. S. Rees.
Chas. Ramsdell.	Volney Randall.	Edwin Rose.
Henry Roop.	Augustus Raynor.	Sylvanus Russell.
Dr. H. H. Reynolds.	Hamilton Rainey.	Lambert S. Reynolds.
Nelson Robinson.	Nelson Randall.	Al Rollins.
Richard Sears.	Jos. Stocking.	Sextus Shearer.
Sidney Shepard.	Horatio Stevens.	Isaac W. Skinner.
Horatio Shumway.	Oliver G. Steele.	Rodman Starkweather.
Erastus Sparrow.	Jonathan Sidway.	Augustus Q. Stebbins.

James M. Smith.	Hezekiah A. Salisbury.	Henry H. Sizer.
John D. Shepard.	Pearl L. Stenberg.	Harry Slade.
James D. Shepard.	Dr. Wm. K. Scott.	John Sage.
Noah P. Sprague.	Burrill Spencer.	Augustus C. Stevens.
Samuel Smith.	John M. Smith.	Benj. B. Stark.
Thomas Stephenson.	Israel P. Sears.	Geo. Stow.
James Stryker.	Thos. R. Stocking.	Joseph Stringham.
John B. Stacy.	Wm. C. Sherwood.	Geo. P. Stevenson.
Thos. Smith.	Thos. J. Sizer.	Fred'k P. Stevens.
Elbridge G. Spaulding.	Jason Sexton.	Joseph Saltar.
Richard J. Sherman.	Guy H. Salisbury.	Jeremiah Staats.
Jacob Seibold.	Merrill B. Sherwood.	Horace Stillman.
Silas Sawin.	Thos. P. Sears.	John W. Stewart.
Sheldon Smith.	A. M. C. Smith.	Wm. L. G. Smith.
Samuel Stearns.	Albert J. Starr.	Philander W. Sawin.
Orrin Terry.	Wm. Tweedy.	Sheldon Thompson.
Geo. W. Tiftt.	Timothy Treadwell.	Lyman Tannahill.
Benoni Thompson.	Dr. John S. Trowbridge.	Geo. D. Teller.
Wm. D. Taber.	Lucien Terry.	Calvin F. S. Thomas.
Harry Thompson.	Benj. Timmerman.	Chas. Taintor.
Ed. E. Thurber.	Chas. Taylor.	Thos. Tunnecliff.
Hiram P. Thayer.	Dennis Taylor.	Rev. Elisha Tucker.
John S. Updike.	Nathaniel Vosburg.	Wm. Verrinder.
Otis Vaughn.	James W. Vail.	Benjamin Van Velsor.
Daniel M. Vanderpool.	George Van Tine.	William Williams, Banker.
William Williams, Drugs.	Watkins Williams.	Levi Waters.
Gibson T. Williams.	Henry Warren.	H. Crane Winslow.
Henry R. Williams.	E. T. Winslow.	Edward S. Warren.
Nelson Willard.	Wm. S. Waters.	Amos Wright.
Joel Wheeler.	Stephen Walker.	Wm. Wells.
Samuel G. Walker.	John Wilkeson.	Samuel Wilkeson, Jr.
Eli Wilkeson.	Birdsye Wilcox.	Thomas C. Welch.
Henry Waring.	Wm. R. L. Ward.	William W. Welch.
David L. Wood.	Chas. Wormwood.	Wm. Woodruff.
Henry G. White.	Edward L. Winslow.	Chandler J. Wells.
Nathaniel Wilgus.	Alfred W. Wilgus.	Henry C. Walker.
Isaac Warriner.	Cornelius A. Waldron.	Hiram Waring.
Alanson Webster.	David Welty.	James H. Wilgus.
Henry K. White.	Isaac Wheeler.	Chauncey C. Wells.
Leonard Wilson.	Horatio Warren.	Thaddeus Weed.
Ambrose P. Yaw.	Chas. E. Young.	Peter Young.
Foster Young.	Geo. Zham.	

Colored men worthy of mention : Peter West, town crier, (odd character); Henry Hawkins, a noteworthy and handsome man; Randall Caezar, Joseph Adams, A. S. Brokenburgh, Wm. Qualls.

I have enumerated in the foregoing list, the names of representative men, that lived here during the decade of the thirties, from 1830 to 1840, between those years our population increased from six to eighteen thousand. Most of these men were quite prominent citizens, all well known as good citizens. The writer as a boy knew them all, has written them without aid or dictation directly from memory and could add many more. Seventy-five per cent. of all were exceptionally fine-looking men; of which any city might be proud. Where, to-day, could you in this city with twenty times the number of its inhabitants, find an *equal number* to compare with them in all respects? Men who would stand as well in the estimation of our people.

NEW YEAR CALLS.

The good old custom of making New Year calls, visits and annual gifts on the first day of January, was generally indulged in and heartily and liberally enjoyed in the days of the thirties throughout the State of New York. It was specially a current custom in the cities of New York, Albany, Schenectady and through the Dutch settlements of the State among the descendants of the early Hollanders.

In Buffalo it was spontaneously and fully adopted, and for good reasons, as I have elsewhere shown. We were confined in winter to our own resources for occupation, entertainment and amusement; the business of the year and annual accounts were supposed to be satisfactorily adjusted and closed by January, and all were looking forward to a lively holiday and to wishing each others' wives and daughters "A Happy New Year;" which, with the hearty good-will in the unctious manner of saying it, imparted kind feelings; but afterwards as the custom waned, it deteriorated into that mincing, stand off, perfunctory mode of address, "The Compliments of the Season." And on that day it was considered the yearly privilege, among both young and old, to salute your female friends with a good, hearty kiss, without guile; but freely and honestly as an expression of friendly regard.

These New Year customs emanated and were brought over from Holland; though its more original records were from among the people under the rule of the early Roman Emperors. But at that time the pleasant custom of visiting and making complimentary gifts, especially to the Emperor, after a time descended into the abuse of the custom; it became an onerous tax on the people in exacting costly gifts in money and other valuables from them, as proofs of loyalty; and the custom became "more honor'd in the breach, than the observance." Of Old Peter Stuyvesant (Governor of New Amsterdam), Irving says: "New Year's was his favorite festival, and was ushered in by the ringing of bells and firing of guns. On that genial day the fountains of hospitality were broken up and the whole community was deluged with cherry brandy, true Hollands, and mulled cider; every house was a temple to the jolly god, and many a provident vagabond got drunk out of pure economy, taking in liquor enough gratis to serve him half a year afterwards."

"The great assemblage, however, was at the governor's house, whither repaired all the burghers of New Amsterdam, with their wives and daughters, pranked out in their best attire. On this occasion the good Peter was devoutly observant of the pious Dutch rite of kissing the womankind for a Happy New Year; and it is traditional that Anthony the Trumpeter, who acted as gentleman usher, took toll of all who were young and handsome, as they passed through the ante-chamber. This venerable custom thus happily introduced, was followed with such zeal by high and low, that on New-Year's day during the reign of Peter Stuyvesant, New Amsterdam was the most thoroughly be-kissed community in all Christendom."

This custom of visiting the Chief Magistrate, was followed later, even to our times, by the universal calls of all citizens upon the executive ruler of the bergh or town to partake of his good cheer, be he styled Governor or Burgomeister, and therefore it would have been deemed rude and disrespectful not to have called upon *our* Mayor, who expected, and was expected to keep

open house to all comers on that day, and be fully provided with an abundance of substantial good cheer for his guests.

The Mayor's table was supposed to take the lead in abundance and variety, but all citizens and housewives gave the most ample and liberal spreads their means permitted; even the poorest tried to show their hospitality. The temperance question was not then in vogue.

“ I'll tell you, friend — a wise man and a fool;
You'll find, if once the Monarch, acts the Monk;
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk.”

It is not necessary to go into lengthy details as to the character of the viands on those well appointed tables. Of course there were boiled and baked hams pictured with rosettes, and punctured and speckled with cloves, roasted brown turkeys, varnished with basting gravy, bursting with savory stuffing, with Dutch pudding and sausages nestled under the biped's drumsticks and pinions to support the equilibrium of the bird, on its back; and all around the rise of the platter was an aureole of lemons, intermingled with confections; little roasted pigs with ears of corn in their mouths; I think I can hear them squeal! or perhaps it is the brown skin cracking as they are stabbed with the fork. Game was plentiful hereabouts, and of course we had it. There were doughnuts, modernized into crullers, and mulled cider, cracked hickory nuts near by; pound cake, “old south-side” madeira, and walnuts, mince pies and pumpkin *ditto*. At each end of the lengthened table were a brace of steaming urns with hot coffee and boiling water, which held the fort all day long and far into the night, from which you could take your *café au lait* at will, or mix your hot brandy sling or Scotch toddy. Did we take any common-place dinners or suppers at home on New Year's day? Not if the court knew itself!

If the sleighing was good, and it usually was fifty years ago, all the two, four and six horse turn-outs, with harnesses covered with bells, were engaged for use on that day, days and weeks beforehand.

An amusing incident connected with the engaging of sleighs for New Year's calls was related to me by one of the Stevenson's, who managed an extensive livery establishment during the decade of the thirties. A well-known merchant, Erastus Sparrow, engaged of Mr. Geo. P. Stevenson a specially fine turn-out with six bright bays, for New Year day calls, to be at his door at nine o'clock sharp. When the day and hour came, the sleigh and horses were not forthcoming. Full of wrath and *fortiter in re*, Sparrow went next day to blow up George; who, after listening to Sparrow's forcible arguments for some time, said to him, "Look here! You will be glad enough to have *one* horse to drag you around before another New Year." Sparrow came to Stevenson a few days after his failure *that year* and said, "I guess George, I'll take that *one* horse concern to 'drag' me that you spoke of last New Year. If you'll let me have it, it's good enough for me!"

The young "bloods" of the young city of course secured all the choice turn-outs. The usual custom of those young gentlemen who were *au fait* in the manner of making New Year calls was to dress themselves in their best suits, as if for an evening party, having their teams, with coachman, and boy "tiger" covered with bell buttons, and provided with a pack of "visiting cards," as they were then called, all ready at nine o'clock, and then drive to the house of some particular friend, famous for her French coffee, and loosen up their tongues for the day's encounters; thence to the Parson's, to pay their annual respects to him, while in good condition; after that calling upon the staid, elderly and observing matrons while still able to maintain a dignified and cautious reserve. Then to the Mayor's for your first indulgence, after that to your choicest favorites among the married women and maidens. As the gloaming comes on, you become a little more promiscuous in your calls; then jollity and fun begin and the time-honored custom of osculation is not forgotten; sometimes you will duplicate your calls, faintly remembering that you have seen that face before, that day, and to be sure, you take close inspection; and finally after completing

your hundred calls, the number *en règle*, you finish up the night at some friend's gay ball—a little torn up, and with drooping costume, go home, drop asleep and dream of dancing, music, girls and sleigh bells.

It was not uncommon in the afternoon to see a party of well-known gentlemen of six to a dozen, all hilarious, enter a lady's house, perhaps Mrs. Fillmore's or Mrs. Clary's, wholly unknown to the ladies, introducing themselves and wishing the ladies a Happy New Year and taking a glass of wine, without giving offence.

CHAPTER X.

BENJAMIN RATHBUN.

Looking from my present stand-point, far back over the more than fifty years that have passed since the subject of this record flourished here, and the marked impression his individuality left on my boyish mind, I cannot but consider him as one of the most remarkable men of the period of the thirties. It was a time of almost universal peace; a time when there were but few great or extensive operations planned in the world, requiring the need of large and energetic minds, calling for powerful executive manhood. There were no excitements, discoveries or inventions, to attract, stimulate and urge on to new enterprises the few men of brains, good health, executive abilities, and comprehensive ideas, there were in that generation; hence the more marked is the character which could, in an uneventful age and period of financial depression, conceive new enterprises and improvements and execute them. Rathbun's ideas and projects were decidedly Napoleonic in conception and grandeur. We often note resemblances in men to the well known pictures of Bonaparte. As I remember Rathbun he had more points of resemblance in person and character to the "Great Captain" or "Little Corporal" than any man who has come to my mind. Rathbun was almost precisely the build and height as Bonaparte has been described and is shown in pictures and statues. His square face, firm lower jaw; his appearance and manner, together with his immobility and reticence completed the comparison. To the outside world Rathbun was never seen to smile, rarely heard to speak; he would have made a successful gamester.

His dress was uniformly a black, so called dress, or "cut away" coat, large black or white cravat, without collar. He was always tidy and neat and apparently well accustomed to his clothes.

Rathbun first became popularly known here and through the country as keeper of the old "Eagle Tavern," at the corner of Main and Court Streets. It was thought to be the *ne plus ultra*, the best of public houses under his management in more than in its comparison with other and popular stage houses, for there were "none further on." His ability for the transaction of this and other business, brought him to the notice of capitalists and he soon began to undertake enterprises of "more pith and moment." His earnestness was exemplified by the manner in which he conducted the "Eagle Tavern," making it a popular and widely-known house, by his personal attention to all its appointments; improving them, instead of allowing it to drift along in the old way of country taverns, his enterprise pushing him onward to higher standards of excellence. His business qualities and ambition did not rest at the success of the hotel. He soon began to enlarge his sphere of action.

He contracted to build houses, stores, factories and public buildings; which he accomplished with vigor and skill. He bought lands for building purposes. He multiplied his industries and workmen. As his work widened out he brought to his aid the most competent and skilled assistants, superintendents, foremen and experts. He made large contracts for building materials, opened stone quarries, established brick yards, machine shops, and several stores for supplying the various needs of his workmen as well as those of the public. Multiplied his teams for excavating, grading, drawing sand from his lots in "Sandy Town," for hauling brick, lumber, and other building materials. He built an entire street from the Terrace to the Canal, of three-story work-shops for his machine shops, carpenters hops and turning lathes. The street was called Mechanic Street. At its foot on the canal, he built a large warehouse for the receipt and storage of goods. He opened a private bank and issued promises to pay, in the form of bank notes, of the denominations of one, two, three and five dollars, (signed) B. Rathbun; unsecured, but which passed as current as the notes of any bank of issue here.

Most of the bank loans, at that time were made by the old United States Bank, by a committee of discount from the directors, which met for that purpose only once in each week. Consequently, when money was needed, in sudden emergencies or for immediate use, parties had to seek it from their neighbors and friends. Confidence among business men was then so strong that business men, when necessity demanded it, would go to their neighbors and borrow their day's surplus. It often occurred with Rathbun that a sudden pressure for large amounts would spring up, on off-days for discounts, when he would send out from his counting house, a half dozen of clerks, who would spread out and go from door to door, demanding to know from the proprietors, if he or they "had any over" that day, and took what they had; and thus often collected thousands to relieve the day's necessities.

He purchased and run all the stages on the local line, connecting with those on the route from Buffalo to Albany and New York. I well remember when stage number "50" appeared on our streets. The body of it was painted in bright red: on the panels of the doors was a wreath of flowers, with B. Rathbun, No. 50, in the centre. A portrait of this stage, fully equipped, may be seen in the Buffalo Historical Society.

He instituted a line of omnibusses, which ran from the dock to Goodrich Hill or North Street (lover's lane.) They were handsomely fitted out and richly upholstered, with seats for fourteen to eighteen passengers; drawn by four horses, with young men of sixteen to twenty, in uniform, for conductors. The fare to Genesee Street was sixpence; the full route one shilling. The omnibusses each bore a name appropriate to the adventure: the first one was "Experiment," then "Encouragement," "Enterprise," and so on.

Rathbun, had places of business innumerable: superintendents, foremen and clerks, in scores. It was said that at his failure he had three thousand men in his employ and no partner. This, in a small city of fifteen to twenty thousand population, is an enormous number, relying on one man's uncertainties. He

built the grand old American Hotel for Col. Palmer. He contracted for and built for Joy & Webster the "Webster Block," seventeen stores in a line, in ninety days; surrendering the keys of the stores to Mr. Webster on the ninetieth day, simply saying: "The stores are completed, there are the keys." A remarkable feat for those days with limited resources and materials.

He built the block opposite the "Churches" on Main Street. (I think they were built for David E. Evans of Batavia or conjointly with others.) It was at that time thought to be a fine business block, of four-story stores, uniform with the one still standing on the corner of North Division Street. They occupied the entire front of the block, with the exception of the large pillared structure of the United States Bank on the corner of South Division Street. He had projected to take down the buildings of this block, and had completed the destruction of them excepting the corner store mentioned, and build on the entire block the great "Buffalo Exchange," a combination of Merchants' Exchange and Hotel, the huge dome of which was to reach two hundred and thirty feet high, over a grand rotunda. At the same time he had laid the foundation of the present "International Hotel" at Niagara Falls, and was proceeding with these and other schemes, when the crash of his failure "thundered all around the sky," causing wide-spread consternation!

Rathbun failed by having too much confidence in himself and his assistants. The organization of his private counting house was composed of his brother General Lyman Rathbun, chief, at the head, with several confidential clerks. Among them were two nephews: Rathbun Allen and Lyman Rathbun Howlett; these three seemed to be the financial committee who obtained and disbursed the ways and means for conducting the business. Howlett was a bright, handsome, little fellow who rode everywhere a "bright, handsome," little pony in transacting business. Both he and the pony were the envy of all the other little chaps in town. Howlett's special business seemed to be the negotiating of notes and bills with the banks and brokers, collecting drafts

and accounts, communicating with the foremen of each kind of work. He appeared to be continually occupied and active; his pony was seen in all parts of the town; there were no telegraphs, telephones, street cars, messenger boys, nor mail carriers, so communication had to be personal. Howlett was but about fourteen or fifteen years old. It was said he could counterfeit perfectly any man's signature; indeed, it was said that he at one time went to the banking office of Henry H. Sizer to renew a line of notes for a large amount which had seven indorsers. When he presented these notes for renewal, the cashier discovered among them one, with one indorser omitted. Howlett said: "I think I have another," turned 'round to a desk, and wrote the missing name, and again offered it to the cashier and it was accepted without detection of the forgery. It was subsequently ascertained that all these signatures were forgeries, perpetrated by Howlett. Rathbun's confidence was such, that in the emergency of a financial corner, a set of three notes of this character of \$5,000 each were put on the market and used; of which fact he must have been aware. They were forged renewals of genuine notes. Although he did not utter them himself, it did not seem to worry him, supposing that he could easily pay them without notice. These forgeries accumulated until they were discovered by one of the parties whose name was on these notes unauthorized by him. This caused the failure.

Rathbun was arrested at the Falls, where he had gone on business connected with the new hotel, he was building there. Lyman Rathbun fled to Texas, then an independent government. Howlett disappeared utterly; his early home was in Virginia, but what became of him no one here seemed ever to know. Rathbun Allen fled, but was brought home in irons and lodged in Erie County jail, and subsequently turned state's evidence upon his uncle's trial, which unfaithfulness Rathbun afterwards condoned.

Rathbun was held in jail here nearly two years, his trial postponed from time to time. Public sentiment was so much in his favor here that the courts were unable to obtain an impartial trial; the venue was changed and he was finally brought to trial

in Batavia ; was convicted and sent to Auburn State Prison for five years.

This did not kill Rathbun's spirit or pluck ; after his emancipation he went to New York, built and conducted a hotel in lower Broadway called " Rathbun's Hotel," which was popular with the public and freely patronized by all Buffalonians. The Hotel* had a successful run until in the march of improvements " up town," it had to succumb, when Rathbun took the then new hotel, near about 40th Street and Broadway, from which he afterwards retired with a competency, dying a few years since.

One of Rathbun's peculiar, but natural characteristics, was his remarkable quietness of demeanor and reticence ; rarely on the public streets, and when seen had the bearing of an orthodox clergyman. With all his publicity of business he was the least known personally, among our business men.

The readers of this sketch of Rathbun, will recollect that the days of which I am writing were days of comparatively small transactions. This was then the West ; the country was thinly populated, the town was small, its resources few and undeveloped, therefore through the magnitude and boldness of his operations, he became the central figure round which the people revolved. The truth is, that he was not a visionary man ; his schemes were based on prophetic wisdom ; but he lived just half a century too soon.

* Rathbun Allen, a clerk in this hotel, fell from a fourth story window and was killed.

CHAPTER XI.

COLONEL ALANSON PALMER.

Among the prominent characters about town in the thirties, was Colonel Alanson Palmer, commonly spoken of as "Lance Palmer." I speak of him above as prominent; that must be taken in its local sense. I knew the man, although very much older than myself; I knew his relatives and connections. He was not prominent in the sense of being great, as men are sometimes called "Great Men." He was not noted for his attainments nor for his valor, as a soldier; neither for statesmanship nor scientific researches, but, he was ambitiously, showily, conspicuously prominent in our little city.

He was enterprising; his conception was decidedly good; he planned large speculations in lands; a natural born speculator. He was filled to the brim with schemes for large undertakings; but his schemes, as the California forty-niner would be likely to remark, did not "pan out well."

He had native goodness, he was generous and liberal, not only with his own shekels and ducats but also with those of others. Had he been as rich as the Duke of Westminster he would have used that wealth in a prodigal manner. His recklessness in squandering money made him noted; had he the wealth spoken of and lived to the advanced age, which he did, he would have died as he did, in poverty. Ostentatious, even when in poverty.

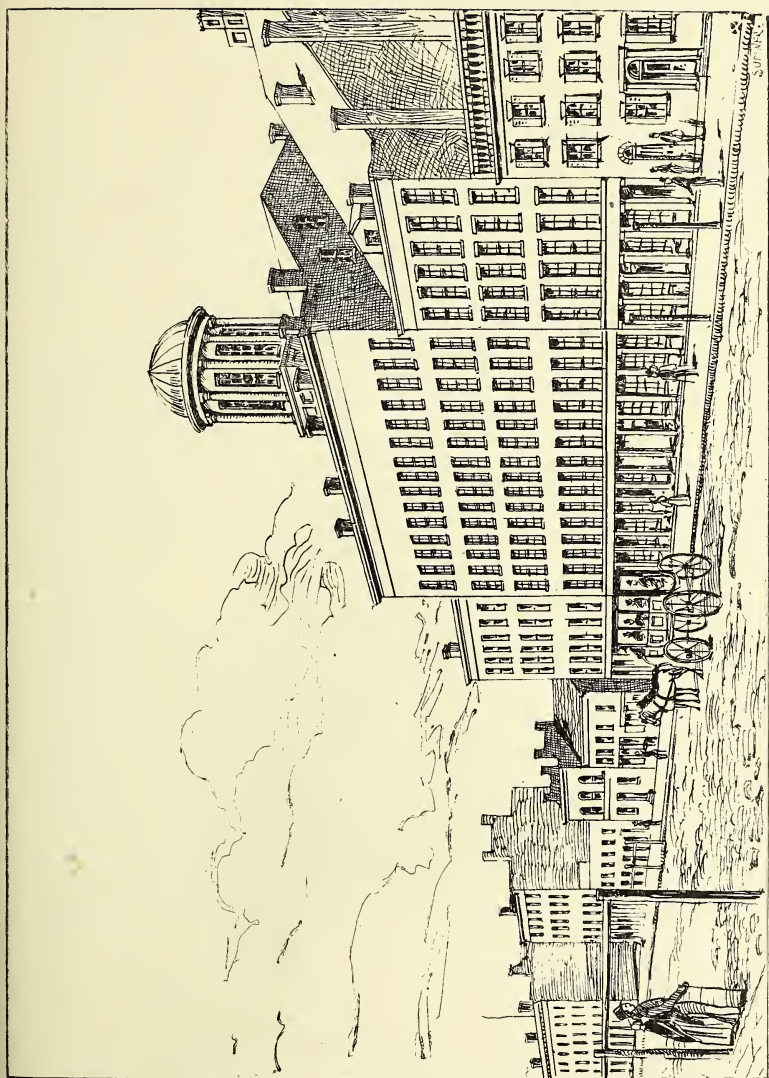
A very handsome man, was Colonel Palmer, among the many finely appearing men of that day in Buffalo. Perhaps there was no one that excelled him physically. Noted for his fine apparel and grand turn-outs. His dress was the popular dress of the time for middle aged gentlemen: blue, cut-away dress coat, with rich gilt or gold buttons; blue, black or drab trousers; straw colored waistcoat; pleated, large ruffled shirt front, with a hand-

some medallion, painted portrait pin, set in diamonds and gold, which, as I remember, was a portrait of Andrew Jackson; at another time a cluster diamond pin; white choker and ruffled wristbands fastened together with chain links, and carrying an exceedingly fine gold watch, with Cornelian seals and key dangling from his watch fob. (The watch is now in the possession of and worn by a gentleman of the law in town). In winter a blue circle, cloth cloak, lined with red and faced with the widest of silk velvet. All this, when seated back in his open barouche or gorgeously appointed sleigh, scattering his gold coin among the lackeys, he was the pink of grandeur and "observed of all observers."

With all his follies and furbelows, his extravagance and ostentation, he did accomplish some of his schemes and projects, but more for the benefit of others' after-gains, than for himself.

He built, through the contractor, Rathbun, the original grand, American Hotel, of five lofty stories, a cut grey stone building, surmounted by a columnar cupola or belvedere, which stood on the spot now occupied by the present "American Block." Some of the features of this Hotel were of a Royal character: in the rear division of the building, two of its stories equaled the space of three of the front, the first floor elevated by four or five steps from the large hall, entered a lofty dining room; the second floor a grand ball and concert room, with double spring floors, approached by wide, double staircases; with a dome ceiling and so constructed as to be almost perfect in acoustic qualities. This was a favorite Concert and Operatic Hall of the Stars of the musical firmament; here it was the writer's privilege to have listened in 1841 to the celebrated John Braham, who at that time, when nearly seventy, enjoyed the reputation of being the best tenor singer in Europe. He attracted large audiences there at the age of eighty. He is said to have retained command of the tenor scale longer than any other man ever known.

Here, also, did Ole Bull entertain Buffalo audiences on his first visit to this country.



"AMERICAN HOTEL."

The great and popular ballad singer, Henry Russell, often gave concerts in that room to crowded houses. His songs and ballads and the airs were widely sung by all who could sing, both ladies and gentlemen. Among those of which he was the author of the poems, or set them to his music, were "The Maniac," "The Ship on Fire," "Life on the Ocean Wave," "The Old Sexton," "Wind of the Winter's Night," "I'm O'er Young to Marry yet," and many others.

Henry Russell was the father of W. Clark Russell, the noted author of those popular Sea Stories, "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," and others.

Dempster, also a popular ballad singer, held his concerts in that room. He will be remembered as the author of the "May Queen" and the "Irish Emigrant's Lament."

Those celebrated vocalists gave their concerts unassisted by others or instruments, excepting to accompany themselves on the piano forte.

In this concert room the Woods', Seguins' and the celebrated cantatrice, beautiful woman, and at that time favorite, Madame Anna Bishop, made their debuts to Buffalo audiences.

Palmer also furnished this hotel in the most sumptuous manner the resources of the age, 1835-6, permitted.

The building was burned March 10th, 1850. Of the articles saved from the fire there were forty French plate mirrors from six to ten feet in length. The lessees and managers of this hotel, were Lewis L. Hodges and Ira Osborn, with William Rickords as chief clerk, and *Major Domo*; and so widely known and well reputed was this hotel, that travelers from Europe, coming here to visit Niagara Falls, made it an objective point to visit this Hotel *en route*.

Amongst his other conceptions, Palmer built and equipped a complete, full-rigged ship called the Julia Palmer. That ship and one built subsequently, called the Milwaukee, were the only full-rigged ships ever built for service on our great lakes. The Julia Palmer, named for the Colonel's wife, was complete in all particulars. She carried all the sails known in the vocabulary

of sailors; she had her four or five jibs, her top sails, top gallants, royals, sky sails, ("sky scrapers," "moon rakers" and "star gazers,") and studding sails alow and aloft. When all were spread and drawn all ataunto, before the breeze, and seen from our Terrace Hills, it was a picture worth beholding: she was finished with all the bright brass work and mahogany that could have been desired. Her cabins, in cabinet work of mahogany; her general finish was complete, for a yacht for the Count De Monte Christo. But, Colonel Palmer did not reap a golden harvest by bringing hither the golden grain of the West with her. "The Julia Palmer" ship was afterwards razed into a steamboat.

When the great "University of Buffalo" was projected, of which the only outcome is the Medical College of Buffalo, Colonel Palmer was among its founders and endowed (on paper) a chair in the institution.

There were no free public schools at that time, supported by the State and local taxation. Colonel Palmer established the "Palmer School" and endowed it with a sum sufficient for its support for the education of sixty scholars: twelve to be selected by the trustees from each of the *then* five wards of the city. They imported hither a professional teacher a Mr. James McCredie (father of our townsman of same name, who recently died), as principal. After a short life the school collapsed from the failure of the securities with which it was endowed.

During the height of the great land speculations of '35-'36 the Colonel in one of his flights of assumption, (he hugely liked a cool practical joke), in collusion with some of his convivial associates, drove from Albany in a six-horse turn-out, into the city of Troy, stopping at the leading hotel. Sending for the principal city officials: the Mayor, Comptroller and others, made overtures for and a proposition to purchase the site of Troy, its water power and some of the contiguous villages, among them Watervliet. The apparent earnestness on the part of Colonel Palmer and his associates, quite astonished those city officials. They would have to take time to consider the subject and ascertain if there were legal precedents for such a transaction!

Palmer's wife was a bright, cheery little lady, quite accustomed to his moods and habits. She was much respected by the community and by him, and of whom he stood in wholesome fear. His convivial habits sometimes led him into excesses. Self-indulgent, and being very fond of wine, he would sometimes exceed the bounds of propriety.

Coming home one night after a full session, with kindred spirits, he found his "Jule," as he familiarly called her, sound asleep. With as little noise as possible with him under the then existing circumstances, he disrobed and crawled quietly into bed beside her, congratulating himself on the successful achievement as he supposed; it suddenly occurred to him that he was facing her and that the fumes of stale wine from his breath would be likely to awaken her. He clandestinely attempted to change his position, when she suddenly paralyzed him by exclaiming: "Launce! You needn't turn over, you are drunk clear through!"

He was at all times genial, and ready to do a benevolent action. Worse men have lived than Colonel Alanson Palmer.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BUFFALO APPRENTICES' SOCIETY.*

On the twenty-second day of February, 1833, there was organized in our city, an institution of modest pretensions, and with slight expectation of anything more than a limited existence. Confined to boys of youthful inexperience, narrow acquirements and no money, they nevertheless evinced laudable desires, ambitions, aims, and hopes on their part, which commended them to the encouragement and material aid of men of wisdom and generous impulses.

"THE BUFFALO APPRENTICES' SOCIETY," was composed mostly of poor boys regularly indentured apprentices, or working at mechanical trades, or in shops or stores; (the writer one of its members, was an unindentured apprentice to the Printing, Publishing, and Bookselling trade). As the importance and dignity of the institution grew, it became an object of interest and respect among the boys about town; you would now and then see among the applicants for admission to membership and the benefits of the society, an ambitious boy of a higher position, as perhaps a merchants' clerk, or manufacturer's son, or a student of one of the professions, until it finally came to be considered an honor among the boys, to be elected a member.

It was fortified by a Constitution and By-Laws, copied after and imitating older and more pretentious institutions. Its officers were a President, a Vice-President, Corresponding and Recording Secretaries, Treasurer, and Librarian, six in all, who with the exception of the Librarian, acted as its executive committee. A peculiar feature as to the election of the President is worthy of a passing thought, and might well be considered, in the method

* This paper was originally written and deposited in the Buffalo Historical Society.

of electing the more important executive officers of public or private trusts, or the great officers of the State or Nation ; namely : a week or two previous to the semi-annual meetings, candidates for office were put in nomination at a caucus of the members ; and electioneering on the part of the friends of the various candidates went on in the usual way ; and ordinarily, one of the two nominees for president was successful. But, by a constitutional provision, when it came to the night of election, the members nominated a committee of five, whose duty it was to retire and consult as to the advisability of confirming the caucus candidates, or substituting others of their own selection. The committee was usually formed of the older members and those who had held the office, and therefore not supposed to be selfishly inclined ; and their decisions were irrevocable, and at once complied with. It often occurred, however, that the action of this committee upset the calculations and ambitious aspirations of the would-be Presidents, and brought forward entirely new candidates for the office.

The objects of the association were well and simply expressed in the motto inscribed on its silken banner, which overhung the dais of the presiding officer :

“ Get wisdom and endeavor to acquire knowledge ; ”

The continuation and concluding portion of the motto, (which was not inscribed on the banner), read thus :

“ for a good education is the best of all earthly possessions ; the basis of power and the foundation of rational enjoyment.”

The grand design of the Society was : mutual improvement in the various departments of Literature, Science and the Arts, and a general dissemination of useful knoweledge.

These worthy objects were practically demonstrated by the gathering up of a Library.

The institution of weekly Literary Debates in which every member was expected to join. The questions for debate were from a wide range of subjects, National, Political, Moral Philosophy, and all mooted questions of general Literature.

The establishment of a "Composition Bureau," where were deposited compositions in prose and poetry, essays, dissertations on various subjects, criticisms, and other communications, written by the members to be read in open session by the Corresponding Secretary, anonymously or avowed, as the author preferred; one evening in each month was set apart for that purpose. A critic was appointed, whose duty was, and under compulsion, to criticise the productions, point out their defects and errors in all particulars of composition, orthography, diction, grammar, anachronisms, correctness as to historical facts, etc., for the benefit and instruction of the unknown but listening contributor, and also as strong hints and suggestions to the other listening members. Sometimes it happened that exceptions were taken to the criticisms and points came under general discussion; all this within the hearing of the unknown authors, who perhaps joined in the discussion.

The business matters and affairs of the Society were conducted with dignity and decorum; the boyish pranks in which the younger members would naturally indulge, were promptly dropped so soon as the President's gavel was sounded, when all assumed the quiet dignity of statesmen in council. The presiding officer appeared entirely conversant with parliamentary usages and rules, and law, and his decisions were generally sustained. As the office by custom rotated from one member to another, all the members came, in time, *to know how to preside*. Indeed, there appeared to be, among the members a unanimous feeling of zeal to strive to act with the strictest adherence to Parliamentary rules and usages in their business discussions and literary debates; it became to them an important factor in their education.

At its weekly meetings each Saturday evening, were discussed, first, the business matters of the Society, in regular session, all in proper order with dignified formality. Then came the drawing of books; after which the Society resolved itself into what might be called the committee of the whole, with a temporary presiding officer or moderator called "The President of the Debate." Subsequently a Board of three Judges was established.

The debate would be on some subject of general or special interest selected the previous week by the "committee to propose questions," so called; the disputants being a foreman and three associates on either side, also chosen the previous week, and who had been "coaching up" meantime; and if the subject was of a National character, Blackstone, Kent, Vattel, and other authorities were flung at opposite sides as knock-down arguments, with the *sang froid* of old advocates, and as if Vattel's and Kent's commentaries on law were as decisive in support of *their* arguments, in those battles of the brain, as "Mitrailleuse guns" or "Dictator Rams" are in the land and naval warfare of the world in the more serious questions of dispute among nations. The chairman of the debate, deciding in the affirmative or negative, according to the weight of argument (*avoirdupois* perhaps) adduced upon either side of the question.

A critic was appointed for the debates as well as for the written contributions. The critic making reference to the speakers not by name, but as the gentleman of the affirmative or negative side, as the case might be. While there was much of good and fair criticism, there was a good deal of fun and banter indulged.

I remember on one occasion there was found in the composition box a poem which had been called forth by the heated and vindictive debates of some of the members, entitled:

"Dog Tom; a Satire."

Written in the style of Burns' "Twa Dogs." It *was* rich in stinging satire, biting sarcasm and personal lampoons, particularly at two of the members, namely, "Walt. Thomas," and "Dave Wood;" of course it was anonymous; but we all knew from its "*trade mark*," that "Cutting" wrote it.

At the outset, the society commenced operations with but a very meagre library; but its ambitious and enterprising committee on "Donations and Subscriptions," newly appointed monthly, vied with each other to see which of its members could bring in the largest number of surplus volumes from the overloaded private libraries about town. Frequently an extra volume of "Statistics," "Patent Office Reports," or a stray copy

of Len. Crary's City Directory was counted in. I fancy our pet and venerable "Historical Society" occasionally gathers in an old Directory? Being, as I stated, attached to the book-selling trade, and having a knowledge of those who would be most likely to have books to give away, such as editors, publishers, and men who were habitually buying books, I was eminently successful in the book donation department. It was the shrewd policy of the society, to place upon the committees as soon as possible, each new member. I very soon graduated from that committee.

I very well recollect what an important event it was with the boys, when the society became financially strong enough to procure

"HARPER'S FAMILY LIBRARY."

Then containing one hundred and eighty-five volumes; and thereafter seriously contemplated moving into more extended and ostentatious quarters than the little room in the third story of the Kremlin Block—and did eventually migrate. And after several changes, from the "Kremlin" to 175 Main Street (old numbers) to 140 Main Street, finally settled down in a large room on the ground floor in the rear part of the old "American Hotel," that part owned by Tracy and Stevenson, which buildings were entirely destroyed by fire on Sunday morning, the 10th of March, 1850. And perhaps, but I know not, it was there the society left its ashes!

After a time, with the continued practice and cultivation of its members, the debates began to attract and claim the attention of the general public, and they were attended by ladies and gentlemen of literary tastes and pursuits, which gratified the boys and stimulated their pride; and considerable interest was manifested in the debates and expressed in the success of the opposing sides by the people outside. Sketches of the debates and synopses of the arguments were published in the newspapers and the disputants complimented by name; and the general public became considerably interested in the society and the boys. So much so, that after persevering efforts, the society obtained the

consent from the owners and agents, Messrs. Gelston & Evans, and the Commander of the steamboat "Wisconsin," Captain Power, for a "grand excursion" to Gravelly Bay for its benefit, which proved an encouraging success. It was quite a gala-day with the towns-people. The proprietors of the "Commercial Advertiser," then published by Salisbury, Foote & Clapp, and the other dailies, suspended publication to permit their employees to join in the excursion; turning the day into a general holiday. The society realized from the benefit \$359.00; a large sum at that time, and a great help to it. Some talk was had about increasing the bond of the Treasurer which was at that time *one hundred dollars*. I well remember how proud I felt, when my employer endorsed my bond for that amount when I was elected Treasurer.

But, later on — alas for the perpetuity of the institution! — a debate sprung up in a business meeting upon a proposed amendment to the constitution. (As I have stated, the society was composed of and organized by youths of the ages of fifteen to twenty-one years.) The article which it was proposed to re-construct, having been adopted in the early days of the institution, for the exclusion of the men, who they feared would come to govern, and control them, read something like this:

ARTICLE —. "No person shall continue a *regular* member of this society after he attains the age of twenty-one years."

Here was a crusher! for boys would grow old, hard though they tried to keep young — as some advancing spinsters do. Some of those older than myself, chiefly instrumental in procuring the adoption of this article as a fundamental element in the constitution of the society, in lapse of time, and after having come to consider the institution as their *alma mater* and best friend, awoke suddenly to the conviction that they had prepared a whip wherewith themselves to be scourged out. We, of the younger set, were mostly well satisfied with the condition of affairs; as we believed that in due time we should acquire sufficient preponderance of power to be able to modify whatever objectionable features there were in the law, to suit the needs of the situation, as they should transpire.

The various amendments proposed in the progress of the lengthened debates on this subject, extended the time to twenty-five years, thirty years, during good behavior, or to resign and become honorary members without the payment of dues; or, remain regular members paying dues and enjoying all other privileges except voting and holding office.

We youngsters regarded all these offers of compromise as "springs to catch woodcocks;" as we could see without the eyes of the old 'uns, that when the society became a school for and be controlled by men, it would cease to be the school we loved and under the control of *us boys!*

The debates and wranglings upon this amendment were extended through a period of a year or more; a long time for boys. As the cause advanced members became more and more definitely arrayed against each other, distinguished as Constitutionalists or Revolutionists. The Constitutionalists were for "maintaining the integrity of the constitution inviolate—as wholly too sacred to be tampered with!" The Revolutionists were those who desired to continue to lead and control the society—"rule or ruin"—as we thought.

Strange though it seems, some of the members nearest that rubicon of age, to pass which would disfranchise them, stubbornly held for the integrity of the organic law.

Among the advocates for preserving the Society strictly for the benefit of those still in the period of apprenticeship according to the plan originally designed, was one David L. Wood, a printer, and part sailor; (during the Great Rebellion he was Commissary General of the State of Ohio.) He was a good talker, in the rough style, and a good reasoner; fearless in debate, with a stoutness and persistent determination to carry his points, worthy of a Jackson or a Benton. He was supported by a wiry, waspish, tantalising little chap, called "Walt. Thomas," or Benjamin Walden Thomas. He was a sharp, astute debater, with a Jesuitical way he had of cajoling the younger boys out of their votes.

These leaders and their supporters were antagonized in the disputes by an aspiring young painter, an apprentice to the old firm of House and Sign Painters, Messrs. Bradley & Miller, (succeeded by H. G. White), named Cutting, and one "Sam;" Comstock, another "Knight of the Brush," both favorites of the younger members. Cutting, for his spirited style in debate, power of invective, soaring, brilliant utterances, or emphatic exclamations and opportune epithets, appropriate to the time and the subject, the younger boys looked upon him as their Patrick Henry of the Society; who, at some future day, they were positive, would become a member of the Legislature! (To which distinction he at length attained).

"Sam. Comstock" was our Franklin. He was a handsome boy, with a face resembling the portraits of Franklin. He was urbane, gentle, always met you with a genial and honest smile, hence, popular. In argument he was more compact and pertinent; had a habit, when debates had protracted unduly, of rapidly swinging his right arm around, bringing his open fingers together and emphatically exclaiming: "Let us now come to the *P-o-i-n-t*! Mr. President!"—which "we boys" regarded as a master stroke of oratoric art. These two were the champions of the progressionists or revolutionists.

I may as well record here a circumstance showing the hearty interest and regard the members felt for the Society. These two "Champions" and "Artists of the Brush," volunteered and did paint, two sides of a grand silk and gilt banner for our parades on the Fourth of July and other great occasions; one of which will long be remembered by surviving participants. The funeral ceremonies and oration on the death of President Harrison when it was carried; appropriately draped in crape. After a long and tedious march under a burning sun, we were crowded into the "Old First Presbyterian Church," and forced to listen to a two-hours' prayer, that the eloquence of the late lamented Dr. A. T. Hopkins might thus be ventilated. Then to an elaborate and *exhaustive* dissertation on the birth, and cradle experience, the life, death and future expectations of the Log Cabin, Tippecanoe

Hero, by the redoubtable, dogmatic, Judge Horatio J. Stow. We poor sufferers, after more than six hours fatigue, after four o'clock P. M., dragged the weary "houses we live in" home to our several cold dinners, inwardly thankful that at last Harrison was safely buried.

That banner, during the intervals of public exhibition, was suspended over the President's platform, as before mentioned. It was an artistic achievement; emblematic of the character of the Society and its members. On one side, painted by Cutting, was a medallion portrait, life size, of Robert Fulton, surrounded by symbols of the mechanic arts; an anvil and sledge, a distant steamboat and portions of machinery, conspicuous a muscular arm, holding a smith's hammer; typical of educated labor and industry.

On the reverse side, painted by Comstock, was an admirable portrait of Franklin, (the boys used to say, the artist sat before a mirror, while painting, to copy his model). Crowned with laurel, with a descending flash of lightning as a crest, and surrounded with emblems of education and higher art; a Printing Press, a Globe, Pen and Ink, Books, Scrolls, Engineering Instruments, etc., full but not over done.

DEBATES AND COMBATS CONTINUED.

After the debates had continued a year, the proposed amendment of the Constitution was finally lost; failing to receive the required three-fourths vote. The integrity of the Constitution was preserved inviolate!

A triumph; but a fatal one. As once said by an English statesman, referring to a bloody victory over the Americans: "It is a victory, but will ultimately cost us the colonies." The spirit developed among certain members during the protracted discussion, eventuated in the dissolution of the Society; though in the course of it, the public interest gradually awakened in the general debates, had been the means of bringing it into what promised a healthful notoriety.

For a year following this well-remembered controversy, the debates on promiscuous subjects, excited much public interest and were largely attended by our citizens. Among the most prominent of the disputants, I will mention here as worthy of particular notice :

Samuel Comstock.	David L. Wood.	Charles Daniels.
Harmon S. Cutting.	John G. Guenther.	William W. Welch.
Samuel M. Chamberlin.	Ebenezer Day.	James M. Newman.
Jacob V. Hoag.	Stephen M. Ratcliffe.	F. A. Georger.
Hiram C. Day.	B. W. Thomas.	Christopher Pearson.
Owen A. Stafford.	John Hauenstein.	John Greiner.
	David F. Day.	

I must not omit to mention two other names, they being characters in their way. Any old member of that Society will recall, with a smile, their strange vagaries, "ground and loft tumbling," in debate: William N. Irish, now the Rector of some parish in the Diocese of Central New York, a brother of our townsman, Charles G. Irish. He was an ambitious youth, at that time a clerk in a crockery store; full of profound wisdom and entirely conscious that he was intended by nature for a higher plane than Earth-en ware; so conscious of it, that the laughter, the witi-cisms and covert ridicule excited by his pretentious flights in debate, made no impression whatever upon his envelope of self-satisfaction. Bound to succeed he was proof against all banter and badinage. Really seemed to receive this form of attention as compliment to his capabilities.

The friend and chief opponent of Mr. Irish was Jacob Schwanzenburgh; by birth an Austrio-German, swelling with ambition for large development in the country of his adoption! A man of ideas, but hazy and undefined; a considerable fund of knowledge; but lacking systematic training, his head was a museum of promiscuous curiosities. His manner was ardent and earnest to intensity. He had picked up a smattering of our language, with its peculiar Americanisms, which were plentifully intermingled with those of his native tongue. He had a sonorous, bassoon-like voice; and when he entered into debate

his utterances proved always a most extraordinary conglomerate of facts, fallacies, good thoughts, absurdities and common sense, launched upon his auditors like a discharge from a blunderbuss, which never failed to keep them in a roar. He was thus of great utility in the society in creating diversions in times when interest might otherwise be flagging. What stood for his perorations, were not less remarkable than the chief portions of his discourse. Not seldom, in the very highest flights of his oratory, he would astonish his listeners by coming to a sudden collapse in the midst of them.

It would interest the writer to draw other pen portraits of the representative boys who graduated from that society; but that would much further extend the chapter, likely to be considered already too long.

The society flourished for a few years after the episode of the proposed constitutional amendment. But as the early members arrived at their majority, interest waned and they dropped away, one by one, until the radical error in its fundamental laws, worked its deterioration and speedy dissolution. The precise period of its demise is unknown to the writer. It flourished from 1833 to about 1848, when it gave up the ghost.

One of the remarkable features of that society was the orderly dignity maintained by all its members; the careful study and compliance with parliamentary law, in conducting its meetings, and the etiquette of precedence it claimed with kindred societies.

I remember on an occasion of public parade, one fourth of July. "The Young Men's Association," having become an important institution among our civic societies, the Marshal gave the right of the line to it. But it having been founded in 1835, two years' later, we, "The Buffalo Apprentices' Society," considered that assignment to precedence an offense to our dignity; and, boys though we were, would not submit. And, although we had been to considerable expense, for music, banners, badges, gloves, and otherwise, we marched off the field, our band playing

"Should Old Acquaintance be Forgot."

Our old-time Marshal, General Nelson Randall, then countermanded his orders; insisting that the "Buffalo Apprentices' Society" should take the lead of civic societies in processions.

RECREATIONS OF MEMBERS IN RECESS.

The Sail Boat Fleets.

The members of the Society, while "endeavoring to get wisdom and acquire knowledge," must of necessity have vent for their boyish exuberance of spirits. And their time being almost wholly occupied in their various employments week days, little opportunity was afforded for recreation excepting Sundays and an occasional half holiday. In those days the barbarous custom prevailed of keeping those employed as merchant's clerks, apprentices and young students, from early dawn till nine, ten, and eleven o'clock at night, in order, as was then the saying, to "keep their noses to the grind-stone." And holidays were the best days for trade; so that the boys, who must have their fun, did not always "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy," but would make a holiday of it by a vigorous game of ball, in some secluded spot in the suburbs of the town, or engage in other manly recreations, chief among which was

YACHTING.

There was a considerable fleet of stanch and well equipped small yachts at that time kept here, and to which leading members of the Apps' Society composed the clubs, or had controlling ownership in them. And a good deal of rivalry existed as to their speed and other sailing qualities, and brightness of appearance. The Dolphin, the Champion and the "Ranger," were the leading yachts. There were also the "Arrow" and others of less note, but the first three named carried the reputation of the fleet. After various changes of "rig," the real competition became centred between the Champion and Ranger. The Champion was a schooner rigged saucy style of craft, of which our friend Cutting was Captain, or their "Skipper," as the boys of his crew liked to call him. Ever an eye to "the fitness of things," he had a fancy

at times for trigging out in full sailor's costume, with glazed tarpaulin hat, with wide, flowing band, blue jacket and "togs," white stockings and pumps.

The Champion led the fleet in light breezes; when heavier, with considerable sea on, the Ranger being the better sea boat would oftenest "take the wind out of the sails" of the others by maneuvering for the weather-guage. Less crank than the others she could lay a point or two nearer to the wind than the others in rough weather, thus leaving the Champion astern on several occasions, the club decided to change her rig to sloop, with increased canvas, with great hoist of main sail, very large main jib and a flying jib, to facilitate "coming in stays." Then, when all ataunto, the club *dared* the Ranger, whatever the weather, whenever it suited, to show them her heels, if in her timbers and canvas to do it!"

The Ranger, of which the writer was a joint owner, was a Whitehall row boat, with "bow deck and water boards," schooner rigged; twenty feet long by five feet beam; carrying about forty square yards of canvas. When challenged to a final test, we increased the spread by the addition of a flying jib. (Rather for advantage in "staying" than for greater speed. Race sometimes lost by making lee way in necessary tacking.)

The day set for the trial, a strong gale was blowing; "the bay" quite rough, with no thought of surrender, on finding it "only outside," our first concern involved the prime question: "Is the 'Agnes Barton' in?" "Dave" Wood was mate of her and the man of all others to command our craft at that crisis. The Barton had come in that morning; he was soon found, glad enough to command the Ranger, knowing so well her qualities for a gale. As ready to square yards with Cutting on the water as to measure lances with him in the arena of the Apprentices' Society.

No time was lost in final preparations. It had gone abroad that the boys were to have the sail-boat race, sink or swim; the docks and vessels in harbor were thronged with excited spectators.

"Those reckless boys will surely be drowned, if they are so fool-hardy as to venture outside, in *such* a gale!" was the oft re-

peated expressions among the spectators, differently formulated. Old citizens, old sailors, besought the boys not to tempt those treacherous waters. "Even the steamboats and vessels will not venture it!" [The steamboats of that day were comparatively frail and slow; the best of them making scarcely nine miles an hour in quiet waters; sail vessels could make nothing beating up the lake against that wind and sea.]

Captain Wood at once set about disposing and instructing his crew: 1st, strict and instant obedience to commands; 2nd, every one to be his alertest at "Ready About! Ease off Jibs! Aft Main Sheet! Tacks and Sheets! Mains'l haul!" greatest danger in making "Stays." In such a gale, "haul taut and belay must mean omit *belay* sheets in hand at a turn, to ease off, at an instant, according to shifting direction of wind, or sudden gusts liable to capsize us. "Let fly jibs and fore sail," as in good weather, meant capsize to windward. 3d, No rock ballast as used in steady, stiff breezes, liable to fill and sink us; must be living human ballast, for instant, intelligent shifting. Each tack and sheet assigned to the most reliable boys, strong enough to handle them.

Added to our regular crew were some tried and trusted supernumeraries, with "hearts for every fate," to act as ballast—duly instructed.

We rowed out to the end of the "little pier," of piles and rocks at the edge of the lee of the great one, for an even start, and sails were set. Every man at his post: Captain Wood at the helm: the ranger laying as straight a course for Fort Erie landing place as the surging waters permitted. Wind nearly abeam: Haul taut! Sheets in hand! Mind your *eyes* and *ears*! Fourteen of us! on the windward gunwale barely keeping her trim and off her beam ends. It was a wet boat, that time. Rode the sea beautifully; but the dashing spray from their resistance, with occasional dips, drenched all fore, and aft; the boys at the jib sheets and tacks taking the heaviest baptisms.

It followed that every boy, when he could lend a single hand, must industriously use it in bailing, with such old cups, pails

and dishes as we were able to provide ourselves beforehand, else the boat would shortly fill and swamp.

Distinctly remembered, though more than fifty years since, that all having to "look alive" for the welfare of our own craft after the instant of starting, we could cast behind us but the slightest, occasional glances. We were soon conscious of rapidly increasing the distance between us and our rivals; and very shortly that we were quite "alone on the wild waste of waters!" It was told us, on returning that we were no more than "down to our bearings" and on our course till "we had it wholly to ourselves." The *Champion* was scarcely beyond the lee of the "light house pier," when that great main sail laid her on beam ends, and she filled, and spilled the crew. And then to the other craft near by, in company, it only remained to rescue them and help them to get their boat righted and back to its moorings in "Clark and Skinner's Canal," was otherwise housed, at that time on the recently constructed "Main and Hamburg Streets Canal," between the Washington and Michigan Street bridges, the canal not then used except as berths for the boats of our several clubs, while not in use.

The *Ranger* made the run to Fort Erie, three miles (then called four), in *fourteen minutes!* "The tempest still was high" at the return, but the wind being more on our quarter, it was a feat less difficult, and we made even faster time. It was fortunate a no worse accident attended the madcap performance. No one was hurt.

The "Dolphin" before the advent of the "Champion" and "Ranger," had "carried the broom" of all the sail-boats; but her day was then past. Besides the shadow of death brooded over her thenceforward, for she capsized one day, drowning one of the party on board! Robert Holmes and Heman Clark were of that club; good natured, handsome; B. Frank Whittaker was her Captain at the time, and a first class sailor—as was also his father, who was a gentlemanly, popular commander of different steam-boats, during those days.

By those exciting and invigorating amusements the boys preserved their health and spirits, which had otherwise failed them under the taxing pressure of the protracted uninteresting labors of the week. And though they did encroach upon what some assume as the sanctity of the Sabbath, it was from no want of due respect to the doctrines of those, who conventionally united in reverently observing it as a holy day; nor was it an interference, annoyance, nor scandal to them, in any way. For I have known not one of those Apprentice boys who has not lived and walked in all the paths of rectitude and honor. Those very exploits, effervescence of vigorous affluent youth, were faithful indices of what was later to develop into all that was most efficient and excellent.

These memories are recollections of boyhood and may be, in some particulars, inaccurate; all written history is more or less romance. Nevertheless, they are among the incidents in the lives of some of those, who are now worthy members of your Historical Society! Or walk our streets dignified with age and gray hairs, and honored, or have gone to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

During the period while I was a member, from 1838 to 1843, there were in all about sixty members, almost entirely mechanic or manufacturers' apprentices, clerks in stores, office boys, students, embryo lawyers, doctors and ministers. Mostly obscure boys; I cannot call to mind, among them all, one who has not lived a life, as far as I know, of respectability, members of the professions, bankers, merchants, etc. I will here following give the names of those I can call to mind, having no data from which to make up these notes, except my memory:

MEMBERS OF THE BUFFALO APPRENTICES SOCIETY.

Hon. Charles Daniels, Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York.

Wm. H. H. Newman, Merchant, has been President of the Buffalo Historical Society.

David L. Wood, Editor and Journalist, Commissary General of the State of Ohio.
during the Rebellion.

General Innis N. Palmer, United States Army.

Samuel M. Chamberlin,
David Wentworth,
Owen A. Stafford, } Editors and Journalists.

Charles E. Young, Printer and Merchant.

George V. Brown, Printer and United States Consul to Tangiers.

Robert D. Foy,
Matthew Bertrand,
Nathaniel W. Adams, } Printers and Publishers.

Gilbert S. Brown,

William H. Clark, Baker.

Albert T. Norton, Printer.

Rev'd William N. Irish, Episcopal Clergyman.

Rev'd Albert Bigelow, Presbyterian Clergyman.

Richard Liddle, Printer, and was proprietor of a line of Steamers, the Diamond,
Fashion and Barcelona, in the Coasting trade of Lake Erie; South
Shore, afterwards called Walbridge's Line.

B. Franklin Whittaker,
DeWitt C. Hoag, } Vessel Owners and Captains.

Dan M. Gillett,

William B. McCredie, Printer and Publisher.

Jacob Schwartzzenbergh,
Stephen M. Ratcliffe,
James H. Cue,
Robert M. Eddy,
Robert Donelly,
Robert Knight,
Frederick C. Hill,
Everard Palmer, } Iron Manufacturers and Machinists.

Dexter P. Rumsey,
Harlow Palmer, } Leather Manufacturers.

Robert Denton, Music Merchant.

Hon. Harmon S. Cutting,
Hon. David F. Day,
Hiram C. Day, } Counselors at Law.

Pierre B. Cornwall, California Millionaire.

William W. Welch,
Christopher Pearson,
Ebenezer Day,
John Hauenstein,
James M. Newman,
Samuel G. Bailey, } Doctors of Medicine.

Nathan Whitcomb,
Charles H. Quinlan,
Frederick Oliver, } Dentists and Doctors of Medicine.

Albert C. Hooker, }
 Guy C. Martin, } Tanners.
 Zadok Martin, }

James Adams. Merchant and General Business Operations.

Nathan H. Tafft, Manufacturer.

F. Augustus Georger, President of the German Bank.

S. M. Welch, }
 B. W. Thomas, }
 George Gage, }
 John Greiner, }
 Thomas Dickinson, }
 Jacob V. Hoag, } Merchants.
 John G. Guenther, }
 William C. Sweet, }
 Charles Georger, }
 William C. Dinwoodie, }
 William C. Prescott, }
 Samuel Hayden, }

James H. Richardson, }
 Carnot Carpenter, } Artists and Engravers.
 Nathaniel Orr, }
 Samuel Comstock, }

Alexander J. Sheldon was Librarian of the Grosvenor Library.

I assume and maintain, that the primary and ruling cause for their later success in life of these boys, their position and social standing in the world, is due in great measure and attributable to their connection as members of this institution. The remarkable fact pertaining to it, was its establishment and maintenance, conducted and persisted in by minors.

Where are those boys now? all men of middle age and more, and many of them are yet alive, honored, respected in the communities in which they live; and not one of them, but when he thinks of the history of this young Society and the record of its members, kindly regards his old associates; and all unused though I am to Historical writing, yet I deem it fitting that this or some other record of its existence should be placed among the archives of the Buffalo Historical Society.

CHAPTER XIII.

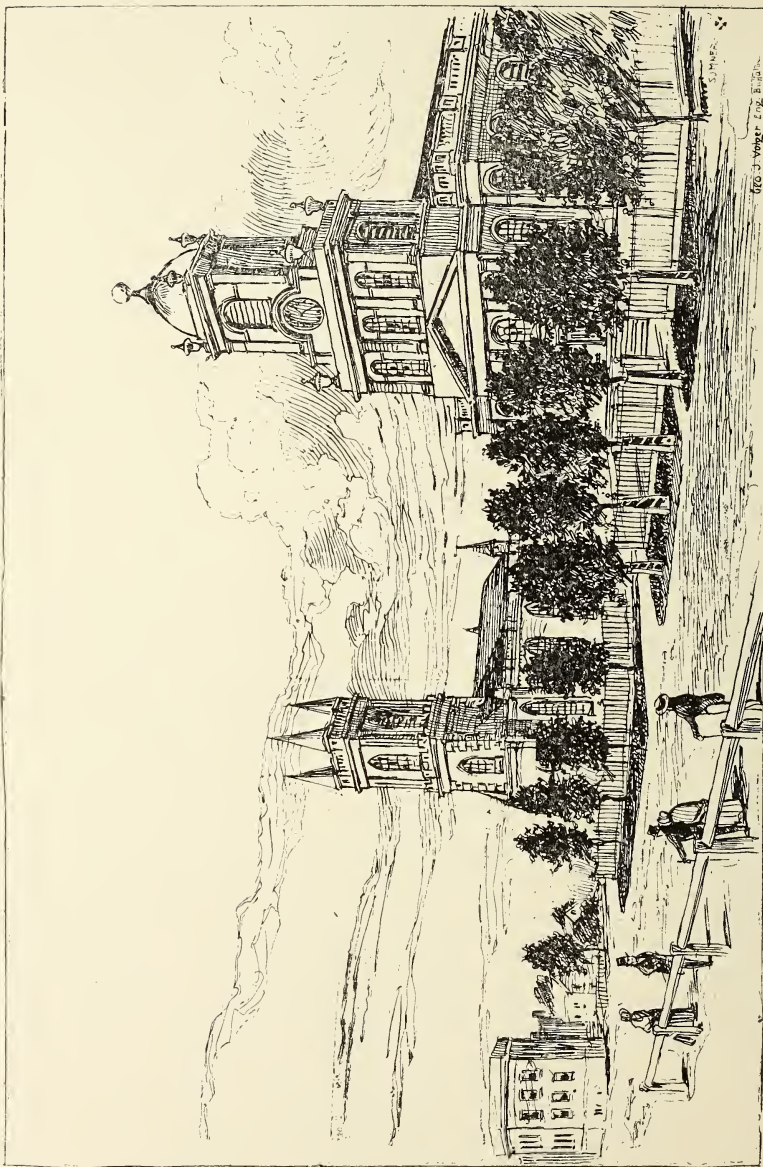
EARLY CHURCHES.

ST. PAUL'S.

What old or young citizen who has lived here long enough to be able to distinguish the different churches and identify them, and is imbued with sufficient sentiment to have gathered an affection for inanimate things, does not look upon this particular church as a sort of *Alma Mater*, in matters spiritual, for the entire community? They may have a special love for the church of their adoption, or feel a loyal duty paramount towards some other church; it may be the "old First," "The Church of Our Father," or "Trinity," yet when generalizing on the local history, make-up, influence, and all matters appertaining to individual churches, "St. Paul's" would be very likely to take precedence.

It stands like "Old Trinity" in New York, in the midst of our business interests, facing and looking down towards our great commercial port; a monitor, as it were, warning its children, and admonishing them to be just and honorable in their dealings. A poem in architecture, one of Upjohn's triumphs. Its Sunday services a rare pleasure, to participate in which by the casual visitor, as well as to the "native here and to the manner born."

The original St. Paul's church building which stood on the site of the present structure, was a frame building,, of "Gothic mould," as nearly as anything without special architectural supervision. The steeple, or tower, did not "pierce the skies;" was of modest proportions, with four spikes one at each corner, of the top. Seemingly, copied from the picture of some Norman building. The whole painted in shades of sky blue. It was not very grand, but pleasant to look upon; interesting to the rural



Geo. J. Vose, Eng. & Del.

ST. PAUL'S.

THE "OLD FIRST."

amateur antiquarian, as well as the lover of simplicity. Finished like the rural parish churches of England imitating the grander cathedrals, with high pulpit and Rector's desk, its background and seats cushioned and curtained in bright red as high as its chancel window might have been, had there been one; beneath the pulpit in its foreground, was the Curate's or "Clark's" reading box. With high back pews and family square seats along either window or wall side, each with its table to rest their books of "common prayer," (a misnomer to me, I think they are uncommon prayers), and their Bibles and hymnals during service. It had a full gallery all around the three sides, an organ, and the bell, whose old familiar ring, I hear occasionally coming from the low belfry of the modern church, like sounds from home, while the more exalted place in the later steeple is given to the chimes. The old church resembled in its make up the almost ancient one of Bishop Berkeley, built in the last century in Newport, R. I., which is one of the objects of interest in that delightful summer resort and naval station.

How we boys and girls loved that little old unpretentious church! And when it was moved away off, down Genesee Street, to make way for a more solid and grander building, we realized with a sorrowful sigh, that our boyhood days were indeed over.

REV. WILLIAM SHELTON, D. D.

And what of Doctor Shelton, St. Paul's Rector for more than fifty years? Who of Buffalo the past half century has not known him? We could have hardly got on without him, nor he without us. I always seemed to look upon the Doctor and fancy he imagined that all Buffalo was *his* Parish, that all the other Episcopal churches were his chapels, offshoots of St. Paul, children of his rearing. This was in a measure true. I was in the brood that first left the parent nest to form Trinity Parish. It did not matter if you were counted as belonging to some other parish, he appeared to act as though you belonged to him and had escaped out of bounds. Dr. Shelton's enemies were very

few, but he had a way, characteristic of him, of scolding his friends and having his own way, which sometimes his friends practically, resented. He frequently reminded me of anecdotes told of the noted Dr. John Abernethy, of Aberdeen, Scotland, for his brusque and abrupt manner of replying to a salutation or answering questions from his best friends. It was so natural to him, that we did not heed it, except only to enjoy the fun of it.

The spire of the new church was delayed for some years; meeting the Doctor one morning shortly after a "New Year" near the church, I saluted him with a "happy New Year, Doctor," and to say something else, I inquired of him, "are you going to be able to finish the spire this year?" He replied, "Have'nt you got eyes? Don't you see the stones lying there?" I think the stones had been there nearly all the previous year.

I remember the summer following my marriage, my wife, who was quite young then and guileless, had a sort of reverential awe of Doctors of Divinity. We were starting on a journey west. When we entered our car (no drawing-room cars then), we found a couple of seats facing one occupied by Dr. Shelton, who was about starting on a journey to the Nashota Mission. I was much pleased to have him for a companion *du voyage*, as I had always loved the Doctor and was glad to present my wife to him, whom he had never met. Soon after we were seated she said to him: "Your wife is not traveling with you to-day?" "No! I would as soon have a panther with me as a woman!"

That Dr. Shelton was unaware of this personal peculiarity, we learned to know some years later. A party of Buffalonians a few years since, which included Bishop Coxe, Dr. Shelton and other church people, and among whom were my wife and daughter as invited guests, attended commencement at Hobart College, Geneva. During their visit a sort of State dinner was given by the faculty and good people of the town. The dignitaries of the church and a number of visiting guests were present, among them my wife, who sat at the table near the Bishop, Dr. Shelton, and other friends. The conversation became lively; some allusion was made about personal peculiarities and eccentricities. The

incident in the car at once occurred to my wife. She remarked, "I could relate something of *your* personal peculiarities Dr. Shelton." "What's that?" "What's that?" said not only the Bishop, the Doctor, but several others, all alive at the idea of bringing the Doctor to book. Attention was immediately drawn to her by all those within ear-shot, several demanding that she should tell the story. And not to spare the Doctor she complied, no doubt embellishing the story for general entertainment. The company, all fast friends of Dr. Shelton, were almost boisterously hilarious over it. Doctor Shelton appeared chagrined and thoughtful. A day or so after their return home Dr. Shelton called and said to Mrs. W.: "I came a great, many years too late to apologize for my gruff reply to you, at the time of our meeting in the cars, which you mentioned at the dinner in Geneva the other day. I am very glad you told the story; glad I was present to hear it, and very much wish you had told me of it years ago, that I might have reformed earlier."

The Doctor passed away in '83 after a Rectorship of St. Paul's of fifty-four years; the memory of him will linger with all Buffalonians of his era as long as their time lasts, as if he were one of their own family, and ever after in tradition.

I wonder if any of our people in passing to and fro in their daily avocations, ever linger to enjoy the picturesque beauty of St. Paul's. Often have I stopped in passing it, when the old home-like sound of its belfry bell rang to vespers; and as the sounds fell upon listening ears it would arouse an unruly chattering among the thousands of sparrows, who made it their home among the thrifty vines and leaves that veiled the chancel window. One evening on passing down by the corner of Main and North Division Streets, I was struck with the appearance of the gilt cross above the spire. A little above the north-eastern horizon a brilliant, silvery moon was shining full upon the cross, reflecting its beams; the back-ground, or rather the space beyond the cross, was deep azure, the steeple itself had vanished out of sight, leaving the cross a bright object in the sky above, and hovering over the church like the star that hung over

Bethlehem. It was awe-inspiring as well as beautiful and gave me food for thought.*

I have attended baptisms, confirmations, weddings and funerals in that church. I have listened to Bishops, Doctors of Divinity, eminent Divines and its long-honored Rector, preach eloquent and thoughtful sermons and make feeling prayers. I have heard sweet voices chant Gloria in Excelsis and grand Te Deums. I have listened to the soft and grand tones of its organs. I have looked over its congregations and seen many of the familiar faces of my youth and old friends now gone. I could not help loving that church!

TRINITY.

My Church home; the Church of my preference and adoption, for the past fifty years, has been and is

Trinity Church.

The first to swarm from the parent hive of St. Paul's. It was organized in 1837; it very soon became a vigorous Parish, fortunate in having for its original Rector, Cicero Stephens Hawks, who afterwards was selected as Bishop of Missouri.

This Church held its first meetings in the auditory of Duffey's old "Buffalo Theatre," on South Division Street, southwest corner of Washington Street. After a time the vestry rented the church building belonging to the "Universalist Society," which then stood on the ground now occupied by the stores of Powell & Plimpton on Washington Street, between South Division and Swan Streets. There Trinity Parish worshipped until about 1841 or 2, when they moved to their new edifice, on the south-east corner of Washington and Mohawk Streets. I saw the corner stone of this church laid: a box like structure, a modern and moderate Parthenon, *minus* the pillared columns. I was present

*This sketch was written in 1887; since then the main body of the church has been destroyed by fire, in consequence of an explosion of Natural Gas, by which it was heated, (Ascension Day, 1888.) It has been rebuilt much more beautiful than before.

at the closing valedictory, when Bishop Coxe gave the address of its relinquishment, immediately previous to the Parish emigration to Christ Chapel, adjoining the new and handsome Trinity Church on Delaware Avenue, not then quite ready for occupation.

RT. REV. CICERO STEPHENS HAWKS,

BISHOP OF MISSOURI.

The very few remaining parishioners of the Rev. Mr. Hawks, cannot but remember those young days in the history of Trinity Parish; the pleasures we enjoyed in that, then new church, in our intercourse with its Rector and each other.

Mr. Hawks was a Virginian by birth and prided himself in having the blood of Pocahontas coursing through his veins. A gentleman in all his instincts, a scholar, with large social acquirements, self-reliant and self-sacrificing, and beloved by all who knew him; colloquially, entertaining, at times merry, without descending from the dignity to be expected in a clergyman. He was all in all a Christian gentleman.

He was nice about his person, dress and habits; of medium size: say about five feet nine in height, well formed, compactly, but lightly built; full of aristocratic *stamina*, but not haughty, his personal demeanor giving the impression of a man of larger proportions. Always smooth shaved, his clear olive complexion and very dark hair, convinced you that his claim of consanguinity with the original blood of Virginia was correct. He was perhaps a little vain of his small, well-formed feet, with high instep, upon which he wore the trimmest and neatest of boots, imported expressly for himself from a fashionable bootmaker in Paris, who had a model of his foot. This would be quite a stretch for gratifying personal vanity, even for now-a-days; but think of a clergyman in the "Far West" doing so in the primitive days of the thirties, before the age of steam on the Atlantic, when a trip to France, (Paris), gave a traveler notoriety.

He was energetic in urging on to completion the church building, frequently sacrificing his own limited salary to help on the work, and eking out his living, by writing books for publication,

particularly Sunday School books, in which he greatly excelled and which he accomplished with great facility.

Mentioning his "limited" salary reminds one of an anecdote told of his elder brother, Dr. Francis L. Hawks, at the time he was Rector of St. Thomas' Church in New York City. Finding *his* salary too limited, he applied to the vestry for an increase, giving as a plea, that it was difficult to maintain a family of young children without adequate means for their support. A member of the vestry thereupon remarked that God would provide for the young ravens. Yes, said Dr. Hawks, "but God says nothing about the young hawks!"

I think the Church was never completed as originally designed, the front entrance should have had a Doric Portico, the foundations for its columns having been prepared and are there to this day, never having been utilized; had the Portico been built, it would have improved the appearance of the building and relieved the monotony of the front *facade* and given it a more classic and complete look in accord with its style of architecture, (if it had a 'style). The interior of the church had at that time the old fashioned high pulpit, without a chancel, the wall back of the pulpit was painted to represent a window with draperies, and having the look of being partly covered with creeping vines outside. Subsequently this was all changed to a recess chancel, built through the rear wall of the building, and it apparently supported by large fluted columns, thus extending the seating capacity on the floor of the church. When this change was made the parsonage was added on to the rear of the Church.

Mr. Hawks very soon left us for a wider field of action as Bishop of Missouri. His addresses from the pulpit expounding the texts of Scripture were clearly expressed in pure, classical language, with silvery tongue and voice, while listening to which his auditors never wearied.

It was in this Church on one occasion I saw "the old man eloquent" when a visitor here, John Quincy Adams, who in his last days, remarked to a friend: "He wished he could have the engine out of the old hull and placed in a new one, with new

boilers, as his old ones were growing wheezy and were about worn out."

REV. EDWARD INGERSOLL, D. D.

Mr. Hawks was succeeded in his Rectorship of Trinity Church by our esteemed and much beloved Dr. Edward Ingersoll, a man of high intellectual endowments, purity and guilelessness of character, filled with generous charity and benevolence, qualities un-mixed with any suspicion of selfish purpose. He was dearly beloved and venerated by all those who sat under his teachings, the thirty years and over of his pastorate.

Dr. Ingersoll was noted for his remarkable and beautiful reading of the Scriptures, and the Liturgy of the Church; his musical sympathetic voice, clearness and correct pronunciation and punctuation. I have heard him read the Litany, when I could imagine a voice from Heaven was speaking to me. Indeed I have seen tears dropping from the eyelids of strong men, who were responding to him during the Litany. I have listened to him as a sponser in the baptism of an adult friend, and at the funeral of a friend; in both cases I was within five feet of him when he seemed to me like one inspired, his beautiful dark eyes glistening with angelic beauty and his utterances thrilled me with electric magnetism.

His sermons were of the most scholarly character full of biblical instruction, his texts well chosen, and their application appropriate and sound of doctrine. His perorations were given in the eloquent language of an accomplished orator, in the sympathetic tones and modulations of his melodious voice, which chained and engaged the rapt attention of his hearers with such intenseness that you would at the climax of his periods, sigh, with a relief of suppressed breath, as you sometimes will at the denouement of the playing of a wrought up tragedy by some eminent actor. Occasionally when the Doctor thought it his duty, to preach a studied doctrinal sermon, it would perhaps weary the ordinary listener, and may be it did the doctor!

Dr. Ingersoll was a singularly handsome man, and of dignified bearing. A stranger meeting him on the street, was sure to have

been attracted by his personal appearance. His intellectual look, his kindly and considerate recognition, together with his modesty of deportment, all denoting the educated and refined gentleman.

“A man, take him for all in all,
We ne’er shall look upon his like again.”

Many of my associates and friends contemporary with myself were identified with this same church; I have missed them one by one, as they have been called away. I see the frosts of time whiten the heads of those that remain; I have watched the growth of their children and their children’s children; why should I not look upon the old Church as on an old valued friend; a dilapidated one perhaps, yes; an abandoned one. I went there during most of the best years of my life.

The new Trinity Church has opened a new era, as it were. A new church, a new rector, and almost a new congregation. I look around the capacious and handsome new Church in vain for the old familiar faces; now and then, here and there, do I recognize one, but we of the old régime and parish, appear as if we were strangers in a strange church, but thankfully in God’s House!

ST. JOHN’S.

In enumerating the early churches of Buffalo, in this sketchy manner, it was not the intention of the writer to mention more than one of either denomination, except perhaps in the cases of St. Paul’s and Trinity, being more personally interested in those and familiar with their histories, than of those of other denominations. Having had also at one time a personal interest in St. John’s, I have determined I would add it to the number, making a Trinity of sketches for the Episcopalians. St. John’s belongs to the decade of the forties; yet it is, as it were, the grand-child of St. Paul’s, or the youngest of the three prominent Episcopal Churches established here.

Soon after Dr. Ingersoll became Rector of Trinity, the seating capacity of that Church was found too small for its increased congregation. At Easter, in 1844, at the annual sale and renting

of pews, certain square pews accommodating eight or ten persons with sittings were sold for the occupancy of families. One of these large pews, which belonged to Colonel W. F. P. Taylor, had been rented to a party of Bachelors, who were sold out, and they had to quarter upon friends. This was not agreeable as a continuous engagement, to them or their friends. If I remember correctly, this party was composed of Thos. C. Welch, Dr. S. F. Mixer, Dr. John S. Trowbridge, Ai Rollins, E. P. Pickering, Jas. L. Butler, Chas. Pickering, P. S. Sheldon, and Samuel M. Welch. Soon after Easter, most of these then *young* gentlemen, happened to meet at a champagne supper given at a noted restaurant of the day, called the "Pantheon," which occupied the entire basement of the "Granite Block," and of which Grant P. Robinson, an amateur poet, (not without merit), was the proprietor; and the popular caterer of that time. T. T. Bloomer was the superintendent. During the evening one of the topics of discussion was: What were they to do, for sittings, at "Trinity?" After much talk, one of the gentlemen present offered the suggestion that they then and there organize a new church!

The idea was a novel one to proceed spontaneously from a party of rollicking young men, under the prevailing circumstances; as no one of them had been confirmed into the church!

The matter became earnest. They resolved themselves into a committee of the whole, to undertake this interesting work. The next day they procured pass books, writing in each a heading, for a subscription list for the purpose, and sallied forth to procure signers for the support and maintenance of a new church organization. The efforts for the first week resulted in subscriptions amounting to fourteen hundred dollars. The baby was born! These gentlemen and those who became associated with them began to consider the method of organization. It was necessary, as they supposed to have confirmed church members, to act as Wardens. To do this they persuaded from their allegiance to St. Paul's, Selah Barnard, a Justice of the Peace, and Richard Sears, a Commission Merchant, to become Wardens.

They also strengthened the association by obtaining new adherents and Proselytes ; among them Judge Joseph G. Masten, Dr. James P. White, Dr. Thomas M. Foote, Dr. Josiah Barnes, and others who became prominent members of the Parish.

They first rented the lecture room of the " Young Men's Association " for their Sunday services. This done, a Clergyman came next in order. He was obtained through Bishop DeLancey, in the person of Charles Platt, who just suited the " young men," for he was a young man and we all liked him for it, and being in hearty accord with us, thus St. John's Church came into existence. The young men were zealous ; enthusiastic in building up the Church. The founders and those who engaged with them did not falter in the good work. They all rented for Sunday use, and for the support of the Church, the plain wooden settees of the lecture room, at expensive figures, but used them very little, themselves acting as ushers, standing near the threshold, inviting new people to come in, filling their own seats first, until the meetings filled the room to overflowing ; thus encouraging the attendance of additional paying members and adding to the congregation.

There were some remarkable circumstances attending the building of the Church edifice at the corner of Swan and Washington Streets. After St. John's Parish was fairly established, came talk of a lot for a Church building ; the present Church lot was purchased. The architectural plans, which were drawn by Calvin N. Otis, were exhibited and adopted. The floor plan shewing the arrangement of the pews as they were to be, which were to be sold to obtain the money to build the Church. The choice of pews of which the valuations had been fixed by the committee having that matter in charge, were sold at a premium to the highest bidder, upon the following terms : the premiums bid to be paid in cash ; the valuation or upset price of the pew, the buyer to give his promissory notes payable in three, six, nine, twelve, fifteen and eighteen months, thus giving him time to make easy payments and providing the money for building purposes about as rapidly as it would be needed. The writer, quite young at

the time, together with his brother, paid a premium of ten dollars to enable us to buy a certain pew, (number fifty-five, in the centre aisle I think), of the nominal value of three hundred and fifty dollars, which we had selected as our choice. Surely a good financial scheme for building a church without begging the money by subscription.

At the two first meetings for the sale of pews, the sales amounted to over twenty thousand dollars, and this, too, before ground had been broken for the foundation.

Another noteworthy matter commendable in the persons who had the building of St. John's in charge, was the fact that the materials, building and completion of the church, together with its fixtures, organ and adornments, were all of Buffalo production. Our "Black Rock" stone was used in the superstructure; the stained glass which decorated the windows was designed and made here, the gas chandelier, (a miniature Sun), was originated and constructed here, as was the first Grand Organ, manufactured by Gerrett House, and a splendid organ it proved to be; it was destroyed in the fire, when the Church was burned on a fourth of July night, caused by a sky-rocket.

Soon after the New Church building was opened for Divine worship, or about that time, our young clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Platt, whose arduous duties so told upon him, (never having been physically a strong man), that his failing health gave way and he had to give up his pastorate.

The vestry called the Rev. Montgomery Schuyler who was installed our permanent Rector. He had been a merchant before he became a minister and had acquired those social qualities which made it easy for him to become a favorite with all the people of the parish. He had an agreeable and pleasant address in his intercourse with the people. In the Church he was a clear reader and preached good practical sermons. He was enterprising, sometimes to aggressiveness; possibly acquired through his early experiences in the business world. This personal characteristic is considered a good quality in temporal matters; but in a clergyman his zealous ambition may lead him out of his proper sphere.

St. John's became popular, Mr. Schuyler was generally liked by the people and drew full congregations. He was well supported by having a good choir, a fine organ, and first class organist.

In a few years, owing to causes above alluded to, most of the young founders and their hearty supporters quietly withdrew from the Church, returning to their former loved Trinity and Dr. Ingersoll, and to St. Paul's and Dr. Shelton.

St. John's Church has had several rectors since the Rev. Mr. Schuyler's pastorate—but I will not attempt to follow its history to a later period.

“THE OLD FIRST CHURCH.”

Approaching Buffalo in the early days, that old Presbyterian Church was the first discovered object to welcome you; a beacon light, indicating the central portion of the town, many times to the weary traveler a light and guide to a haven of rest, physically and spiritually. It was the tallest structure and tower in the town; it was not cribbed and confined by its surroundings as it now is, and overshadowed by more beautiful and grander architectural buildings. This plain structure was decorated with little wooden spirals minarets, or like brobdingnagian chessmen, placed at intervals along its balustrade round the main building, and upon its tower and steeple. These supposed ornaments are gone, otherwise the *edifice* is not much changed from what it was in the thirties. Along side of it was the brighter St. Paul's, looking for all the world as its gayer, more cheerful wife or little sister.

How many old memories cluster around this old substantial fact, but a fact only for the time being. It is bound to pass away, therefore, is it a fact? I have fancied a fact to be something fixed, reliable, that will remain, not subject to change; “we want facts, stubborn facts,” said “Mr. Gradgrind.” However, it is “The Old First Church” of to-day, 1889. It was the first Church of Buffalo although its present ground hold was not

secured to it until 1820. Take it away; scatter its congregation; what have we left to remind us of the youth-time of Buffalo? If it be an orthodox Church, its purposes heavenly, meaning a fact forever, its material, visible facts will become changed. We call it old. What is old? Our city? It's name? Our history in its primitive incipency? We cannot count a century; and yet we write of matters we call old; that are almost closed books, unknown to the present generation of Buffalonians, and therefore new to them. I am not an old man: and yet *my name-sake who died the year I was born* was himself born in the reign of Queen Anne. (The record may be found in "Blake's biographical dictionary.") Only reflect, nearly one hundred years before Buffalo was born, but two lives; the second not ended.

We came to Buffalo, that is, my mother's family, in 1830. Her proclivities were respectability and inclination to churchly example. For a short period she adopted the "Old First" as her place of worship, sending her children there to Sunday-school. One of my first experiences in that old Church was to me very grievous. I was a child; but the recollection is as vivid as if it were yesterday. My mother, vain of the nice appearance of her children, rigged me up in my first boyish attire, for a summer Sunday suit, more like a popinjay, than a human boy, very much to my infantile disgust and mortification; in short breeches, which are now commonly worn by young boys, but then an extreme fashion for the pampered children of the wealthy people of the east. The garments were of a bright straw color, made of light, soft, wool texture, to the breeches of which was sewed a white watered silk, as a vest, over which a short coat or jacket, with short bunched flaps behind, sticking out like a bobtailed pony, the front covered with numerous pearl buttons, which were also down the sides of the knee breeches, below which, were ring-stripe silk stockings, little pumps, and very thin soled, light, low shoes, without heels, tied with double bows of ribbon. Mounted on my head was a shiny black silk hat of the Sicilian bandit style; thus complete, I was the

observed of all observers, more like a handsomely tricked out monkey than a rollicking boy. I dreaded the approach of those bright summer Sunday mornings, when I had to go to this Church, in this guise, with swollen eyes and tear-stained cheeks, from grief and mortified pride. I shrank from the broad grins and jeers of the street *gamins* and gutter snipes; shunned the leers and mockery of the more plainly dressed children of the Church, while crouching close under my mother's dress wings. At last I conquered the parrot uniform and it disappeared. Later on I used to be sent to Sunday-school to study the old Calvinistic catechism, and was taught to believe that God was a cruel tyrant. I was sent to Church to sit in the gallery seats, as many other boys did. I used to run away sometimes, with the bad boys in the Sunday-school, down to Black Rock to see the glass blowers, and to avoid my Sunday-school and teacher, to get licked when I got home.

There was at that time a Sexton of the Church named Newland, who was to the children who frequented the gallery a dreaded ogre. I was one day in the gallery a victim to those detestably long prayers, suffering the tortures of forcing nature, fearing to go out until compelled. I tried to steal quietly out on tiptoe, when I was confronted on the stairs by that slippered ogre and driven back with Newland's unmerited rebuke: "I won't have you boys stealing out of church during services." As I thought in my childish mind, that he owned the church and all that therein was, and kept the keys of heaven, I must obey, but in my pain, I mentally vowed that no earthly power would ever catch me inside those portals again. This was confirmed by the crushing fear I entertained for those to me, austere and severe Deacons, "Callender," "Goodell," "Bryant and Stocking," of those days.

I kept my vow until long after I reached manhood, and gave the "Old First" a wide berth, while voluntarily going ever after, or until the organization of Trinity Church, to the little gothic blue church of St. Paul next door, and being patted on the head and lugged by the ear, (his habit), by good, rough spoken Dr. Shelton, whom the boys loved and love his memory still. Years

after, when whiskers fringed my face, when I used to see old Newman detecting round about the Church, those old childish feelings of resentment came back to me, and I mentally expressed my disgust of him, thus: "You old Quilp, you." I however did not fear the genial Pastor, the Reverend Sylvester Eaton.

There was one bright episode that sometimes relieved the irksomeness of my compulsory attendance in that gallery of the Church. It was the presence in the opposite gallery and the marching in and out, to the drum and fife, of Col. McKay's "High-School" boys.

At a later period my memory revives another scene, in and about the "Old First." In the month of April, 1841, funeral obsequies and ceremonies were observed in numerous cities and towns, in honor of the dead President William Henry Harrison. Only one month previous to his death, he had been inaugurated President of the United States after almost a year of Jubilee, which the campaign of his election, and the interregnum between his election and inauguration might be called.

When the good old man died the whole country was in mourning. In Buffalo we had an immense funeral parade and cortège, considering the size of the town. All the military organizations which then were in greater numbers than to-day; the volunteer firemen, civic societies and civilians all turned out. The solemnities were held in the First Presbyterian Church. Although in April, the day was sunny, with a summer heat. The long procession, which took a prescribed route of some two miles arrived at the Church, travel worn, in the heat and dust. The Church would not contain a moiety of the people gathered there. The Military and Firemen opened ranks for the passage into the Church of the Government and City officials, Civic Associations and the long escort of civilians, and filled the Church to overflowing. The Pastor of the Church, the Rev. Dr. A. T. Hopkins, after the opening exercises made an extemporaneous prayer, the length of which no man of this after generation can conceive. After which the orator of the day, Judge Horatio J. Stow, who

presumably, was suffering from a temporary aberration of mind, brought on perhaps by the heat of the day, and the intensity of his grief, delivered himself of his oration, which had in it nothing to commend, but much to condemn. A multitude of words strung out almost to the "crack of doom," without rhyme, reason or common sense; it was a burlesque, I give you one or two lines of this extraordinary drivel:

"William Henry Harrison, whose death we this day deplore,
was born very young."

"William Henry Harrison was born in his cradle and rocked."

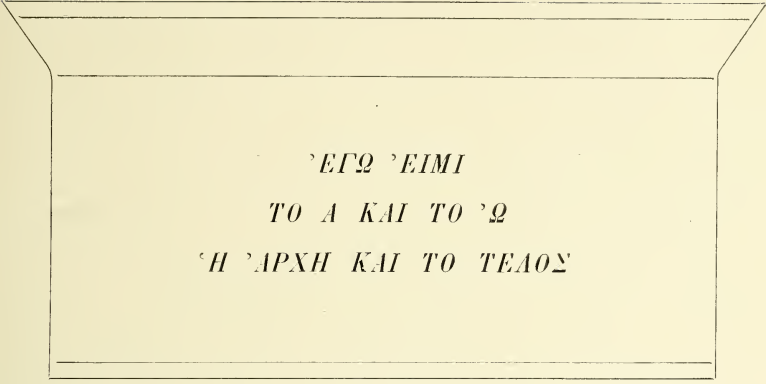
Three mortal hours did that weary multitude listen to that elongated prayer and that travesty of Marc Antony's oration over the dead body of Cæsar.

It was sometime in the thirties that a popular preacher named Phinney, held a protracted meeting at the "Old First" and crowds of worshippers packed the Church, notably at the evening sessions. One evening during his exhortations, there was a sudden shock or cracking, as if the galleries were giving way, creating a panic in the Church. Some of the people not having sufficient faith in the stability of the Church, rushed out, and others jumped from the upper windows. I can only recall the name of one well known, highly respected fellow citizen who it was said, did so; the initial letters of his name are P. P. P.

DR. LORD'S CHURCH.

On the north-west corner of Genesee and Pearl Streets, was erected during the decade of the thirties an edifice, known as "Dr. Lord's Church."

It was an unique structure; the outside was designed from some Grecian model, formed like a miniature Parthenon, stripped of its columns. The front elevation, of hewn stone; on the entablature above the architrave was a Greek inscription in raised cut letters on the stone, thus:



ὙΕΓΩ ὙΕΙΜΙ
 ΤΟ Α ΚΑΙ ΤΟ Ω
 ὙΗ ὙΑΡΧΗ ΚΑΙ ΤΟ ΤΕΛΟΣ

Translation :

“I am (The) Alpha and (The) Omega, The beginning and the end.”

The entrance was from broad, high, stone steps on either side into two front doors, otherwise the main front wall was blank. Within the Church or the *auditorium* were the distinctive features of the building. It was elliptical, or egg shape; that form being adopted for its supposed good acoustic qualities. The speaker's platform and desk was just within and between the two entrance doors; from which he spoke, as into the hollow of the egg; fronting the speaker's platform at the opposite pole of this singularly shaped room, was the choir; a low semi-circular gallery. The roomy front seats or chairs, nearly on a level with the congregation, like the orchestra of a theatre, were reserved for the band, with their music stands. There was no organ, but there was a brass and string band to accompany the voices of the singers. On the wall above the balcony and choir was lettered:

“As well the Singers as the Players on instruments shall be there.”

In speaking to a friend who formerly attended this Church he was kind enough to send the original bill or proposition for the instruments of the band, of which the following is a *verbatim* copy:

One Double Bass or Viola,	- - - - -	\$ 25.00
{ Violin and Violone—a Tenor Viol, are good instruments, but difficult ones to play—and it is somewhat questionable whether they had better be attempted. }		
One Clarion,	} - - - - -	40.00
One Bassoon,		
One Kentish Horn (or Bugle, keyed),	- - - - -	20.00
One Trombone (not important except on rare occasions),	-	15.00
Two Six-Keyed Flutes, \$20.	- - - - -	40.00
One Oboe, -	- - - - -	15.00
One Serpent,	- - - - -	20.00
Chinese Bells, -	- - - - -	40.00
Cymbals, -	- - - - -	30.00
		<hr/> \$ 245.00

“There is an instrument about the size of a Piano—combining the excellencies of the Organ without being so expensive—and also destitute of some of its defects.—In your church I think it would be highly useful as an accompaniment to the voices. I have never seen one entirely perfect, but they are to be found in New York. The instruments above named cannot always be used to advantage, with the choir, except the bases and flutes and violins. The name of the last instrument I believe is “Ter-aphima” but it may be known generally by another cognomen of which I am ignorant. It will cost from \$150 to \$200.

The Church was lighted by day, by a long, oval dome, of colored glass, corresponding with the unusual form of its interior construction, which gave a brilliant crowning effect to the unique interior, which was further enhanced by an artistically beautiful chandelier conforming to the shape of the dome, which shone with sparkling, colored rays of beauty in the evening.

High upon the sides and around the Church, under the frieze, was this hand-writing on the wall :

“Keep thy foot, when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear, than give the sacrifice of fools.”

At this time Dr. John C. Lord was in his young manhood (about thirty), and used to discourse some most logical and brilliant sermons ; a man of splendid talents. He had a national reputation for wisdom and ripe scholarship, with the impressive dignity of cultivated and enlarged intelligence. He was a leading man among our list of eminent clergymen. It would be just and proper to give him a more eulogistic chronicle of his many great points of character.

During the "irrepressible conflict" prior to the "Great Rebellion," when anti-slavery or pro-slavery was the all important question of the day, Doctor Lord became widely known through his lecture or sermon on the "Higher Law."

This Church was built for Doctor Lord by the liberal contributions of his friends, in which he himself and Doctor Ebenezer Johnson largely assisted.

It was an attractive Church for its singular construction; its music, the social character of its people and particularly for its Pastor. The attendance became too large for its seating capacity; the lot on which it was built was too small, and the Church so constructed that it was soon found necessary to build a larger building. The sequel was and is: the "Central Presbyterian Church" of to-day, on the opposite or north-east corner of Genesee and Pearl Streets.

There is a couple of episodes in Doctor Lord's career, for the direct truth of which, I decline to be held responsible, yet they are spicy and amusing to relate. Possibly I may be guilty of an impropriety by inserting them here, but they were current verbal "yarns" of the gossipers of that time:

When a young man he was a student at law. I am not sure but he had been admitted to practice, at the bar. I believe he was also a theological student. He had a companion, also a young lawyer, George P. Barker; both bright, eloquent young men, with an abundance of "*cheek*" or confidence to carry through whatever they desired or designed to do.

It was said of them that when their exchequer began to show signs of depletion, they would improvise some scheme for its replenishment. As on an occasion they would organize a missionary expedition of which the missionaries were composed of themselves, and hie them to the country, or Canadian villages round about Buffalo, (perhaps Waterloo, U. C.) of a Saturday, and by giving out notices of the holding of religious services next day in some meeting house having no stated minister, they would call together quite a full congregation of the faithful and those

suffering for need of gospel food, or evangelical curiosity. One would do the reading and the other the preaching. Both being young men of handsome appearance and eloquent speakers, their mission was sure to please and satisfy their congregations of good people. Among them, perhaps a local Elder or Deacon, who would rise at a proper moment, and with slow dignity propose that a collection be taken up for the "spread of the gospel," and in aid of the good men, who had that day given them so much comfort and satisfaction. The usual collections on those occasions gave *them* considerable *satisfaction*.

It was said, that the marriage of Doctor Lord with Miss Johnson, a daughter of Dr. Ebenezer Johnson, our first Mayor, was a case of elopement. Their union not being approved by the Governor at the head of the household, they fled from the paternal mansion, (the Italian cottage on Delaware Street). The evening was drizzly and dark; the young lady escaped out of one of the rear windows. It seems that directly beneath the window was a covered cistern of rain water; that in jumping from the window into the arms of her lover, she slipped through his arms, and one of the loose covers of the cistern into the water. Here was a complication of difficulties, which must be met; the lover was compelled to haul her out in a very moist condition. This did not *dampen* their ardor: getting instantly into the carriage in waiting for them, in the Park Lane, wet and bedraggled as they were, they drove to the house of the Misses Kimberly on Main Street, and by their aid and sympathetic maiden assistance, the bride was arrayed in dry, borrowed, improvised finery, fit for the ceremony, and before the morning watch, they were launched into matrimony.

Before leaving the home of her childhood, Miss Johnson penned and left the following note as P. P. C., for her cruel parent:

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away;

blessed be the name of the Lord."

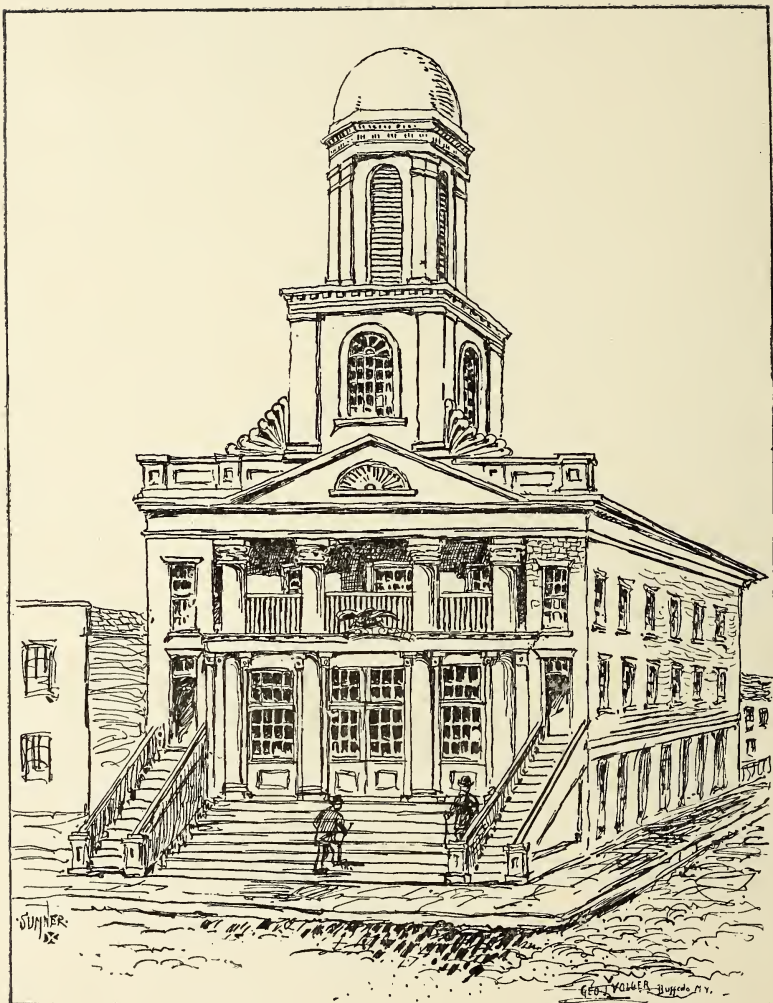
BAPTIST.

The first Baptist Church of my recollection, was situated at the north-east corner of Washington and Seneca Streets. A high basement, red brick affair, with a small round steeple or tower, surmounted by a bald headed silvered dome, the silver part chronically tarnished. This tower portion of the building was its only apparent mark of ostentation, and that might have been dispensed with, for any architectural beauty it added; even with it, it rivaled in plainness all the other ecclesiastical structures of Buffalo in the thirties.

Neither my researches, nor my stock of reserved information tells me when this church building was erected; I think however it must have been early enough to have competed with the oldest societies; neither can I remember but few of its members or attendants at that time.

Among the gifted Clergymen that Buffalo was honored with during the period of which I am writing, were the "Tuckers," (Baptists.) There must have been quite a numerous class of that name; as their clerical representatives in this vicinity numbered at least four. There were the Reverend Lucius H. Tucker, M. D., the Reverend Doctor Elisha Tucker; Reverend Levi Tucker, and the Reverend Anson Tucker of Lockport, who was occasionally called to supply the Buffalo pulpit in the absence of the other "Tuckers."

When this society had completed its new home, the "Washington Street Baptist Church," between South Division and Swan Streets and but one square north of its old home, the old building was appropriated to business purposes, small shops occupied the basement, underneath what had been the audience room of the old Church, the shops facing Seneca Street. The auditorium of the Church which was reached by ascending some high steps facing Washington Street, was converted to the use of the United States Branch Post Office. By a still higher approach the outside steps attained the third or gallery floor, which had been converted into offices. The diminutive tower and dome were permitted to remain. Thus it became a useful and thrifty



OLD BAPTIST CHURCH.
TRANSFORMED TO OLD POST-OFFICE.

structure, if not an artistic one, nor an entirely safe building for the United States Mails.

Our old friend Thomas S. Hawks, who so long presided over the Miscellaneous News and Book Store on Seneca Street, first commenced his business here. By permission of our good natured Phillip Dorsheimer, Postmaster at the time, Hawks was allowed the use of a space within the outside or lobby of the Post Office, where he placed a table, (it was an old fashioned two leaved dining table), which he called a "News Stand." The table was served up daily with a few copies of the Buffalo dailies: the "Commercial Advertiser," the "Buffalo Journal," and the "Star;" a half-dozen New York Herald, Courier and Enquirer, Journal of Commerce, and the Mammoth New York Weeklies, "The New World," and "Brother Jonathan," (these last were in one folio, but they were gigantic in size, nothing like them in these later days); with a box of pencils, another of pen holders and steel pens, comprised Hawks' stock. If I do not err, this was the pioneer introduction to the business known as "News Dealers," which has since grown into considerable proportions.

Hawks was very much annoyed, worried and bothered by the street boys, idle scamps running in and about the Post Office, shouting to him "Tommyhawk! Night-hawk! Tommyhawk!" However, he lived through it, and died very much respected, with a comfortable fortune made from this small beginning.

The property was subsequently purchased for the Government and a Government building built on the site of the old church. The United States Government has recently, after protracted and laborious endeavor, completed a lean-to addition to it, to accommodate the ever-increasing demands for room to transact its business.

When the Baptist Society exchanged houses of worship for their new Church building, there soon began to be a considerable increase in its number of worshippers and in the wealth and prominence of its people. There were also changes in its pastorate. The Tucker dynasty continued in another Doctor of Divinity of that family, who presided over its welfare. Soon

also came the Rev'd John Overton Choules. Dr. Choules was an Englishman by birth but a first-class American by adoption.

It was not long before Dr. Choules became a deservedly popular citizen, as well as clergyman, attracting many outsiders to the fold of the Baptist Church. A man of pleasing manners, hearty in his greetings, entertaining, and agreeable in social intercourse, which was not cramped by sect or clanship, but liberal with all. As a preacher he took rank with the eminent men who at that time were with us, presiding over other denominations.

In person, Dr. Choules was the typical polished Englishman; in appearance and manners, more bland than blunt, with the grafted geniality of the American gentleman. He was rather under the average stature, but quite full in form, clear, intellectual countenance, so pleasing as to invite your intercourse; a bright eye behind his gold spectacles. A brother of the writer, when in conversation with me, used to call him: "that little round, oily man of God."

Dr. Choules was so desirable a companion, that, when "Commodore" Cornelius Vanderbilt made his four months' trip, in his private yacht, the steamship "North Star," touching at all the principal ports of Europe from St. Petersburg to Naples, not forgetting to land in Asia and Africa, he selected Dr. Choules as one of the party of twenty-five; all the others being connected with the "Commodore" either by the ties of consanguinity or marriage; and they were a merry party.* Dr. Choules was at one time a Chaplain in our Navy.

There were in the congregation of the "Washington Street Baptist Church" quite a number of our prominent citizens: professional men, merchants and other business men, some of whom are with us now and in active business, after an experience of fifty years. Notably, Sherman S. Jewett and Daniel C. Beard.

* It is worthy of record, here or elsewhere, that at the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861, "Commodore" Vanderbilt gave to the United States Government a steamship, "The Vanderbilt," costing one million of dollars, to aid her Crippled Navy in a time of need.

METHODIST.

The first of the Methodist Churches which the writer remembers, stood a little way down Niagara Street, on the block on the south-westerly side, west of Pearl Street. A large framed and clapboarded building, barn-like, with its gable end flush with the limits of the sidewalk.

It was a prosperous and a popular meeting-house. Being quite centrally located, it drew to its fold many new acquisitions of worshippers from our increasing population; though they might not have been previously of the Methodist persuasion.

The late Reverend Gleason Fillmore, who died recently at nearly one hundred years of age, frequently preached in that Church building or meeting-house to many gratified listeners; his presence here, was always warmly greeted by his many friends, many of whom belonged to other denominations than Methodists. He was a man much respected and revered by all who knew him. The Centennial birthday of his widow was celebrated in one of the towns of this county in 1887 by a numerous assemblage of old friends.

The membership and attendance overflowed the capacity of this primitive meeting-house; its members became ambitious for a new and larger and more attractive edifice wherein to worship. The outcome of that progressive spirit was the erection of the stone building on the opposite block, on Niagara Street lately belonging to a Jewish Society and used by them as a synagouge but which this year has been sold for a new Masonic Temple, now in the course of erection.

Soon after their desires were accomplished, or so much as seemed to them ever possible, with an unfinished tower or steeple, (which remained until the building was taken down the past year), and which was a continued reproach to those aspiring methodical Christians. The prosperity of that society began to wane. Dissensions and divisions in the congregation arose; an unsettled feeling became manifest, which finally resulted in a swarming off from the parent stock, for new fields, and more united purpose of the larger part of its adherents. To stem this

current of disaffection the remaining members, loyal to the old original organization, renewed with more zealous fervor their spiritual exertions for the general welfare; with faith in their hopes and expectations, they battled to maintain the old society and more recent church building.

Protracted meetings were instituted, with continuous prayer meetings and exhortations, which were almost unceasing. This unusual spiritual excitement continuing so long attracted the attention of the outside world; who were drawn there by curiosity, rather than religious sympathy, and who went to the prayer meetings and attended the services in considerable numbers.

Among the members was a stalwart man, an earnest and faithful worker in the church, a man whose feet were of unusual size, who was known to most every one as "Big Footed Madison," who kept a "Temperance House," at the corner of Main Street and the Canal bridge, west side. There was also a lusty Negro who was an ardent member of this society, who now and then became quite excited with the so called "power." Both of these persons were constant in their attendance at the evening prayer meetings, where Amens were scattered about promiscuously in all tones and expressions of voice; some in those of satisfaction, some in appealing ones; some dwelling on the A! men; some short, sharp and decisive Am'n; again in a dictatorial, peremptory *AMEN!* These were interspersed by a variety of ejaculations. The irreverent young men in town, had dubbed this meeting house the "Eel-Pot;" meaning many eels, squirming in a boiling pot. These young scape-graces, for lack of other entertainment would attend these prayer-meetings to the great disgust of the praying members, who would occasionally hear their sacreligious allusions to a boiling cauldron.

On one occasion the stalwart with the exaggerated pedals, prayed warmly that the devil might be *curtailed*, in the sinful and ungodly young men in their midst, when the greasy shining faced member from Africa, with upturned face suddenly broke out in vetoing voice:

Yes! bress God! cut 'em tails smack, smove off! Thereupon the scoffers or young men in the tail end of the Meeting House cut off and away.

I hope and trust the reader will forgive the writer of any seeming intention of irreverent levity, in writing the foregoing, as I am only picturing the occurrences and gossip of the period.

This church or congregation continued to drop away and finally, wholly disbanded; and the scattering members were gathered into other societies of the same persuasion, so that good came of it at last; for, from the seed of the old Mother Church sprung up three quite vigorous churches.

UNITARIAN.

The building standing on the corner of Eagle and Franklin Streets, directly north of the City Hall, now known as the "Austin Building," owned by the heirs of, and named for one of our early settlers, (Stephen G. Austin), was formerly the site of the "First Unitarian Society" Church. The building was the same and yet not the same. When used as a Church, it was much smaller and more plain in appearance. Architecturally it was much like an ordinary trunk with an elevated top, with a high narrow door at one end; in fact, like most of our early churches, the non-attempt at any known style of architecture, made them of an anomalously uniform, nondescript character. The box form seemed to be the prevailing taste of our local builders during the period of those old thirties.

Instead of an architect to guide them, builders mostly depended on the square, compass and chalk line.

Architecture as a profession was very little known here, practically, in that decade. The first regular or professional architect I remember here, was Henry G. Harrison. He designed the North Presbyterian Church, and the dwelling of Gurdon C. Coit, now owned by Mrs. William H. Glenny and where she resides.

The "Unitarian Society," or Church, numbered among its members and people, some of our most reliable and honored cit-

izens ; cultured, refined, and giving a high tone of character to our community, in public matters, business and social intercourse ; together with practical charity and their efforts to improve general education.

The writer used to observe among its members the old law firm of Fillmore, Hall & Haven. They were in public office in Washington at one and the same time, as President, Postmaster General, and Member of Congress. It was an appropriate remark frequently uttered, at the time : that the firm should take down the old sign from their office door here, and place it over the door beneath the *porte cochère* at the "White House."

In the decade of the thirties I would see at that Church the three brothers, Macy, John B., Sam., and Frank, as they were then known, active Buffalonians ; Isaac S. Smith a widely known man, I believe more of a Quaker than Unitarian. He was once a candidate for Governor of this State. Also the families of Noah P. Sprague, William Lovering Sr., Oliver G. Steele, Sr., John W. Beals, Samuel W. Hawes, C. H. Coleman, John H. and Charles Coleman, A. G. C. Cochrane, C. F. S. Thomas, Charles A. Milliken, George W. Houghton. William Fiske, Ethan H. Howard, Henry G. White, Samuel N. Callender and others.

The first, or one of the earliest Pastors of the flock, was the Reverend George W. Patterson, who afterwards became a seceder from that faith and entered the ministry in the Episcopal Church ; after him, they had for many years that much loved minister Doctor George W. Hosmer ; a man justly esteemed and honored by all our citizens of whatever denomination, sect or class. A man marked by his benevolence, amiability, and genial kindness, who always endeavored to do his whole duty to himself, his Church, and the community in which he lived. An arduous worker in the cause of education and the improvement of our educational system, and doing much to help and advance benevolent objects. A portly, finely appearing man, of handsome and benignant countenance, and with good address in public or private. His sermons scholarly, finished lectures, you listened to them with a feeling of home influence hovering around you. Af-

ter a long pastorate when he left us for other fields of usefulness, we all felt as if parting with a long tried personal friend. It must have been much more of a trial and regret, his parting with those of his immediate church flock.

UNIVERSALIST.

To my mind, grounded and early taught in the catechism of the orthodox Calvinistic Presbyterian faith, having been baptized in a Church of that sect, I believed that every one who was not born the second time, and who did not believe and comply with that doctrine, would most assuredly not reach the Kingdom of Heaven, but be sent, on his or her demise, forthwith to sheol. I will say right here, that the terrible fear of death, that children and young people held in those days, was almost entirely caused by their religious teachings. Of course to hold to any heretical doctrine or belief like that of the Universalists: that all were eventually to be saved, the propagators of such a doctrine, would all, indiscriminately, go forever to an ocean of burning fire,

“ Tempest tossed perpetually,
Burning continually yet unconsumed ;
Dying perpetually yet never dead.”

Therefore we children were wont to look upon the Universalist Church with fear and horror, as the entrance to the gates and mouth of hell !

The first Universalist Church which I remember, stood on Washington Street between Swan and South Division Streets, in the intimate neighborhood of the “ Washington Street Baptist Church,” which was next door ; thus anticipating the time when universal peace would reign : when the lion would “ nest hide ” with the lamb. This Church was a frame structure with a steeple and spire pointing to regions where all its members expected to go. Many of the so-called Christians of the evangelical denominations were in the habit of calling this Universalist Church the “ Assurance Office.” Among its members

were a good many honorable people, good citizens, whom I remember, whose known probity of character was unquestioned. It was characteristic of the members of this Church, that they were not hypocrites; as were many counterfeit Christians attending other denominations.

About '38 or '39 the congregation of this Church being too small in numbers and too limited in means, to give it ample support, and rather than go in debt, the Trustees rented it for a time to the newly organized "Trinity Church," which had been worshipping in Duffy's old "Buffalo Theatre."

I was an attendant at Trinity Church at this period, and occupied a seat in the body of the Church within two or three pews and directly in front of the high box pulpit with its double diverging stairs sweeping round each way, forming a curved semi-circular inclosure to the platform beneath, in its front. On the panel forming the center front of this high pulpit, which was painted in mazarin blue and sanded, and which sparkled in the rays of a bright sunlight or the reflection from the chandeliers, was this inscription in gold letters: (not, "To the Unknown God") but:

"GOD
IS
LOVE."

I have read this sentence a thousand times and my young mind would often reflect upon its significance.

If the Universalists taught this as one of their primary, fundamental principles, they could not go far wrong. Instead of teaching that nine-tenths of the human race were to be cast into outer darkness, where there are weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth, in that burning abyss to be tortured ETERNALLY. Oh! Horrible doctrine! Fear God? Why no! He is my Heavenly Father!

Later on, after "Trinity Church" occupied their own building and the Universalists had returned to their own home, I occasionally would go there, to hear that eminent preacher Stephen R.

Smith, expound certain mooted passages of the Bible and prove them in accord with other and seemingly contradictory passages. He was a man of impressive appearance; strongly resembled Henry Clay, and a marvel of eloquent erudition in explanation of the Bible. He was the father of Junius S. Smith, of this city.

ST. LOUIS.

Last, though not least, among the historical churches of Buffalo, we cannot omit to mention the most representative of the largest numerical denomination in Buffalo or America.

When the City of Buffalo was in its babyhood days, there lived in a substantial brick dwelling on a large lot at the corner of Main and Crow Streets, facing the old "Mansion," (the open side lot being on Main Street and used for a flower garden,) one of our early settlers, a French gentleman and his family, who was familiarly known as Mr. LeCouteulx, whose full name and title was Count Louis Stephen LeCouteulx de Caumont. He first came to this country just subsequently to the American Revolution; and in 1787 made his declaration to become a citizen of the United States. He established himself in business in Albany but finally came to reside in Buffalo in 1804. He was a family connection of LaFayette. He held several public offices: among them County Clerk of Niagara County, which at that time included our County of Erie. He died in 1839, at the age of eighty-four.

I distinctly remember as a lad the appearance of the old gentleman on our streets on fine summer days. I often gazed upon him as a picture of a refined elderly gentleman, dignified and genial, with a benevolent countenance, elegant in dress. I call to mind one occasion when I saw him on Main Street, passing leisurely by "Cheapside," (westerly side of Main Street, below Seneca), it could not have been but a little while before his death. It was in the afternoon of a soft summer day; he was tall and erect and faultlessly dressed, wearing a long, black French surtout

unbuttoned, showing the finest of linen cambric shirt front, with ruffles and ruffled wristbands with jewelled links, black cloth knee breeches, silk stockings and high-low shoes with wide silver buckles; his chapeau in one hand, an exquisitely fine and white linen cambric handkerchief, held delicately in his left hand, while between the thumb and forefinger he held his jewelled gold snuff box, and seemed to take much pride, while offering it to all who addressed him, in explaining that it was the gift of his friend Louis XVI. His silver gray hair was tied as a cue; his deportment and demeanor were singularly very attractive, seemingly desirous of recognizing every familiar face he met, and offering the compliments of the day, with a pinch of snuff from his historical box and conversing with his many friends, thus embodying all the attributes of a polished French gentleman of the old school.

He was the founder of St. Louis Church, and perpetuated it by the generous gift of the large lot upon which the church stands; which gift was enriched by all the land extending west of it to Delaware Street. That portion of the property not directly needed for a church, Priest's residence, and schools, was given for the support of the Ministry in that Church.

The first Church structure on this site, built in the early thirties, was a large rough-cast, very plain, building without steeple, tower, minaret or belfry, an imitation of an old Normandy Church, showing through the stucco its sustaining and strengthening, smoke-dark beams.

The second St. Louis Church was a very capacious building; it was built entirely over and around its predecessor. It was a substantially built, plain, brick structure; the old one was continuously used for Church service during the progress of building its extinguisher. When the second building was covered in and finished for use, the old first building was taken down and literally pitched out of the windows of the second.

Mr. LeCouteulx was conservative and moderate in his ideas of the future of Buffalo, yet he believed in its substantial growth,

and loved the place of his adoption, with the confiding faith and love of an early settler, and therefore provided liberally for the future of this Church. But, he builded better than he then knew. The site for the Church was a good one. On the Main Avenue of the town, out of hearing of its congregated noises, at considerable distance from the centre of the town as then established for business purposes, and for private residences. No doubt, in naming this site for the Church, Mr. LeCouteulx thought of the rural Churches and their romantic surroundings in his far-away early home in Normandy.

When this property was deeded for the uses of the Church, which was in 1829, Franklin and Delaware Streets were not at that time improved from ordinary country roads, as far up-town as that locality; Franklin Street was the most used of the two, extending northward to a road which turned to the north-east about where Virginia and Carlton Streets are now. The western portion of the property included in this gift, is at the north-east corner of Delaware Avenue and Edward Streets, upon which are six private residences subject to a ground rent to the Church corporation; the land having been leased on renewable leases from period to period according to re-valuations; thus giving increased incomes for the support of its ministry. Certainly if the donor had foreseen the wisdom subsequently developed in making this entire gift for the Church and its endowment, he would have been most happily gratified.

The Trustees of St. Louis Church and its members, were always of our most respectable and honorable citizens, among our German and French residents and their descendants.

It is a noteworthy circumstance in connection with "St. Louis Church," that the Trustees and congregation have built and occupied four different Church buildings on the same site, since the thirties; or in the past fifty years. The third, a temporary structure, but of large seating capacity, was erected for occupancy during the interim while building the new Church to replace the one destroyed by fire.

The present edifice which was completed and dedicated on St. Louis Day, August 25th, 1889, has proven to be one of the fairest architectural ornaments in Church work in Buffalo.

REVIVALS.

The Presbyterians, Methodists and other Church organizations had their seasons of excitement, mostly in winter, when the minds of the people were not so much engrossed with business affairs as at other times. The revivalists and exhorters also had more time to devote to these special missions and the harvest of souls was sure to prove greater during the dark and stormy seasons, than in the bright and happy ones when clouds did not hang heavily o'er our houses.

Protracted meetings or religious revivals were not uncommon; they helped in their way to shorten the winter, by the peculiar interest and excitement that their long evening sessions afforded to many.

I remember the blatant Burchard: a notorious hypocrite and backslider, a demagogue in religion, gained many proselytes at the old Lafayette Street (frame) Church, through his fanatical charlatanism. The crowds that attended his sacrilegious mountebank exhibitions, literally, nearly "brought down the house." Anyhow, it needed considerable repair after the winter's campaign in saving souls. The Jesuitical motto, "The means justify the end," will apply here.

One notable instance of Burchard's success in saving sinners was his bringing to the anxious seat one of our very well-known citizens, one N. D., who was persuaded to think himself a sinner, and through Burchard was brought to repentance; and who secured his adhesion to the Congregational Church. After the winter's conflict with the devil, this gentleman presented Burchard with a team of horses and a family carriage, complete, as an acknowledgment of the giver's gratitude in turning him from the paths of sin. This man died here in 1887 at the age of

87, having been born with the century. Nor do I know but the man had been a good Christian since Burchard's time.

When Burchard was laboring with his usual gymnastic fanatic zeal in Lockport one winter, a lawyer, who was then resident there, who subsequently resided here, (Robert H. Stevens), was in attendance at the Church where Burchard performed, and who pleaded with Stevens to come up on the anxious seat and join the Lord's side. He replied, "Thank you, but I am retained for the other side!"

There was also during one season a protracted revival at the old First Presbyterian Church, led by the celebrated revivalist, Phinney, which was a gratifying success. The revivalist was an educated, earnest man, who stood on a higher plane of character than Burchard—a charlatan whose life was grossly inconsistent with his professions.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHOLERA.

Rather a gloomy chapter heading, for a chatty book of this sort, written with the idea of reviving pleasant memories. I promise, however, that the chapter shall be a short one. I could hardly overlook the subject as one of the eventful occurrences of the thirties.

When it began to be rumored here in 1831, that the people of Europe were being agitated by the approach of the

Asiatic Cholera.

The supposed "black vomit," and "Plague of India," was again ravaging its indigenous country and had started on its progressive march towards Western Europe, and so onward it was coursing its blighting way. We little thought it would reach our embryo western city, then almost on the confines of the wilderness of the unpopulated West. Nevertheless we trembled as it came nearer and nearer to us; now sweeping the steppes of Russia; now on the shores of the Bosphorus and sounding from the "Golden Horn." It began to approach the German Ocean, and Great Britain, via the Rhine, while through the Principalities of Austria and Italy it reached Paris; Madrid and Lisbon did not escape; nor the beautiful women of Cadiz. The Bay of Biscay was its first barricade.

At last this devastating scourge was landed from some Irish emigrant ships at the Port of Quebec in the Spring of 1832. After passing up the St. Lawrence, attacking the settlements of the French *habitans* in Lower Canada, it soon struck Kingston and the North Shore of Lake Ontario and came to Little York, (Toronto,) in Upper Canada; thence it shortly reached Detroit, where it made sad havoc among the United States soldiers mustered there for service in the

"Black Hawk War."

[Black Hawk! was a quite celebrated Indian Chief of the consolidated tribe known as the Sac's and Foxes; a warlike tribe of which he was its hereditary chief, with its ranging home in what is now Illinois and Wisconsin, for several hundred miles on the eastern shore of the Mississippi River. The tribe were incited to war by their chiefs led on by Black Hawk, for the old grievance of a legal robbery of their lands bordering the great stream. General Scott was sent with troops against the Indians, but the cholera hindered him and his operations. They were finally driven to the Wisconsin River, the war quelled, and Black Hawk and his warriors captured.

After the short war was over, Black Hawk and his two sons with several of his warriors were taken under military guard and conducted to Fortress Monroe. They were publicly paraded (exhibited) on horseback through the various towns through which they passed, in warrior and chieftain war costumes. I had a good look at them as they passed through Buffalo under the escort of the late rebel General Twiggs, who at that time was an officer of United States Dragoons.]

Meanwhile, the Cholera was spreading over the West and South-West, particularly among the troops at the forts and military stations, through their interchanging, in their line of duty, in connection with the war.

Buffalo was reached by the dreaded destroyer, and found our people thoroughly demoralized with fear. It may be said, that at the first visitation of the epidemic pestilence, one half of its victims were carried off by fear and fright.

Among its victims were a number of citizens who were well known and stood high in the community. Mr. Chittenden, a lawyer of marked ability, a brother of the then Governor of Vermont. He died in the house of Joseph Clary, on the north-west corner of Franklin and Mohawk Streets, in a square frame structure, built anterior to the brick one, now there and occupied by Dr. A. R. Wright.

I particularly remember the event, for I lived only one block away, a child, attracted by the very long line of carriages at the

funeral. Another lawyer of reputation, Henry White, the then District Attorney, died at the time. These two gentlemen were noted for their fine abilities and splendid appearance among men. —Mr. Chittenden, was I think, a bachelor. Mr. White left two sons, Rufus, the elder, was a Minister. I have heard him preach in our old Trinity Church. Henry, the younger, became a lawyer and promised a brilliant career; but they both passed away in early manhood; they were companions of my early youth.

The writer's mother was severely attacked with cholera at this time and her life only saved through careful nursing and freedom from fear. Her agonies, her appearance, and the general gloom of the people at the time, left a marked impression upon my childish mind. Buffalo was severely afflicted by this visitation, and there were no class exceptions, the Cholera claimed its victims among all ranks of society alike.

The treatment of the disease was mostly experimental, its nature not being understood; Indeed the epidemic, at times, seemed to have full sway, without check. A man might be in apparent good health in the morning and in his grave the same night. Often people were taken away for burial in the night, of the day of their death.

“In the morning it is green, and groweth up;
But in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.”

The death carts would patrol the streets, and when there would seem an indication of a death in a house, the driver would shout “bring out your dead.” Bodies were not permitted to remain unburied over an hour or two, if it were possible to obtain carriers or a Sexton to bury them.

[LORING PEIRCE.]

[Most of this business was performed by Loring Peirce, who for many years was our only Sexton for burials. It was said of him at his death that he had buried over twenty thousand people.

Characteristic stories are told of him, applicable to his vocation, but they are uncanny and will not do to relate here.]

In later years when the epidemic prevailed, it was better understood, and was not so much feared as formerly. It visited us in 1834, but was not so virulent as in '32. In '34 we lost by cholera our Mayor, Hon. Major A. Andrews. It came again in 1849. The cases were much more numerous than in the previous years, but our population meantime had largely increased, so that the percentage was not as great as in '32. In '49 we lost quite a number of well-known citizens. The last time it came in epidemic form was in 1854.

Previous to its first appearance and during its prevalence in '32 and '34, it was almost the universal custom of our people to wear a little bag of gum camphor, suspended about the neck underneath the clothing as a preventative. Subsequently, Dr. J. H. Bird, of Chicago, a son of the late Colonel William A. Bird, of this city, was said to have discovered or invented a specific treatment for Cholera. How effectual it proved to be, I have never learned, but at the time Dr. Bird became famous.

A specific for Cholera was published in the New York *Sun*, many years ago, which took the name of

"The Sun Cholera Mixture."

It has been commended, for several reasons; it is not to be mixed with liquor, and therefore not to be used as an alcoholic beverage, "in plain terms."

"Take *equal parts*: tincture of opium, red pepper, rhubarb, essence peppermint, and spirits of camphor, and mix them for use." In cases of diarrhœa, take a dose of ten to twenty drops in three or four teaspoonfuls of water.

THE ALBANY.

In '49 the writer occupied a suite of rooms in a building on Lloyd Street, directly opposite what was then known as the "Merchants' Hotel," the building then newly erected by our much respected townsman the late Hon. Geo. R. Babcock, all the upper rooms of which were fitted up as bachelor apartments and were fully occupied as such. The building was christened by the bachelors in the customary manner, "The Albany;" taking its

name from a well-known apartment house for swell bachelors in London. Dr. Samuel C. Warren, author of "Ten Thousand a Year," wrote about this time an interesting story entitled "The Bachelor of the Albany."

During the cholera season, all my fellow occupants of the "Albany" stampeded for "Avon Springs," and other healthful resorts. On the night succeeding a day, when there were reported one hundred and four cases of cholera, and eight of which were in the said "Merchants' Hotel," and a merchant named Allen had died on the same street that day, I, in prime good health, began to have a nervous fear come over me, while considering my isolated condition, on the upper floor of the building, in the deep watches of the night, no person within call, the janitor gone until nine in the morning; this nervous fear increased until I verily believed I had the cholera.

Having heard that fear was an actual concomitant of the disease, something must be done! should I dress myself and go out? but where?

I remembered that I had a demijohn of "Prophylactic" at hand, which was concocted of certain sanitary herbs and brandy, and filling a goblet, I drained it to the dregs; slept soundly after it, and woke next morning entirely well, nor suffered another attack that season. [Writing of "The Albany" brings up other memories and occurrences in those delectable lodgings.]

A TORNADO.

In November, following the Cholera of that year, one of those extraordinary tornadoes, which at long intervals visit us, came and shook up the "Albany" to its very foundation. It occurred late in the night, towards morning; my rooms were on the fourth floor next below the roof. The other occupants of that floor were Colonel Hiram Johnson and Edward Eckly. I was awakened by a prolonged crash; hearing the roar of the wind, I immediately divined that the most exposed chimney was that one of the Colonel's, and it had fallen; in an instant more another crash! There! that's Eckley's! Hearing nothing from them, I

started in my *robe-de-nuit* for their rooms; in the hall I met Eckly in a long-bodied night gown; being slender and tall, it gave him a weird unearthly look. He was bound on a similar errand to me; a sight of each other was sufficient; we both wheeled to the right about, returning to our rooms, without either of us uttering a word, and crept to bed again.

Meanwhile the wind was booming "great guns!" the tin roof over our heads had become loosened, and clattered and rumbled alarmingly. I had glanced up at *my* chimney and saw that it was out of plumb with my bed. Suddenly, down it came and crashed through my ceiling! Immediately after, the entire tin roofing rolled over downward in front of my windows, for a moment obstructing the dim, cloudy light of early morning; and there surging in the tempest produced noises like pandemonium; but finally, with a deafening racket, dropped into the street below. I began to think it time to rise, as the gloomy day was showing. Seizing my nether garments I went to the main wall of the building, thinking that if the front walls should fall, I might be rescued from the stumps of the joists in the back or Main Street wall. As soon as I was sufficiently prepared for escape in proper habiliments, I went to the window and took in the situation from my stand-point. I saw a group of men below, who shouted to me to "come down for my life!" "The building was about to fall!" I inclined to their advice and quickly meeting Eckly and Johnson again in the hall, we descended in double quick time.

"The Albany" did not fall, but needed chimneys and a new roof over the fourth floor before it again became habitable.

CHAPTER XV.

CEMETERIES.

Without forgetting the gloomy subject, which is the *finis* of all things worldly for us, it is appropriate in this motley collection of odd pictures and curiosities of local history, to include a short record of where were formerly some of our burying grounds, as one of the end pieces to these memories.

Either through the thoughtful provision of Grandfather Ellicott, or at his suggestion, the members of the "Holland Land Company" provided us a place in which to deposit our remains, when we could no longer stimulate them with vital energy. Mr. Ellicott laid out for us in the village of New Amsterdam, the square bounded by Franklin, Church, Delaware and Eagle Streets for a burying ground. When the remains of those buried there were disinterred, the place was denominated "Franklin Square." It is now as we all know, the site of our grand City and County Hall. When "Forest Lawn" became a burial place, or soon after, most of the remains of our early citizens were transferred to it. Those of extinct families and strangers, that died within our midst and were buried there, were transferred to a large lot in "Forest Lawn" set apart for that purpose. In the Cholera year of 1834, the Trustees of the old "New Amsterdam" burying ground declined to permit the victims of Cholera to be buried there. Nearly the last burial in the old ground was that of Col. Cyrenius Chapin, in February, 1838. Doctor and Col. Chapin was a well-known character here, in those days; an excellent physician and heroically known for his bravery at the Sortie of "Fort Erie," in the war with Great Britain in 1812-'15. He was buried with "military honors." I saw and heard the three volleys fired over his grave, by a battalion of the old "Buffalo City Guard," which grave was then

where now would be the place beneath the present City Treasurer's office.

About that time the three burial places between North and Best Streets, easterly from and near the then head of Michigan Street, came into use. They were divided by a street called Cemetery Street, extending only through the block, making a division of them. The west of Cemetery Street was used as a Catholic ground, and West of it, for the "Potters Field," and to the east of Cemetery Street as a Protestant or general Cemetery.

The "Potters Field" and the Catholic burying grounds, have recently been discontinued, the remains of their occupants removed and the place transformed into a public square or park.

There was also about this time a plot of ground covering the northerly half of the block bounded by North, Delaware and Allen Streets and Bowery Place (now Irving Place) formerly belonging to the late Judge Ebenezer Walden, and conveyed by him to a board of trustees for a Cemetery, which was used for many years by our respectable old families. That ground has been discontinued for burial purposes and the remains removed to "Forest Lawn;" the grounds are now being built upon for fashionable residences.

Again, situated on North Street (the old "Guide Board Road") the boundary between the early City and Black Rock, was the old Black Rock burying ground, situated on the north-west quarter of what is now the "Circle," where most of the old "Black Rockers" were laid away to rest; most of the remains of these early dead have been removed. On the southerly half of the "Circle," contiguous or adjacent to the Black Rock Cemetery, was the "Poor House Burying Ground," as it was known, where were buried the paupers from the "County Alms House," which stood not far away at the junction of York and North Streets and Porter Avenue. "The Guide Board Road" ran in an irregular line between these two burying grounds. We will not say much about the last named ground, its human remains it is to be presumed, have turned to dust.

It is a singular co-incidence that in the wisdom of our early residents, they should have chosen North Street, on which to locate *all* of our Cemeteries ; it was and is the highest ridge of land we have. They must have had keen eyes for the picturesque to have seen the beauties and salubrity of this ridge of land, then mostly covered with pristine foliage ; all along the lines of North and High and Best Streets, it was a charming ramble. Five of the six burial grounds on that street are now discontinued and the property converted to other uses.

North Street being one of the lines of demarcation between the City limits and the towns of Buffalo and Black Rock, may have been the reason of selecting these sites for burial purposes, to place them as far away from the busy and occupied portion of the city as possible, where the lapse of time would be so great before they would be surrounded and covered in, by the tenements of the living, that it was not worth while to consider it. Besides, these mute monitors formed a sort of chain of demarcation between the towns "which to o'er-step was death."

Strange mutability in human affairs and want of foresight in our people, that in one generation six out of seven of our first burial grounds should be abandoned, and the seventh a doubtful place of permanent sepulture.

Our early citizens did not go to places of *final* rest, when they departed, for in one generation they have been hustled out of their graves to make room for the living. Wherever they may now be laid, it is to be hoped they may "rest in peace."

"FOREST LAWN."

Now so beautiful! a place of abiding interest to us all, but specially to the good people of the "thirties" that are still left with us, where many of their friends of that period have been laid to rest, and where most of them that remain expect to be taken. Only known to us in the thirties as the "Granger Farm." Where, within all the boundaries of our town, could we find such another spot of equally varied and picturesque landscape? Discovered in time to save it from the leveling march and Vandalism

of the living and appropriated to its sacred purposes. May no requirements nor necessities of the living ever desecrate this romantic home of the dead.

Passing through the Main Street gates, you cross the old "Granger" grounds over a rural, winding road near the adjacent stream, and where once the "Red Men" met in council. By the wayside, in the shadow, stands the little stone chapel with its belfry, where the "Curfew" might be tolled. Crossing the bridge where in early summer the water comes roaring and rushing as if to awaken the stillness—a picture bursts upon you, of rolling lands, park roads encircling little lakes and streams, a sylvan scene of pastoral beauty. If it be a fair June day, and you walk under the fresh new born green of the trees, it becomes truly a garden of memories, and in your quiet ramble you surely are not alone, but surrounded on all sides by friends and neighbors. Over the old part of the varied lawn into the new, each has its charm, all making it seem almost a pleasure to feel that "at last" in so beautiful a home you can be laid away.

CHAPTER XVI.

"PATRIOT WAR."

The winter season of 1837 and 1838 was memorable for the operations of the so-called "Patriot War."

The *City* of Buffalo has not existed so long as the Pentateuchian age allotted men; the incidents of its history are not as numerous nor so remarkable, as to have acquired that degree of interest which a greater growth of antiquity might otherwise accord it.

To the writer's recollection, which covers the entire life of our said *City*, "The Canadian Rebellion" was one of the most lively episodes which had entertained us. Of course the war with England in 1812-'15 was, to our little hamlet of that time, of greater importance, and our "Great Rebellion" of still more exciting interest. Both of these events are outside our scope; we are simply making record of local occurrences in the decade of the thirties.

Buffalo being in the immediate vicinity of some of its most interesting incidents, "The Patriot War" created more or less excitement in the little city, during its continuance.

It is not my purpose to write a history of this Canadian Rebellion or Patriot War (so called); nor could I write a correct one if I would, not having the data at command, nor the patient application needed for research to "look it up;" nor do it justice. But it having been one of the current events of the decade, which I am trying to picture, it is of such importance that I must not omit it.

Canada was not then known as the "Dominion," covering a confederation of States or Provinces from Ocean to Ocean, among them Quebec and Ontario; but these two were then known as Lower and Upper Canada, with a Governor for the

former and a Lieut-Governor for the latter; and a Private Council of several persons, ten, I believe for each. The local Legislatures, or Provincial Parliaments, were composed of a Council or Superior branch, which, together with the Governors and Privy Council, were appointed by the Crown; the Houses of Assembly or Lower House were elected by the people.

At the time of the rebellion, Lord Gosford was the Governor of Lower Canada and Sir Francis Bond Head, Lieut-Governor of Upper Canada, with his residence at Toronto, (prior to '34 called "Little York,") the Capital, where the Provincial Parliament convened.

In the Legislatures or local Parliaments of the two Provinces were parties or factions of turbulent members, seditionists, encouraging and propagating rebellion and revolution.

The two leading men among these insurrectionists were Louis Joseph Papineau in Lower Canada, and William Lyon Mackenzie in Upper Canada. The latter besides being an "M. P. P.," was the editor of a revolutionary paper in Toronto. Papineau was the representative of the French element in Eastern Canada, while Mackenzie was the central figure at the West.

The schemes of the rebels east and west were not entirely in accord. The people through their Representatives in the popular branch of the Government, in Lower Canada, were much disturbed and opposed to the manner in which they were governed, by the system and personnel of the Government, as being made up, or a preponderance of it, of the aristocratic branches, they wished the Council or the Upper House to come directly from the people and not from the Crown.

Mackenzie and his rebellious patriot followers of the West or Upper Canada, fraternizing with their brethren in Lower Canada, had the hope of establishing an independent government, or eventual annexation with the United States; hence the bond of sympathy then existing with certain classes of people within our borders.

There certainly was at that time a large party of influential Canadians in Upper Canada, who favored annexation.

However, very soon after its incipency, the rebellion assumed considerable proportions and the territory of operations widened out. Unemployed, idle, adventurous men from the United States and men of some talent and reputation, who sought notoriety, started for the seat of war, to join the revolutionists. These men were called "Patriots." Filibustering became epidemic in the Northern States, gathering retainers from the floating population of the border States; a restless, dare-devil, non-producing lot of tramps.

Among these men was a General VanRensselaer, a nephew of the old Patroon of Albany; and a General Thomas J. Sutherland, a lawyer, who left Lancaster, in this County, for Lancaster's good. Among my boyish memories is the visiting of this village of Lancaster in the summer of 1836 and seeing this man Sutherland prancing about the village, pursuing his vocation of stilted pettifogging, wearing a crimson-colored camlet, long frock coat. He was a tall, rather good-looking man; the people about the village dubbed him in derision the "Duke of Lancaster," alluding to his red coat and the "Red Rose of Lancaster." I know not from whence came the military titles of these men. But they and their followers seized the Island in Niagara River belonging to Canada, known by all our ancient black bass and masquelonge fishermen as Navy Island; which is only three miles above the drop of the "Horse-shoe Falls," and in dangerous proximity to its rapids.

This Island they fortified by earth-works and stolen cannon and called it headquarters of the "Patriot Army," from which they issued their manifestoes and proclamations. In November and December of '37 their numbers increased until it was reported there were several thousand upon the Island. (In January, 1838, reported from two to seven thousand.) The latter number no doubt an exaggeration. There were, however, quite enough to cause uneasiness on the part of the Canadian Government, as well as our own, from the fear of embroiling ourselves in a war with England through violation of neutrality laws.

It would seem to me, judging from a non-military stand-point, that the seizure of Navy Island as a strategic point, from whence to conduct military operations, was a blunder on the part of the rebels at the outset. It was a self-imposed military prison for themselves. It was almost immediately invested at its nearest land point on the main shore of Canada, by the "Loyal troops;" who were in much better condition and better provided than the Islanders. Below them, to the North, were the terrible rapids of the Niagara; above them, to the southward, was the swift current flowing directly past them to the rapids; leaving only the neutral territory of New York, two or three miles distant, watchful for its national integrity; for their outlet of retreat and escape, after sure defeat, with no base of supplies, nor means of obtaining them, except in very limited quantities, from transient smugglers, in small boats. Neither had they but an inferior lot of boat-craft wherewith to help themselves, or to aid them in landing on the hostile shore, half a mile away, or to escape in another direction.

But they managed to exist there a number of weeks, perhaps three months, sending occasional shots into Canada; and in one instance, if my memory be correct, killing a man in his own doorway, a Major Usher.

THE CAROLINE.

Early in the Island campaign, an enterprising citizen of Buffalo, William Wells, who owned a little steamboat called the "Caroline,"* sent her down the river to ply as a Ferry, between the old warehouse at Schlosser and Navy Island; ostensibly to gratify the curiosity of Buffalonians and people in the vicinity, to witness the preparations for war, and the people engaged in it, and as a money making venture. The business of this vessel was no doubt an illegal one and engaged in traffic contrary to international law. No doubt she was used for transporting men

* This vessel was built of live Oak at Charleston, South Carolina, sent to Canada by the way of the Erie and Oswego Canals, when a new keel made her a British bottom. Having been engaged in smuggling, she was seized, condemned and sold to Mr. Wells, thus making her an American boat.

and supplies, and articles contraband of war to the Island, while she was supposed merely to be ferrying curious passengers to and fro. It was well known that there was constant communication with the rebels on the Island, from the main shore of the American side of the river by means of this particular boat, as well as otherwise.



FIGURE-HEAD OF THE CAROLINE.

The "Caroline" was used while lying at the dock at Schlosser as a night hotel; many people who gathered there, for want of other accommodations, were compelled to spend the night on board.

The Canadians were not idle during this exciting period. Batteries were placed on the Canada shore, opposite the Island, and there was frequent cannonading between the hostiles. A man-of-

war, or gun-boat of considerable size, was being constructed on Chippawa Creek, named the "Minos," (significant title). She or it, was officered by men from the English Navy. Among the officers was a Captain Drew, R. N.

The Commander of the Canadian Military forces on the Niagara frontier was Colonel McNab, a resident of Hamilton, U. C. Under his orders a cutting out expedition was organized and put under the command of Captain Drew. It consisted of a number of large yawl boats, with picked crews of armed men. The object of which was to capture and destroy the "Caroline" with all on board, which they accomplished on the night of the 29th of December, 1837.

BURNING OF THE CAROLINE.

The flotilla of boats started from Chippawa Creek in the dead of night, across the Niagara River for the dock at Schlosser, where the "Caroline" was moored. The crew and passengers, or rather lodgers, were all sound asleep below, in fancied security, unarmed and unprotected, excepting the ship-keeper or ordinary night watchman. The boats had approached quite near before this watchman discovered them; the night being cloudy and the oars muffled. He gave the ordinary signal of "boat ahoy!" With a reply of "Friends!" when they dashed on board; then he shouted an alarm to those below. There were probably twenty-five or thirty men on board, including the crew and temporary lodgers. The attack from the boats was sudden, sharp, deadly, inhuman, on a party of innocent, un-armed men, sleeping quietly on board. It was a frightful wholesale murder. The hawsers were cut, the boat set on fire, cast adrift, to make its inevitable way through the boiling rapids of the Niagara, over the Falls, two miles below. Was an outrage of that character ever committed, more cowardly or inhuman? The men who perpetrated the dastardly deed were and are a disgrace to the English Nation, and some of these men were officers of the so-called honorable professions of War and Navy, in the service of the English Queen! The battle cry was, "No quarter!" "Kill the d——d Yankees."

But very few of those on board the *Caroline* escaped. I remember of two whom I knew very well, Captain Gilman Appleby, of the Steamboat Constitution, one of our then finest passenger steamboats, and Captain Charles Harding, a salt water sailor in the East India trade, who fought his way unarmed through the *mê-lée*, receiving a severe cutlass wound on the temple. I met him in '49, a large, commanding looking, exceedingly powerful and courageous man, standing considerably above six feet, florid complexion, with a kindly, benevolent disposition, but brave as a lion; the scar of his wound being then plainly perceptible.

Captain Drew's report said that two of his command were wounded; when it was positively known that no resistance was made whatever, and that there were no arms on board. If there were two men wounded it must have been by the fist of Captain Harding while making his escape.

A well-known citizen of Buffalo, named Durfee was found dead upon the wharf next morning, with a bullet hole through his brain. Of those on board the *Caroline*, twenty-two were reported to have been killed or went over the Falls. The figure-head of the *Caroline*, it being the head and bust of a woman, was found in the River below the Falls, and is now in the position of the Buffalo Historical Society.

For this victory over unarmed, sleeping men, innocent non-combatants, McNab was knighted by the British Government as Sir Allan N. McNab; and Captain Drew was promoted to a Post Captaincy in the British Navy. So England rewards her valiant, intrepid servants.

Some months after this occurrence a man named McLeod, known as *McLoud*, while boasting of his having been an actor in the boat expedition, was arrested at Lockport, New York, on a charge of murder, committed within the jurisdiction of Niagara County. After an indictment and imprisonment, without bail, several months, a postponement of trial, and other delays, the case was taken up by the Government to go before the United States Court convening at Utica, without result however; but the

whole matter was *diplomatically* disposed of in some hugger-mugger manner. Anyhow, McLeod escaped punishment, and was spirited out of the country.

Immediately after the burning of the Caroline, December 30th, Buffalo was in a furious state of excitement, which extended into the surrounding towns. War between the United States and Great Britain was inevitable! At that time all able-bodied men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five were liable to military duty, and were supposed to be enrolled as militia men of the State of New York. General David Burt was in command of the Brigade of Erie County. On the third day subsequent to the destruction of the Caroline, over two thousand of these militia men and volunteers came voluntarily marching into town without waiting for orders. They were mostly farmers of Erie County; patriotically ready at a moment's notice to come unsubpœnaed to right the wrongs of their injured country, like the minute men of Concord and Lexington. They came provided only with improvised knapsacks containing a couple of days rations; some with old flint-lock muskets and belts provided by the State and deposited with them as enrolled militia men long before; others with only a pitchfork, or flail. They were bound for Canada direct. General Burt was taken by surprise when the officers in charge of these men reported to him for duty. It was several hours before he could provide them with suitable quarters for barracks. They were finally marched to the old Rathbun warehouse at the foot of Mechanic Street on the Canal, where they were quartered, General Burt assuming command over them.

As soon as the mails could reach Albany and Washington, by stages or mounted express, (no railroads or telegraphs then except the "Telegraph Stage Line,") General Winfield Scott, then Chief of the United States Army, and Wm. L. Marcy, the Governor of the State of New York, came here to assume the direction of affairs.

The Governor and General Scott were looked upon by the younger portion of the community here with feelings akin to awe, endowed as they were with superior powers of command.

General Scott being a man of extraordinary size and commanding appearance, in full uniform as he then was, his chapeau surmounted with the yellow plume, the distinguishing mark of the Commanding General, he was an object of awe and admiration to us young 'uns, who but recently had been instructed in our local history and geography, in which General Scott was the central figure of our hero worship, for his exploits about Niagara Falls, at Drummondville and Chippewa. The Governor, to our young minds, though the great power of the State, seemed to us in that power like as a dwarf to a giant. The Governor was a man physically in marked contrast with the General, although having the dignity and executive bearing appropriate to a Governor. Yet when the two came on our streets and were seen together, they looked by contrast like unto David and Goliath, the Governor being a man of short stature in comparison with the General.

After the destruction of the Caroline another small steamer, the "Barcelona," was put upon the River, making random trips from Buffalo to Schlosser, sometimes, I believe, touching at Navy Island. The actions of this steamer seemed to exasperate the military authorities on the Canadian side of the River and they forthwith planted a battery on the bank, at its narrowest part, near the village of Waterloo, and forbade her passage up or down the River, at the risk of destruction; which action made it rather precarious for the steamer and the live stock on board, to pass up the Rapids at Black Rack.

There was great excitement at "Black Rock Dam" at that time, because of three schooners the British had moored in the river, at a bend commanding it, the more effectually to obstruct the upward passage of the Barcelona, which lay at a dock at the "Dam." I "got leave" and went down there, was aboard the Barcelona, saw the vessels, saw the guns conspicuously on their decks; remember reported in the "Commercial" that afternoon, copy of note sent by Gen'l Scott: "To the Commander of British Fleet lying in Niagara River;" stating reports as to purpose

of the vessels anchored there, he said: "The Barcelona will sail up the river at the pleasure of her owner and commander. If she be attacked, or in anywise obstructed, it will be at the peril of the officers so ordering it, &c."

As a counterpoise to this demonstration, General Scott ordered a Battery of Artillery placed directly opposite on the high banks below where Fort Porter now is and sent word to the officer in command at Waterloo, that "If he fired a shot at the steamer, that would inaugurate a war! For he would blow him, all his force, and the town into eternity." Thus that game of prospective war terminated in a drawn battle, *as* the Barcelona was permitted to pass up the river to Buffalo and was here detained.

It was what is termed an open winter; ice did not form even on the borders of the Lake or River until late in January; nor did the ice form to connect the two shores in the narrowest part of Lake Erie, up about Long Point, until February; (a very rare and unusual occurrence at this period,) and there formed but a frail bridge from Pennsylvania and Ohio to the Canadian shore.

Meanwhile, filibustering sympathizers, idle loafers, tramps and men intent upon joining the "Patriots" had been collecting in small bands at various points along the Lake, intending to cross into Canada upon the ice and mass or concentrate somewhere in the interior of the Canadian Peninsula, and there organize, for operations the following spring. But the best formed resolutions of men and mice sometimes come to grief.

The weather that winter was not propitious for this Patriot army. It was disappointing; this rascalion rabble "could not get over the barn door sill." They had no facilities for getting into Canada. The ice did not become strong enough to bear the burden of their crossing, until too late, and then only at one place, Long Point. Many of these men had the intention earlier in the season of joining the Patriots on Navy Island, but the action of the authorities in cutting off communication with the Island except by the clandestine use of row-boats under cover of night, forced the most of these men to unite with the clans along the Lake. Meanwhile, these heterogeneous collections of sus-

picious men, were being watched by the emissaries of both governments, which they knew, and which, together with the need of food, clothing and shelter, had a depressing effect upon them; their patriotic ardor drooped, they began to thin out and disperse. A few found their way over the ice into Canada and collected about "Short Hills," where were some resident sympathizers with the rebels. Rice's tavern, at Short Hills, being kept by a disaffected person, was their objective point; but they were dispersed, arrested, and a few punished by expatriation to VanDieman's Land.

Some of the emigrating American patriots found their way to Navy Island, swelling the numbers there, until it became a serious question how all these cold and hungry men were to be provided with food and clothing, and how arms and ammunition were to be procured; and if they could be, how bring them to the Island and then get transportation to lift them over to the Main land, watched on all sides as they were, environed by increasing numbers of disciplined men with ample material. Wise men thought the situation desperate.

During all this excitement military ardor and ambition were much stimulated. In Buffalo, military organizations were formed; independent companies were made up of all the *élite* and chivalric men of Buffalo; these companies formed a regiment of what was called the "Buffalo City Guards." There were six companies of Infantry and two Batteries of Flying Artillery. When the Infantry Companies, composed of professional and business men, were first formed, they were immediately utilized by being placed on guard around the city. Many of the peaceful inhabitants were in constant fear of attacks by the military forces from the Canada side of the river, which was constantly being threatened, (by current report), to the extent of burning the city.

The gentlemen of the City Guards had some early and fatiguing experience along the Beach of the Lake, the River and the outlying districts of the town, those stormy, dark, black, winter nights, on sentinel service. No street lights, no sentry

boxes, the suburbs sparsely settled. Many of the gay young Buffalonians began to realize, that military service in reality was not all glitter, parade, and glory. One little episode of the period was afterwards frequently related by the actors in those military experiences. Report came one night that a large body of soldiers from Canada were landing below Black Rock and beyond where our outpost sentinels were stationed, and were preparing to march on Buffalo to capture and destroy it. The alarm bell on the Terrace Market house, was furiously sounded. The entire City Guards were ordered out, immediately to march to the Front, which was Black Rock, and cut off the progress of those aggressive myrmidons from British soil and defend Buffalo to the last gasp! The firemen were also ordered out to watch and prevent fires.

Then was fought the battle of Black Rock, so much heard of in traditional local history of that period. The "Guards" marched down the Black Rock road that night, through rough, rutty, half frozen, deep muddy roads, so dark as almost to be felt, up the heights of Prospect Hill, through the village, down to the "dam-n" and Scjauquady Creek; thence over the "State Ditch" by "Military Road" to Cornelius Creek. These were not Park driveways, nor arbored roads to a summer resort, neither was it boys' play. The boys carried each those heavy old flint lock muskets and a weighty supply of ball cartridge. It is not exactly remembered where the Guards halted, but not finding a hostile army after close inspection, *in the dark*; nor an ambuscade of the enemy, after a parley with the Company Commanders, the Colonel ordered a countermarch and back they came, decending from "Prospect Hill" and "plodding their weary way" up the Black Rock Road to Court Street and Court House Park, just at break of day of a gloomy winter morning, foot-sore and weary, they were dismissed. Thus ended the famous "Battle of Black Rock."

These companies, called the "City Guards," were justly the pride of the City. Of spontaneous, quick growth, they yet had all the elements of strength and vigor, composed as they were

of the best material mentally and physically we had among us. They might have been called a regiment of gentlemen. The Officers of Companies, elected by ballot among themselves were of our brightest and most intelligent prominent citizens, in the young prime of life.

I recall a good many of the Officers of those Companies; among them James McKay, George P. Barker, Seth E. Sill, Henry K. Smith, Frederick G. Stanley, (his company was known as Number 3, "The Tigers,") Henry H. Sizer, William F. P. Taylor, Morgan L. Faulkner, Henry K. Viele, John J. Fay, Alex. A. Evstaphieve, Samuel T. Atwater, and others. About the time the "Patriot War" culminated, in the Spring of 1838, these Guards were reorganized and engrafted as part of the State Militia as the 37th Regiment and styled "The City Guards," with

JAMES MCKAY, Colonel.

GEORGE P. BARKER, Lieutenant-Colonel.

HENRY H. SIZER, Major.

I think, however, there was one company of the original independent organization, which was not included in this new Regiment, "Company D," which has remained to this day an independent company, and whose history would be locally an interesting one. Many of its rank and file battled in the war of the Rebellion. There were also two companies formed about this time, mostly composed of young Germans, who had picturesque uniforms. One of the companies wore a uniform similar to that of the "Old French Guard," with immense bear skin shakos; these, I think, were called the "Lafayette Guards," the other company the "Steuben Guards;" this company was commanded by Colonel Zham. These two companies were engrafted either in the 37th Regiment or the 208th.

On the third, fourth and fifth of July, 1838, our "Buffalo City Guards" were visited by that splendidly equipped and well disciplined, independent military company, "The Brady Guards" of Detroit, commanded by Captain Grayson, U. S. A., a very popular officer, and one who knew how to hold his command

well in hand; I think they were led by the "Boston Brass Band" of which the famous bugler, Kendall, was conductor. At the time of their visit the liberty pole on the Terrace opposite Spaulding's Exchange was erected.

The next year, 1839, "Our Guards" went to Detroit to return the visit of the "Brady's." Our boys were escorted by Frank Johnson's "Philadelphia Brass Band." Frank was a splendid looking, bright, aristocratic and well dressed negro; leader of the band, and full of music to the tips of his fingers and tongue and could discourse most eloquent and patriotic, inspiring music from his bugle. The "Brady's" confessed that we had the best of them on music; but they equalled if not surpassed us in royal entertainment.

The War Department in '38 sent here the Second Regiment of Artillery, Colonel James Bankhead, (regulars), which regiment included Colonel Duncan's Celebrated Battery of Flying Artillery. Colonel Bankhead's command was quartered on "Walden Hill," comprising the square bounded by Main, North, Delaware and Allen Streets, which the Government had leased of the owner, Judge Ebenezer Walden, and built substantial brick barracks for the officers and enlisted men. These barracks formed a rectangular square, making a handsome parade ground. At one side of this square, near the line of Delaware Street, (now Avenue), the officers' quarters were built; those of the commanding officer's residence in the centre, facing the east, overlooking the parade ground; a substantial building, with a portico and large columns. Of those barracks all that now remains, is this building. But curious enough, when Franklin Street was run through the property, it faced that street with a fine lawn and beautiful hedge before it. It was for a considerable time the residence of Judge Joseph G. Masten. A subsequent owner however, in military parlance, turned it "to the right about, face; the portico and pillars now face Delaware Avenue. The present owner and occupant is Ansley Wilcox. The horse barns attached to the barracks were built on Allen Street, those were frame buildings.

Bankhead's Second Regiment was at that time considered the "crack regiment" of artillery in the United States Army, as was Colonel Worth's Eighth Regiment of Infantry. After the regiment was settled down here and had fraternized with our City Guards there sprung up considerable rivalry between Colonel Fay's Battery of Flying Artillery and that of Colonel Duncan's Battery, attached to Colonel Bankhead's Second Regiment, which had achieved a brilliant reputation for its efficiency in drilling and firing. Colonel Fay, whose whole heart was with his cannoneers and Company "E," contended with Duncan that his Company were superior to the regulars in every way, in drill, rapidity of firing, and *esprit du corps*; until it was agreed between them, to match the batteries each against the other for a wager; with military experts as umpires. I think the late General Barry, Chief of Artillery under Grant, then a Lieutenant in Colonel Bankhead's Regiment, was one of these umpires. The tournament was held on the ground above Virginia Street, from the Medical College to the base of the hill where Allen Street now is, as far west as College Street and east of Main Street to Michigan Street and further. It was entirely vacant, level land, without a fence or other obstruction, and there the skill and proficiency of both batteries were tested, under the admirable training and direction of the two Colonels. and decided in favor of our Buffalo Boys. If I remember correctly, one of the tests was the comparative rapidity of firing, in a given period of time. Our boys exceeded them half a gun.

It is only fair to mention an instance of pluck and quick decision on the part of one of our boys: The late Henry Kip, upon this occasion, was tending vent and had his thumb upon the touch-hole of the gun while the men were loading; meanwhile the powder ignited and burned him severely, but with quickness of thought and courage he held on, thereby saving the arms of the gunners, who were loading.

The society of the officers of the 2nd was much sought by all our good people. The regiment had an extraordinarily fine band, which used to discourse most excellent music on all occa-

sions, particularly at our balls and military parties. The officers seemed well pleased with their social successes ; well they might, as several of them carried away from here the daughters of prominent citizens. Among them Lieutenants Simpson and Woodruff, of the Engineers, Lieutenant Barry, of the Artillery.

Those young officers who lived to the time of the Great Rebellion, and who belonged to the Second Regiment of Artillery and the Fourth Regiment of Infantry, which succeeded them here, mostly made their mark during the war of the rebellion, some with a brilliant record. Among them were notably Lieutenant E. D. Townsend, who was Adjutant General during the war ; General Barry, Chief of Artillery ; and brave John Sedgwick, who was killed at Spottsylvania, during the prolonged battles of the Wilderness, while in command of the Sixth Army Corps ; (he was cousin to our townsman John Sedgwick Noyes.) There were brave and chivalric men belonging to that Regiment and Battery who, being Southerners by birth, joined the Confederates.

The Fourth Regiment of Infantry, Colonel Bennett Riley, followed that of Colonel Bankhead. Colonel Riley, subsequently the first Military Governor of California, afterwards making Buffalo his home, was a characteristic old soldier of the "Colonel Newcombe" type. It was said of him that while being besieged in some Fort in California, or Mexico, during the Mexican War, he mounted a ladder to the top of the defences, to scan the enemy and gain knowledge of their position and condition. With musket balls flying around him ; while engaged in this hazardous enterprise, he noticed his faithful orderly alongside of him apparently engaged in a similar occupation. The General looking at him in amazement said : " What are you doing there, Orderly ? " " Get down ! " " Get down ! ! " " d—n you, you'll get shot ! " " Don't you hear those bullets ? " " Why ! " said the Orderly : " I thought I had to go where you did and then I was safe ! " The General was totally oblivious of fear himself.

While the Fourth Regiment of Infantry was stationed here, several of its officers also captured their wives. Captain Heintzle-

man who was prominently known as a Corps Commander in the Civil War, with an honorable record ; Lieutenants Martin, Hoffman, Long, and Burnett, the last three named taking three sisters.

Who of those that lived here at that period, from '38 into the forties, that does not remember those fine officers and gentlemen belonging to those regiments? The Ogdens', Williams', Chapman, Shackleford, Duncan, Crane, Steele, Hamilton, Drane, Casey, Alburtis, Blair, Gibson, Martin, Murray, Rowland, and others whom at the moment I do not recall. Poor Captain Alburtis! Remembered that on the expedition to Mexico, under Scott, while landing at Vera Cruz, his head was carried away by a cannon shot. All, all gone to their last *rendezvous*!

When this Military Post was permanently established, Buffalo was in its infancy, but we were thought worthy of the presence of a regiment to guard us and the frontier from aggressive harm; the Government subsequently purchased the commanding site of Colonel McKay's castle and grounds, abandoning the barracks on "Walden Hill" and constructed Fort Porter. But one night, "Heaven save the mark," the *Fort itself was burned*!

The place deteriorated to a one or two company Post, with headquarters of the regiment at Detroit. Why are we compelled, with our quarter of a million of inhabitants, to depend upon local resources for defence against Foreign Invasion, Patriots, Rebels, Mobs, Broils, Fenians, Labor and Railroad Strikes, Communists and Anarchists, within our midst, which sometimes assume gigantic proportions with hydra heads, particularly when the lower stratum of our people are in sympathy with the rioters and leaders, and our local militia fraternize with them?

COLONEL BILL JOHNSON AND BEN. LETT.

There were other incidents of the Patriot War, which were exciting at the time, worthy of mention here. There was a filibustering, dare-devil chap, named Ben. Lett, vibrating about Lake Ontario and the Niagara River, who seemed to be prosecuting the war, independent of system, or the ordinary laws of

war, chiefly on his own account. He believed in retaliation and personally made sure of its execution. He was Commander in Chief, Rank and File, Commissary, Quartermaster and Engineer of his own war, but believed to have influential confederates along the Canadian border. Many crimes were attributed to him; perhaps some unjustly. As is well known, there stands on Queenston Heights, which crown the escarpment of the gorge of the Niagara at Queenston, a monument to Sir Isaac Brock, a brave General, who, in command of the British Troops, at the storming of that place in October, 1812, lost his life on the spot where the monument is erected. The present monument is about two hundred feet high. It has a commanding situation; can be seen for miles in every direction; it occupies the place of a similar column previously erected, but which was blown up and destroyed by this miscreant Lett.

About the same time a passenger steamer making trips from Toronto, Kingston to Oswego, Cape Vincent and Ogdensburg, called the William Fourth, which, in the employ at the time of the Canadian authorities, was destroyed by fire, by this same scamp. Numerous other depredations which occurred about the same time, were attributed to this same Ben. Lett; at any rate he was the scape-goat for most of these transactions.

I quite recently met, (this year), traveling in the cars, a Doctor Parsons, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; in conversation he informed me that he was a nephew of Timothy Parsons, who formerly kept a store called the "Canadian Store," on the ground where now stands the Stevenson building, in the American Block. That during the Canadian Rebellion, William Lyon Mackenzie issued bonds of the new government that was to have been, of Upper Canada; signing them with his own name as President, and they were also signed by Timothy Parsons as Secretary of State. That after the escape of Mackenzie and Parsons from Toronto rewards were offered in the public prints and placards posted for their arrest, dead or alive: \$4,000. for Mackenzie, and \$1000. for Parsons; that while tramping through the woods of Canada west of the Falls, they met Ben. Lett and Parsons slept with him; that the

three reached the vicinity of Fort Erie the next night and escaped to Buffalo. Lett recognized his companions and knew of the rewards, but kept their secret. Afterwards Lett committed some crime in this State, was arrested, convicted, sentenced and while on his way to Auburn prison handcuffed and shackled, jumped out of the closet window of the car and escaped; after a long time he was re-arrested and after being in prison some time and likely to die of a mortal illness, was pardoned, went to Michigan and died. Dr. Parsons also informed me that Lett was the man who shot and killed Major Usher in the doorway of his home opposite Navy Island, and he, the Doctor, was with his uncle when they escaped from Toronto, and also that he believed Timothy Parsons was now in Chicago a very aged man, but had not seen him for many years.

There was another man of considerable notoriety who caused a good deal of alarm along the frontier. He seemed to be here, there and nowhere; a sort of *beti-noir* to the people on the Canadian border; a free lance, raiding this place and that, seizing vessels and committing other lawless acts, acting under no principal ruling, but seeming to have a considerable following of his own, of whom he was the supreme controller. He was known as Colonel Bill Johnson; he had his stronghold somewhere among the "Thousand Islands;" a kind of freebooter, corsair or pirate. It was thought that Ben. Lett was one of his band, sent out on special raids to distract attention from other operations. Both these men, however, seemed to escape punishment, and not long after the subsidence of the Patriot War, they disappeared from public notice.

It will be remembered that this insurrection or rebellion happened in the first year of Victoria's long reign. At the close of the war many of the rebels were hung or sent to penal servitude in Van Dieman's Land, now Tasmania.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LEGAL FRATERNITY.

Of course, I could not give a general reminiscent idea or photograph of a town of any note, or its people, without mentioning by more than a passing item that ever prominent class of men known as members of the "Bench and Bar."

The Buffalo Bench and Bar of the period of the thirties and forties: Very much of interest and entertainment might be said of them by one more familiar with the law and courts, during those younger days of mine and the city. I regret that I am not better informed of their individual characteristics and their biographical histories. I do know that, taking them as a class or whole, in the years bounded by eighteen hundred and twenty-five and eighteen hundred and fifty, when I was in my childhood and youth, their reputation was national. In other cities and courts the "Buffalo Bar" was often referred to as containing among its members the very essence of legal acumen, the essential extract of correct judgment on mooted points of law.

Buffalo was justly proud of the profession as a body, or class, as they also were of themselves as a collective body. Vying with each other as to their attainments; learned in the law; sound, clear and precise in their opinions and judgments, as Judges, their decisions were rarely reversed or upset; honorable and conscientious as to the value of their services or counsel. There was an *esprit de corps* of reliability and honor in their practice; excluding such characters as are known as "Shysters," "Tombs Lawyers," "Trimmers," and lawyers guilty of "sharp practice," pettifoggery in technicalities, even those among them known as astute lawyers, were looked upon with suspicion among the fraternity. They were broad in their ideas and principles; liberal, high-minded; honorable and courteous, but

earnest, strong, forcible ; with plenty of zeal and fire to maintain their cause. Their word was a foundation of strength. To say "I have his word," was an acknowledgment that all was right. They despised quibbling ; their tone and manners were lofty ; neither were these characteristics the consequence of concert of action, but were the outcome of their individual characters ; which, by example, compelled additions to their numbers to emulate and adopt. Their counsel and opinions were sought from everywhere, even in the Philadelphia Courts, where a native lawyer was the synonym of wisdom and clearness respecting questions which might "puzzle" one of their number.

As lawyers and judges their leading qualities were not confined to *nisi prius* or common pleas, business or office work ; not unfrequently they were called upon to expound the law before the courts of last resort. At that time the highest court in the State was, I think, the "Court of Errors ;" which court was composed of the Members of the State Senate, presided over by the Lieut.-Governor. The United States Supreme Court was one of their fields of action. In Chancery Suits, and causes involving matters of serious import, and questions of law, their written opinions were considered of weighty value. They were great as advocates and pleaders ; in many cases their oratory and eloquence were marvelous and impressive. They were strong in argument in trying cases, before Judge or Jury. In the examination of witnesses they had no superiors.

Physically, they were as exceptional as were their mental powers and acquirements. Mostly men of full size, erect and dignified in their bearing ; collectively, wonderfully handsome, grand men, courteous gentlemen. "Costly in habit" as their purses would warrant, "but not expressed in fancy." Their general appearance bespoke them as leading and foremost men in the community.

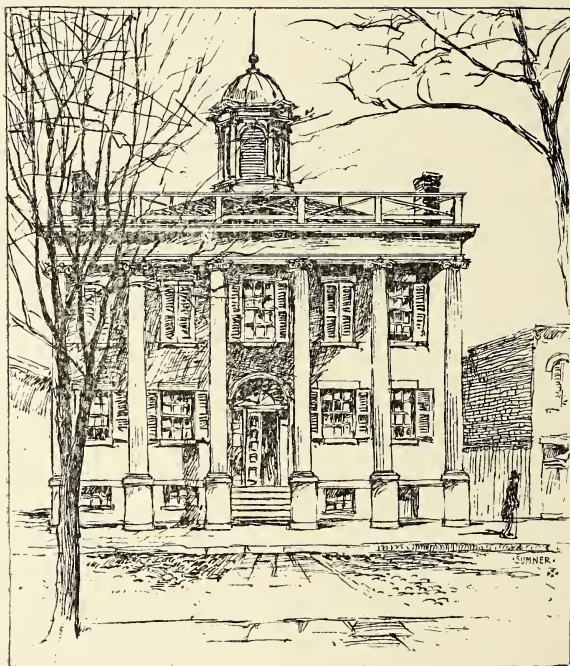
Possibly I may be told that I have written a brief, universal eulogy or panegyric, too encomiastic and laudatory, of one class of our citizens, of a past decade, and have been piling on the adjectives without stint, in praise of a particular class. Not so ; I

maintain that my memory of them, though only the recollections of a lad of that time is correct. If you could see those men as I see them; one by one flitting past my mental vision and recognizing their familiar faces, you would be likely to concur with me and indorse my description. True they were not all moulded from one pattern; there was diversity of character and personal appearance; they had their individual characteristics like other men, some had odd ways and strange peculiarities, but as a whole I am warranted in my encomiums.

How would some of our octogenarian Buffalonians like to walk Main Street and meet the following well known men of the past generation, and read their signs as "Counselors at Law," as they pass their old offices?

Fillmore, Hall & Haven.	Love & Tracy.	Potter, Babcock & Spaulding.
White & Sherwood	Barker, Hawley & Sill.	Clinton & Stevens.
VanBuren & Masten.	Seymour & Hecox.	Tillinghast & Lord.
William A. Mosely.	Bramhall & Hogeboom.	Horatio J. Stow.
Smith & Hatch.	James Stryker.	Shumway & Curtenius.
Orsamus H. Marshall.	Crocker & Houghton.	John Root.
Rogers & Smith.	John L. Talcott.	James Mullet.
Edward Norton.	Frederick P. Stevens.	Fred. G. Stanley.
John T. Hudson.	Halsey R. Wing.	James Sheldon, Sr.
Stephen G. Austin.	Joseph Clary.	Austin, Love & Vedder.
Daniel Lockwood.	Eli Cook.	Hiram Barton.
Elijah & Nelson Ford.	Albert Sawin.	James McKay.
Edward S. Warren.	William H. Greene.	Samuel K. Kip.
John T. Bush.	T. Scott Lord.	LeGrand & Geo. L. Marvin.
William L. G. Smith.	Roswell Chapin.	Jesse Walker.
E. Fitch Smith.	Robert H. Stevens.	Thomas J. Nevins.
Charles R. Gold.	Charles M. Cooper.	Henry K. Viele.
Rollin Germain.	Harlow S. Love.	James M. Grahame.
Isaac A. Verplanck.	Isaac V. Vanderpoel.	Asher P. Nichols.
James G. Hoyt.	William C. Hoyt.	Samuel Wilkeson, Jr.
John Ganson.	Dennis Bowen.	James Sheldon.
Jared S. Torrence.	Charles D. Norton.	Perry G. Parker.
Benjamin F. Greene.	Thomas C. Welch.	James M. Humphrey.
James O. Putnam.	E. Carlton Sprague.	Lyman K. Bass.
Charles Daniels.	George B. Hibbard.	John Hubbell.
Nelson K. Hopkins.	Harmon S. Cutting.	Harry Slade, Just. of Peace.

Included in the foregoing list of brilliant lawyers are a number who were but students in the thirties and forties, but without



ERIE COUNTY COURT HOUSE

OF THE THIRTIES,

On the ground now occupied by the "Buffalo Library."

doubt entitled to mention here and who are vigorously practicing their profession, having attained an enviable reputation in the same Courts where did their elder legal brethren who have gone to the bar of a higher Court.

The legal giants of Western New York were not all gathered within the precincts of Buffalo or Erie County. Canandaigua and other towns of Western New York were noted for their talented men of great legal abilities and who were the peers of the men of the famous "Buffalo Bench and Bar," of course I refer to such men as :

Addison Gardiner.	William H. Seward.	Gideon Granger.
Mark H. Sibley.	Samuel Nelson.	Francis Granger.
Noah Davis.	Frederick Whittlesey.	Nathan Dayton.
John C. Spencer.	Alfred Conkling.	Joshua Spencer.
	Martin Grover.	

SUPPLEMENTARY.

I add to the foregoing general sketch of the "Bench and Bar" of Erie County a few short individual sketches.

ALBERT H. TRACY.

Mr. Tracy was a leading counselor at the Buffalo Bar during the thirties. He would, no doubt, have reached a position among the highest in political life if he had not been the victim of its intricacies and changing fortunes. He was a large-minded man, eminently fitted for the sphere of statesmanship; and but for one of those unaccountable mischances, likely to occur in the careers of our brightest and best men, would have won a brilliant record in his country's history. But at the mature period of his usefulness he was relegated to a comparatively quiet life, and his talents were lost to his constituency. At one period he occupied the position of State Senator from this District with distinguished credit and honor.

In looking back across fifty intervening years, and calling to mind those who ranked the highest and stood out so grandly amid the splendid galaxy of men who illustrated that period,

none seemed to fill a higher place in public estimation than did Mr. Tracy. His tall, erect form, his attitude, and dignified deportment, seemed to mark him as a man designed and endowed by nature for the direction of judicial, or momentous affairs of state. He was one of the central figures of that era here in Buffalo.

THOMAS T. SHERWOOD AND DYRE TILLINGHAST.

Two *nisi prius* lawyers and advocates. I make this a dual sketch, as they struck my recollection together, and were very similar in many characteristics.

Both built up from pedestals on the solid plan; rather under the middle height, of rotund figures. Sherwood rather the most picturesque, as a figure (of speech,) like a Spitzenberg apple; a trifle elongated at its poles; gnarled in person as well as irascible in temperament; both with chronic rosy faces. Such men are usually of quick perception and wit, at times genial, sometimes humorous; but naturally repelling and pugnacious, particularly in the court room, where they both came well armed and eager for the fray; more *cap-à-piè*, if they were antagonistic in an impending legal mêlée, or pitted against each other in the same cases.

Sherwood had a tantilizing, rather irritating way of taunting his opponents, while Tillinghast would retort with a grunt, surly humph! or sharp ejaculation. Both seemed to have a wonderful faculty of wrangling over a case; of brow-beating and torturing witnesses, as General B. F. Butler is said to have.

An instance of Butler's capabilities is *apropos* to the subject but not relative to the sketch. A dignified and amiable Judge in one of the Courts of Boston was presiding over a trial in which Butler was retained. A stilted, spectacled witness from Cambridge was on the stand, being sorely badgered with offensive and insulting questions by Butler, so much so as to cause the Judge to endeavor to screen the witness by saying: "Mr. Butler, I hardly think it necessary for you to be so harsh, in cross questioning this witness; perhaps you are not aware that he is a pro-

fessor of Harvard University?" "Oh! yes, your honor," said Butler, "perfectly aware of the fact; and I vividly remember that we were obliged to hang one of the Professors of that same College a short time ago!" [This refers to Professor Webster who murdered Doctor Parkman.]

Both the gentlemen were well read and skilled in the art and practice of the law, as then understood. Keen, shrewd in turning a point of vantage, they were foemen worthy of each other's steel. Time was not so much of a factor in disposing of cases in those days, neither with judge, jury, counselor, or the people. The people sought the court room as a tilting field or tournament, in which to be interested and amused. They seemed to take more interest in the cases then than now. The judges and lawyers appeared to note the effect of the combat on their audience, or those in the box seats, outside the professional rail. There was just enough of the melo-dramatic in the passages of mental arms between Tillinghast and Sherwood to entertain the listeners; sometimes causing them to forget their high noon dinners.

Neither Sherwood or Tillinghast was particularly desirous of political preferment, which it is customary to expect now-a-days, in ambitious limbs of the law. They rather appeared satisfied with the practice of the law as being good enough for them.

Tillinghast's law partner was Charles B. Lord who subsequently went with his notably handsome wife to settle in Saint Louis, Mo.

One of Sherwood's early partners was Henry White. He was reputed to have been a high-toned, eminent lawyer, but as he died early in the thirties, my recollection of him is rather meagre.

The late William H. Greene was a partner at a later period, with Sherwood, and between the two they formed a very strong team.

HENRY W. ROGERS AND SOLOMON G. HAVEN.

It may be thought a strange idea that I embrace two such prominent men, and able lawyers, in one brief sketch; either of whom would manifestly demand a volume to portray their per-

sons, characters and careers. There is full scope and latitude for eulogistic and comprehensive biographies of these two leading men of their time.

I have hereinbefore mentioned that the contents of this volume are the emanations of boyish remembrances. In giving short ideal pictures of the "Bench and bar" as I then saw them, it would more clearly identify them to the minds of the reader if I were to give brief sketches of the personal appearance and characteristics of a few of the leading members.

It would be a work of love, as I recall their commanding figures, noble and expressive features and excellent social qualities, to speak of them more at length and in many particulars. But I content myself with outlining a few of the prominent figures among them, who come vividly before me like Shakespeare's communities of Ghosts!

In coupling the two gentlemen who head this sketch together, I am only doing what was commonly done during their careers, in the various courts in Western New York.

They had a large practice in both civil and criminal business; so it was not a rare circumstance to see them opponents in the same causes. Mr. Rogers for some time held the office of District Attorney for the County, with an otherwise extensive private practice, which made him familiar with all branches of the business of the law. Mr. Haven, directly contemporary with him, was often Mr. Rogers' opposing counsel.

Both solid, substantial men physically; of more than medium height, fine looking, well poised men, portly, not too stout, with frank, open, genial countenances and characters.

Mr. Rogers was known as one of our handsomest men, of whom there were many here at that time. He was an admirer of fine looking women and they admired him. He had a clear complexion, correctly formed features, with an upright, dignified form, and carried himself so easily well as to attract admiration.

Mr. Haven, who was about the same avoirdupois and height, rather under in both respects, was dark, as if tanned by a Southern sun exposure, like a light rich olive color; but you saw more

his beautiful, large, dark, liquid eyes, in which you could read, hear and see the clear definition of what he might be saying or thinking. His eyes were his attractive feature, much like what is known as the "Guelph Eyes."

Mr. Rogers might usually be thought the better dressed man of the two. I do not remember that his clothing appeared more expensive, but his clothes seemed to fit him better and make him the happier for it, while Mr. Haven appeared indifferent and not particularly interested as to his wardrobe.

As antagonists in the courts or at political gatherings, both gentlemen showed to advantage and at home in both spheres; confident of their attainments, power and ability to cope with each other, draw the minds of a jury to themselves or hold the eyes and ears of a listening multitude.

Mr. Rogers was strong in argument, a forcible but not a violent nor noisy speaker; rather more given to reasoning than to sounding ejaculation, often humorous. Mr. Haven was none the less an attractive speaker, with an abundance of wit and humor and fund of anecdote. Occasionally sarcastic. He had a magnetic influence over his listeners while addressing a jury or on the hustings. On an electioneering tour he seemed in his happiest vein and mood, as if freed from restraint or could speak his mind in his own liberal vernacular; and his audience would heartily applaud him. He was then thought to be invincible as a speaker. In politics he was what was called an "Old Line Whig," a partisan of Henry Clay. While Mr. Rogers was a Democrat. Mr. Haven was an intense worker, an agreeable man socially; warm hearted and friendly. He was known as a first-class lawyer. He was one of the great law firm of Fillmore, Hall & Haven; was a member of Congress during the administration of President Fillmore, when the entire firm were at Washington in office, Judge Hall being Postmaster General at the time.

In the thirties and later, Mr. Rogers was at the head of the law firm of Rogers & Masten, one of the most prominent firms of that period.

In speaking of the two gentlemen to a friend a short time since, he related the following amusing incident in their dual practice :

"It happened many years ago, that the late Lewis F. Allen sued his Grand Island farmer before a referee, alleging that he had been defrauded of his share of the product of the farm. Among other things a certain quantity of milk was to be delivered daily at Black Rock. Mr. Rogers was Mr. Allen's attorney, and the farmer sought the advice of Mr. Haven. Some of the features of the case seemed to favor Mr. Allen and caused Mr. Haven some uneasiness, but he hoped that the testimony of his client's son, who was witness in the suit, would give it a favorable turn. This young man had been employed in bringing over the diurnal milk supply mentioned above and his testimony was therefore of great importance. At last Mr. Rogers began his cross examination :

"John! You say you delivered so many gallons of milk to Mr. Allen daily," (mentioning the number.)

"Yes sir!"

"John," said Mr. Rogers blandly, "Did you put any water into that milk?"

"Yes sir!"

Oh! You did eh? — smiling knowingly and looking at Haven.

"How much water did you put in John?"

"One gallon in six, sir."

"So you put one gallon in six into that milk, eh? John"

"Yes sir."

Mr. Haven felt that his client's case was gone, but thinking to give the whole thing a humorous turn, in his joking way he turned to his phenominally honest witness, saying :

"John, what in the world made you go and put water into that milk?"

"Mr. Allen told me to!" was the wholly unexpected answer.

Then Haven smiled, but his legal brother looked troubled. Needless to add that the farmer did not lose his case!

When Rogers and Haven went over to the majority, they left good and honorable records, many friends and admirers.

MASTEN.

Judge Joseph G. Masten, an erect, mannerly and manly man. He was what a woman would call a handsome man; courteous in his deportment. His countenance had a thoughtful look when in repose; when addressed or addressing another on ordinary topics his face wore the most pleasant of smiles. He wore his hair at good length, arranged with orderly carelessness, which gave to his appearance a *nouchalant* look. Among his social intimates he was a most agreeable and genial gentleman. An accurate lawyer, an industrious and honest judge, instinctively polite and cordial to all.

One of the three original "Superior Court" Judges, which office he held until his death. He was twice elected Mayor, first in 1843 and again in 1845, when the incumbents of that office were selected and elected for their merits, not for availability.

The writer happened to be drawn on a petit jury for one of the terms of his Court; knowing the Judge very well, I confidently asked of him to be excused from serving, giving as my reason, the very ordinary one, of the necessities and requirements of my business; to my surprise, the Judge looked at me with his meaning, bland smile and said:

"Mr. W. when did you last serve on a jury?"

"I cannot recall the time now."

"Did you ever sit as a juryman?"

"Not that I remember."

"Time you did then; I cannot excuse you this time."

His firmness thus characterized but pleasantly done. It was one of the Judge's old time ideas, that every respectable citizen should serve in his turn as a juryman, as a duty to his peers, and as a guaranty of equal justice to all.

When I was on this same jury, a young lawyer, the late Mr. Gurney, tried his maiden suit. When his case was called, Mr. Gurney rose and responded. "We are ready your honor." "Proceed then," said the Judge. (Mr. Gurney was a diffident young man, the more because of a nervous impediment of speech.) In presenting his case, it was a severe trial to a sensitive juror

to witness his sufferings. Those persons who have been the victims of what is so-called "Stage fright," can sympathize with that kind of agony. The Judge very soon took in the situation and gently said, with his peculiar, kind and sympathetic manner: "Don't be in haste Mr. Gurney, the court will give you all the time you desire." It was so kindly done, that more than one eye moistened. Mr. Gurney did very well after the Judge's encouragement; gained his case and went out of court a happier man than when he entered it.

Speaking of "Stage fright," it may not be out of place here to relate an incident that occurred in the English Parliament in the days when Lord Chatham was at the zenith of his fame. That ever important and interesting question of the tariff was to be considered. One of the greater items of import to be discussed was sugar. A well known young gentleman, ambitious for parliamentary honors, had been awarded the honor of introducing the bill.

The house was packed with the members, interested listeners and jealous friends of the young man who was about to make his maiden speech. The time arrived. The young member somewhat flustered, arose and quickly commenced, (evidently intending a panegyric on the importance of the article of sugar.)

"Mr. Speaker: My Luds and Gentlemen:—Sugar! Sugar!! Sugar!!!" He hesitated, trembled; but bracing up, he again started off: "Mr. Speaker! Sugar!" and again he screamed "Sugar!!!" Then hesitated, turned pale and sunk down into his seat, in a state of collapse; his argument wholly gone from him. His friends tittered, then the house roared with laughter, the young man's discomfiture was pitiable, merely the victim of "Stage fright." When that "Grand Old Man," Lord Chatham, rose slowly, majestically, grandly to his feet, extending his long right arm and index finger, the assembly instantly became quiet. He said:

"My Lords and Gentlemen: (His voice rising in its inflection). Sugar! Sugar!! *Sugar!!!* I say Sugar!" (a pause), who laughs at "Sugar" now! No tomb was more still than that

House of Commons. Then turning to the introducer of the bill, he said: "Mr. Eustace, please proceed with your argument."

He did, and his efforts were applauded.

I had the pleasure of knowing well Joseph G. Masten from my early boyhood, and knew by personal experience this generous trait of his character to young people. One more little episode which I witnessed in his court. A young practitioner appeared before him, seemingly fully prepared to argue his case, when the opposing counsel raised an objection to some point in his argument controverting his statement of facts. This staggered the practitioner, when he said to the court: Your "honor, I am taken by surprise!" "Well," said the Judge with his encouraging smile: "If you are surprised, we must give you time to recover from your surprise. How long?" He took three days.

Judge Masten had for law partners at one time Evart Van Buren, and later, Henry W. Rogers; both his seniors, and eminent in their profession.

GENERAL GEORGE P. BARKER.

I would delight to give you a genuine picture of the subject of this sketch as I see him in my mind's eye. A gentleman of goodly proportions, handsome, of dignified carriage, affable demeanor; of sympathetic and magnetic temperament; nature formed him for an eminent position.

He was our leading younger representative member of the "Buffalo Bar" in the thirties. There were those who perhaps had more perspicuous minds, who could discern the more intricate and nicer points of law, or compose a brief and argument, with closer shades of reasoning, grappling the rational deductions of recorded decisions. Possibly he had not that feature of firmness in his character which would have constituted him a good Judge, but, take him for all in all, he was one of the brightest stars in our legal firmament. He died young, about forty. He had risen to be Attorney General of this State.

In the Criminal Courts he was a most excellent advocate ; in all important cases, in most of which he was retained, the court rooms were crowded ; the people had assembled to hear *Barker*. I remember once, he was defending a Negro for murder, (a man named Davis shot one Massey, a Negro preacher, for *crim con* with his, Davis', wife.) It was in summer time. I sat for hours during the trial in rapt, absorbed attention. Though all windows were open, the atmosphere was stifling ; the court room packed with people ; the heat extreme ; night and no air stirring in the old Court House where now stands the "Buffalo Library" of the "Young Men's Association." Barker was making his plea in the black man's defence. His eloquent, melodramatic and sympathetic voice enchanted the listening multitude with its silvery tones like vesper bells, whose sounds floated over them until the pathos of his magnetic cry for mercy melted the strongest present and the court room was metaphorically bathed in tears. As he rose exalted in rhetorical imagery, in making his thrilling appeals to the jury, he seemed to grow in stature. His countenance assumed a God-like expression. No matter how weak his arguments, it seemed almost an impossibility that a jury could resist the fascination of his eloquence.

He was what is called a high-toned gentlemen of an aristocratic bearing, but by no means an aristocrat ; full of social *bonhomie* ; kind and benevolent ; liberal to a fault.

When he was about to die, realizing his condition and in speaking of it to a friend at his bedside, recounting his financial affairs and lost opportunities for bettering them he, suddenly, looking upwards, raised his arms aloft, and in an agonizing wail of appeal said : "My God ! My family will starve !" and sank back exhausted, as though his last thoughts were concentrated on his friends, not himself.

George P. Barker was personally very popular, a Democrat in politics ; he would have reached a high plane with his party had he lived. Many of his political opponents were his best friends and would have gathered around his banner.

During the Canadian rebellion when military ardor was rife, Mr. Barker was selected by the young men to be General of one of the newly organized brigades. He was every inch a soldier, in look, thought and deed, if not in military education.

JUDGE HORATIO J. STOW.

Imagine a man fully six feet in height, of portly habit, weighing perhaps two hundred and forty or fifty pounds, avoirdupois; of erect bearing, puffy, large face, with bluish eyes and hair a reddish brown. A bold, self-conscious, opinionated man, whose abilities and judgment were over-estimated by the people and Judge Stow. Yet a marked, strong character, who would appear a central figure among most any group or collection of men. A man of more than ordinary attainments and education, together with bright, natural talents; of fine conversational powers, sonorous, dictatorial, arrogant in speech; a kind of person whose talk made ready listeners; largely given to the abuse of language (profanity), but like the late D. R., who one day met by appointment, the Reverend Dr. —, in a Wall Street stock broker's office. At this interview Mr. R. was several times guilty of emphatic profanity, "to make his expressions strong;" which caused the Rev. Dr. to remonstrate mildly with him, as not being proper to his professional character to be a willing listener; "Oh nonsense," says Mr. R., "You Doctors preach and I swear a little, but we neither of us mean anything by it;" so it is presumable that the Judge only intended to convey his expressions emphatically by using "language strong."

He was at times morose and very reticent, sometimes in his Court; he was self-willed and cruelly humorous. On one occasion in the autumn of the year, a healthy, burly young man of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age was convicted in his court of burglary; it being the prisoner's first offence, the jury recommended the court to be lenient in passing sentence upon him, in which the side Judge concurred. The court over which Judge Stow presided was called the Recorder's Court. It only had jurisdiction within the corporate limits of the city. To com-

plete the organization of the court an associate or side Judge was required; any one of the Municipal Aldermen was competent for that position. This sort of dictation to the Judge, did not please his honor, as rather interfering with his prerogative.

The Judge said at once: "The prisoner at the bar will stand up! You John Doe, have, after a fair trial, before *this jury of your peers*, been convicted of the heinous crime of burglary; thus premeditating and committing the breaking of at least three of the commandments of the decalogue, and thus setting the laws of God and man at defiance; one of the worst crimes in the calendar of criminal jurisprudence. Therefore it is my bounden duty to see that the laws are executed, and proper punishment meted out to those who wilfully transgress them. In passing sentence upon you, the court, upon the recommendation of *this jury*, compassionately interceding for you, and in consideration of your youth and this *said* to be your first *convicted* offence, we are disposed to be lenient with you. I will therefore, (*spoken with severely grim humor*) only sentence you to hard labor in the State Prison at Auburn for the term of fourteen years and six months; we *add* the six months, that your sentence may not expire at the commencement of the long bleak season, when you might not find occupation for your support."

In 1838 one Thomas L. Nichols, *alias* George Arlington, published here a spicy and somewhat scurrilous quarto daily paper called "The Buffalonian." This Nichols was much given to attacking our prominent, well-known citizens in his editorials; their characters and characteristics; among them Judge Stow. The Judge took up the cudgels of the law, and had the fellow, who was a mere adventurer, indicted for malicious libel. He was convicted and sentenced by Judge Dayton to four months imprisonment in the county jail, from whence he wrote "Letters from jail," by Thomas L. Nichols, headed with a wood cut showing himself through the bars of his prison window, indicating to the public his sufferings and posing as a martyr. Tom Nichols was a bright fellow, but a hypocritical sympathizer with semicriminals or doubtful characters, and traduced those he assumed

to be their oppressors. Modern black-mailing was but little practiced then, but observing people thought this was his little game; hence the cause for libel on Judge Stow. The people thought Nichols' punishment a just one, though he was somewhat of a favorite with the populace.

His current theme was trying to save Benjamin Rathbun from the State prison by suborning public opinion and interest in his favor.

Judge Stow was a Whig in politics, a warm supporter and personal admirer of Henry Clay. In the Presidential campaign election of 1844, he, as well as most of the Whig admirers of Mr. Clay, took more than ordinary interest in his election. At that time the facilities for the transmission of news and election returns were much slower than now, and the suspense in awaiting results was a strain upon nervous organizations. When the news finally came of the loss to the Whigs of the State of Pennsylvania, then considered the pivotal State which decided the election, it was a grievous disappointment.

The next day Judge Stow came into the law office of Potter, Babcock & Spaulding, in a morose state of mind, sat himself down without noticing or being noticed by the people about him, who were familiar with his moods and thus continued brooding in silence for a long time. When suddenly breaking out in a loud tone of voice he said: "Well! By G—! I have lived long enough to see the descendant of a revolutionary tory elected President of the United States by descendants of the Hessians, by G—!" Alluding to the facts that Pennsylvania being the pivotal state in the election of '44 and which the "Loco Focos" (democrats) carried by a small majority, which was materially assisted by the large majority in Berks County of nearly 5000, which county was settled by the Hessians, foreign mercenaries employed by King George during the progress of the revolution; (who found themselves too poor at the expiration of their term of service to return to their own country or were more impressed with the prospect of a happier living here, than under the military exactions of the Landgrave of Hesse.)

Thus electing James K. Polk, President; the first "dark horse" ever brought on to the course, in the races for President. So "dark was he, that the current expression during the canvas was "Polk?" "Polk?" "Who's he?"

I remember another of Judge Stow's interlucient speeches, and the manner of his disposing of his superabundance of bile. In his day the great popular hotel in New York was the famous "Astor House," built of solid granite by the first John Jacob Astor, the founder of that wealthy family in this country, expecting it would be as lasting a monument to his memory and enduring as the "Rock of Ages." "The Astor" was the place of stoppage and reunion of statesmen and politicians; many men of note like Webster, Cass, General Scott, Silas Wright, and Ex-Governors, Marcy and Seward, were frequently to be met there; and now and then Judge Stow. The large bar room and its stock was one of the attractive features of the institution.

The dispensers of, and the influential spirits of the bar however, were its expert and high-toned bar-keepers, in rare jewelry, long gold guard chains, over immaculate linen which was the prevailing fashion. These self-possessed and self-satisfied bar artists were the men whom the fresh young New Yorkers most wished and affected to know.

One evening when, the place being tolerably well filled, warm, and the bar-keepers hot and busy, Judge Stow appeared on the scene, his florid face gushing with bile, he demanded in sonorous tones, "Bar-keeper, have you any good cheese?" "Yes, sir, we never have any but the best of cheese at the Astor House!"

"Give me some of it, if you are sure it is good;" "Certainly we never have any but first-rate cheese at the Astor House." After munching it a while he spat it out with redening disgust and demanded, "Bar-keeper! Do you call this first-rate cheese?" "Yes sir! we never have, etc.," "Stop!" ejaculated the Judge in a commanding voice, which startled the attention of the numerous practitioners at that bar; "I'll have you to know, sir, that we in Buffalo call that third-rate cheese by G—d sir!"

Judge Stow was noted by those who knew him well, for his wonderfully tenacious memory; not so much of passing men

and things daily happening, but of his student lore, scholarly readings and public events.

Once in his later years, a quiet summer evening, when twilight lingers longest, after dinner, he had *ordered* some visiting friends and associates to go with him for a drive. He had selected for the purpose an open barouche, an unobserved coachman up in front,—and they were driven around the charming country roads near Lewiston, (his home.) Peace, quietness and majestic scenery are the characteristics of that locality. The circumstances and surroundings were suggestive of elevated thought. He being in a colloquial mood, conversation lagging, he resorted to a favorite enjoyment of his : quoting and reciting from his favorite authors, particularly among the classics. He had been delighting his listeners with passages from Homer, Shakespeare, and Dryden, and was cleverly reciting some long and interesting passages from the *Æneid*, when his memory suddenly lapsed, he could not catch the thread of his theme ; he looked mortified, hurt and indignant. The carriage was moving slowly, when unexpectedly the unnoticed coachman slid round in his seat, took up the theme where the Judge left off and finished it correctly, with good discretion. The astonished and excited Judge rose majestically to his feet and said : “Driver!” “Stop!” “Get down from the box!” “Open the door and let me out!” “Get in yourself,” “I’ll mount the box and drive for you!” “I can let no man drive for me whose recollection of such sublime poetry excels mine.” At his command they exchanged places and the Judge proceeded home.

Many of our older citizens will no doubt remember Judge Stow’s long oration over the catafalque of General Harrison, the dead President in 1841, in the “old First Church.” Those present on that occasion, who were not as much impressed with the solemnity of the ceremonies as with the burlesque of his travesty of Antony’s oration over the dead body of Cæsar, will smile again though it occurred nearly half a century since.

The Judge in opening his address committed this little *lapsus linguae* : “William Henry Harrison, whose death we this day de-

plore, *was born young!*" which called forth the risibles of the observing. He lapsed several times subsequent to this, but which the audience passed over without perceptible notice. He several times repeated the remark that "William Henry Harrison was rocked in his cradle," without any apparent relevancy to the point he was at the moment discussing.

During the weary prayer and the oration, General George P. Barker, commander of the regiment of City Guards and his Staff, were compelled to stand in the crowded main aisle of the Church, holding their plumed *chapeaus* in the crook of their arms, standing there as a kind of centre piece to the pageant. The writer sat very near and where he could see General Barker as he changed from one foot to the other, his handsome but irate countenance the very embodiment of concentrated, bottled-up wrath. The reader can imagine his fatigue and disgust at the whole performance. But to use a modern slang expression, the General "got even" with the Judge the following Fourth of July, when the Judge persisted in holding his court on that day. General Barker, in pursuance of his duty, had his parade around the Court House and in the Park, with the inspiring influence of his regimental brass band and the drum and fife corps.

Judge Stow sent an officer of the court to tell General Barker he was "Disturbing the Court" and ordering him to move off his troops and noisy bands! "My compliments, General Barker's compliments to Judge Stow, and tell him to go to Hell!" Stow designed fining and imprisoning him for contempt, but was persuaded out of it by mutual friends.

Mr. Stow was Judge of the Recorder's Court, which court was subsequently merged in our present "Superior Court," During his recordership a large political meeting of the Whigs was held in Court House Park, (Lafayette Square), at which Henry Clay was the great attraction. While Mr. Clay was speaking he frequently addressed Judge Stow, who was chairman of the meeting, as Mr. *Recorder!*

Judge Isaac A. Verplanck, who at a more recent date, was one of the Judges of the Superior Court, was physically, and in gen-

eral appearance, the counterpart of Judge Stow; but Judge Verplanck's genial look and good nature, (except when his temper was ruffled, and even at those times he was not ugly or vindictive), made him the more attractive with the public. - I would like to say more of Judge Verplanck, but the recollections of him are of my older life, not of my boyhood.

The striking similarity of the two Judges of the same court, particularly in their physical proportions and portraits brought him vividly to my mind, while picturing Judge Stow.

Judge Verplanck had his faults as well as his good qualities, of which the last will be longest remembered; the clouds of time are even now obscuring his errors and short-comings, as the good recollections of him brighten. I have spent many a pleasant hour in the genial society of his companionship, which I would love to live over again.

HENRY K. SMITH.

Men of his generation, who still remain with us, will agree with the writer, that Henry K. Smith was one of the brainiest men of his era. Clear cut, emphatic, decisive. He would have been a man of marked individuality in any community; the equal of all, and superior to most of his contemporaries.

In his profession his debates and arguments were clear, comprehensive, analytical and correct. In cases of serious import, it was always thought a point scored to secure the services of H. K. Smith. Versatile, he was sought for in criminal cases as well as civil suits.

As a political orator or stump speaker, he was one of the leading and brightest men of his time. His achievements on the hustings were the harbingers of ultimate success. The listening multitudes were always in eager expectation of hearing from him some strong argument, brilliant saying, or something irresistibly droll, and they were not disappointed; but he rarely descended to drollery; never to buffoonery.

Our Superior Court was originally a court with but one Judge, called the Recorder's Court. Mr. Smith was the second Judge who held that position. In 1850 he held the office of Mayor.

Of his personal appearance as I recall him, he was in height about five feet ten inches, weighing, say one hundred and fifty pounds; erect, dignified, almost to severity and haughtiness, with a proud military bearing; a face of the character of the Romans, of which the nose was the marked feature; indeed, in the profession "he was one of the noblest Romans of them all." If you met him as a stranger, you would mentally remark, "there is an aristocrat," so strongly he impressed you with that feeling. It was not, however, his real character. He was always courteous and pleasantly spoken, to his associates, his equals and inferiors alike. A Democrat in politics. If I be correct, he came to this country in his youth from one of the West India Islands (Martinique.)

He was the first Captain of "Company D" of the old City Guards, in 1838; (the Independent "Company D" of the present time is in lineal descent.) With his executive abilities Judge Smith would have made a good General for our Civil War.

He survived his wife, who was a daughter of one of our early citizens, Captain Sheldon Thompson, Mayor of Buffalo in 1840.

AN EPISODE.

During the incumbency of Henry K. Smith as Mayor of Buffalo, the city officials, together with a fair representation of our citizens, were invited to participate in the hospitalities of, and be entertained by the Governor-General of Canada and the city authorities of Toronto. Those who were there on that occasion must have pleasant recollections of that visit and the events that happened at the time.

It is among the most pleasant remembrances of my early days.

At the time, early in the month of August, 1850, the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, (James Bruce) was the Governor General of Canada. A few weeks previously, the Governor, together with the principle officers of his Government, made a progress of inspection through the Canals of Canada from Montreal to Port Colborne on Lake Erie. This official expedition was expected to arrive at Colborne about noon of a certain day in July, whence

it was supposed the party would come to Buffalo, as their objective point, landing at the foot of Main Street; and from here return directly to the seat of Government, (Quebec.) Whether our city authorities had invited this Vice Regal expedition to make a visit and partake of our hospitalities, the writer does not remember. But at any rate, at the time appointed for their arrival here, the City Military and other organizations were on dress parade and lined both sides of Main Street from the dock to the Canal bridge, with one, six white horse turn-out, for the Mayor to escort his Excellency, Governor Lord Elgin and his personal *Aid-de-camp*, (Col. Bruce) together with other four-horse carriages for the accommodation of other officials on both sides.

The coast of Main Street dock was clear, and the military stood at rest or ease from high noon, until dewy eve. No steam yachts from the Provinces, nor Representatives of a Foreign Power put in an appearance, and the reception collapsed. No explanation was publicly made as to the reasons of their failure to connect. It was supposed at the time that the invitation, if any, was given in a perfunctory manner or informally delivered and was not officially accepted, or other irregularity occurred.

However, the outcome of this intended courtesy on our part was the cause of the first successful act of reciprocity on the part of Lord Elgin and the Canadian authorities, in which we participated. The second being the "Treaty of Commercial Reciprocity of 1854," in which Lord Elgin proved himself our superior in diplomacy. The first being a social act we were altogether outdone and overwhelmed with Vice Royal hospitality.

On the Second of August came a deputation of gentlemen from Toronto, including an *Aid* of the Governor General, authorized to invite the Mayor, City Officers and Common Council, and supplied with special invitations for unofficial citizens, their wives and daughters and a few bachelors to a reception and three days entertainment at Toronto, on the eighth, ninth, and tenth of the month; to which all those invited were pleased to respond their cordial acceptances, numbering in all about two hundred.

The entire Buffalo party under the direction of our local committee (Messrs. Henry W. Rogers; Aldermen Lucius F. Tiffany; and Horatio Seymour, Jr.,) gathered at the special train for Lewiston, on the morning of the eighth. When we reached the "Falls" a party of gentlemen from Toronto, composed of Alderman Campbell, Messrs. Merritt, Fitzgerald, and Angus Cameron, came on board the train announcing themselves as a Committee of Escort for our party, and would take care of us; gathered up our baggage checks, saying to us, to give no thought for the baggage it would be found in our rooms, wherever the guests were to be billeted in Toronto.

At Lewiston we went on board the Steamer "Chief Justice Robinson," where dinner was all prepared, but the capacity of the cabin was only sufficient for seating the ladies at the tables, which were sumptuously provided; the bachelors assisting the ladies as table waiters, and taking their revenge at the second table.

On arriving at Toronto, as the boat reached the dock, on a platform which had been erected on a level and touching the upper deck, stood the Mayor of Toronto and Committee of Reception. The Mayor gave the guests a short address of welcome and the freedom of the city, which was responded to by our Mayor, Henry K. Smith.

Carriages had been provided for the entire party. Disembarking, we passed through a double line of soldiers, the military of Toronto and the 42nd Regiment of Highlanders, Colonel Sir Hew Dalrymple at present arms, from the landing to the North American Hotel. The carriages were ordered to remain at our disposal; there, and wherever we might be quartered during our entire stay, and carriages to be always ready at the guests' command.

The guests were quartered at the different hotels, many of those with ladies at private houses, some by special invitation. By this arrangement the bachelors, of which the writer was one, remained at the North American Hotel.

The first preparation for the guests to make was for the supper and ball at St. Lawrence Hall. The guests assembled at the

hall and passed from there under an arbor and archway of verdure, from the hall through the market, across Front Street to the City Hall, a distance of five or six hundred feet, all carpeted, where the tables were spread with an elegant supper. At the upper table on the dais, crosswise to the other tables, were the Earl and Countess of Elgin, the two Mayors of Toronto and Buffalo; Judge and Mrs. Seth E. Sill, and other honored guests.

It was anticipated that President Fillmore, who had a few weeks previously succeeded to the Presidency by the death of General Taylor, would have graced the occasion and seat of honor at this table, next the Governor-General, but imperative duties prevented him from leaving Washington.

Before being seated came gracious obeisance from the entertainers.

The next day came the prorogation of Parliament, presided over by the Governor-General in full regalia on a moderately raised throne, as the representation of Royalty; supported by the chief Ministers of the Government. The invited guests from Buffalo were seated inside the bar. The members of the lower House were then admitted, standing behind the rail. Then the bills passed at the recent session were read in the court language, (French) to which the Governor gave his assent or dissent by a dignified inclination of the head, in either instance, as the case might be. Then came the brief ceremony of prorogation.

The Buffalonians returned to their temporary homes and prepared for the *Fete Champetre and Dejeuner dinatoire* at the private residence of Lord Elgin, (Elmsly villa); to which all went at four o'clock.

The guests were graciously received by the Earl and Countess. Lord Elgin had all the appearance of the typical English gentleman of your imagination; of about forty-five years of age, cheery, hearty, courteous manners. Lady Elgin, of medium proportions, seemingly about thirty; unostentatious, rather retiring in manner, but elegant and refined, moderately, but becomingly, dressed.

An immense tent had been placed on the lawn in front of the mansion, profusely decorated with English and American bunting and flags; five very long tables arranged in parallel lines, and at their head a raised dais and table for my Lord and Lady, and dignitaries of the feast. There were about six hundred of the good people of Toronto and Buffalo at the tables, which were loaded and almost groaning with good things. Water was there to drink, but few I fancy, cared to imbibe it, when at every plate was a bottle of sparkling, pure champagne from the Earl's own private stock and brand, (the "Irois,") imported from the Department of Marine. It had an iron hook or clasp over the cork, thus dispensing with the services of a butler to uncork it. Underneath the tables were piles of their brethren to exchange for the dead ones. The wine flowed at the will of every guest; the consumption of it must have aggregated something huge, but after a couple of hours at the table a close observer *did* not discover more than one or two persons whose condition was "how come you so," or which made them irresponsible beings for the time. Possibly the quality of the wine had something to do with the general steadiness of the guests. When the progress of the material business of the feast had mostly subsided, the Major Domo approached a monster pasty on the high table near the host and plunging his huge knife and fork into it, out of it stepped a youth in full Highland costume, the child of the Earl, who gracefully bowed to the guests. After the commotion caused by this incident had passed, Lord Elgin addressed his guests with the best after-dinner speech and talk to which it was ever the writer's privilege to listen. Not omitting to allude to the compelled absence of President Fillmore as a regret and disappointment, and in proper time after the Queen, toasting the President. Other toasts were given. Mayor Smith, Henry W. Rogers, George W. Holley and others responded felicitously. When the Earl toasted the "Ladies of Buffalo," there was a short interregnum of silence, which caused his Lordship to rally his gentlemen guests and calling on them by saying: "Is there no courteous gentleman from Buffalo present to respond to the ladies?"

If I be correct, Colonel Henry K. Viele rose to his feet and found his tongue.

Soon, Lady Elgin and the other ladies, rose and retired from the table, wandering out on the lawn. Shortly after, the Governor and gentlemen of the party followed.

The remainder of the evening was given to dancing and a beautiful display of fire-works on the lawn. Thus ended the second day.

On Saturday morning, the last day, there was a parade of the 42d Highlanders, under the command of their Colonel, Sir Hew Dalrymple, at the Barrack Grounds, to which the guests were invited, and a select number were entertained at the headquarters of the Regiment. The place of honor at the table was given to one of the belles of the party, Miss Jeannie Rogers, (daughter of Henry W. Rogers); of whom it was said at the time that she was one of the most beautiful women in Buffalo, and in whom Sir Hew, * a bachelor, became more than ordinarily interested. She subsequently married Ellicott Evans, Esq., who for a long time was a Professor in Clinton College, this State.

After the review, preparations were made for the return of the excursionists, who were taken in charge by the committee of escort, and placed on board the train at Lewiston, as when received, all enthusiastic over their prolonged entertainment at Toronto.

CLINTON.

It would be difficult to properly describe, and do justice to the person, character and career of the remarkable man who is the subject of this sketch.

* An anecdote is related of John Dalrymple, Earl of Stair, (a progenitor of Sir Hew Dalrymple, mentioned above), who was an Ambassador to the court of Louis XIV, which I cannot refrain from repeating here.

It was said of Lord Stair, who was about the same age of the King of France, that they resembled each other to a remarkable degree, of which Louis was cognizant. When the noble Ambassador was officially presented to the French King, he took a long and close inspection of Lord Stair and then remarked: "My Lord, previous to your birth, was your mother for any time a resident of Paris?" "No, Your Majesty, but my father was."

George W. Clinton was an honored member of that old *régime*, of the Buffalo Courts in the thirties, in which he practiced as Barrister and presided as Judge for nearly, or quite, half a century. He should have an experienced biographer to delineate and enumerate all his sterling qualities, and point out his fine marks of character.

Born of, and allied to, the best blood of the State of New York, his partronymic cherished in the annals of its historic records, he could not forget this, nor his early training. He would have scorned living on the reputation of his family name, but rather sought to make a name and reputation for himself; indeed, this is a family characteristic of the Clintons; a native instinct, modestly borne.

In physical appearance, Judge Clinton, when standing erect, was above the middle height; angular in figure, lank, a homely man, somewhat awkward in his gait, a Lincolnian type of man; it never could be said he was a model of manly beauty. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, his personal attractions were very great. He had strong facial expression, gleaming eyes, the electric rays from which, shot through you, as you came within the influence of their magneticism. He had a mellow, sympathetic voice, which rang in silvery tones when reciting some public or private wrong, or in patriotic appeal. When you knew him well or became interested in his discourses, speeches, private conversation, or his pleading appeals to a jury, you were more and more attracted towards him, and saw only the pictures evolved from his brain, his evident kindly disposition and tenderness of heart.

I remember seeing him in my early boyhood, before an interested audience lecturing; his angular figure gently swaying, the back of one hand resting on his hip, the other hand and arm in free action, in gestulating attitude, he speaking in deep, thoughtful earnestness, pleading some cause against wrong or oppression.

He was a hard worker; studious, fond of books; a searcher for wisdom; a lover of nature, fond of its beauties; fond of investigating and studying its fauna and flora, its geology; a

naturalist. He loved piscatorial sports ; in which the art of still fishing seemed to predominate ; so much so, as to earn him the reputation for supineness and indolence ; but this was an error. He sought nature's store-houses and sylvan quiet, to recuperate his forces to aid him in thinking out his themes ; researching his brain ; analyzing ; gathering ideas and tracing facts to utilize thereafter.

When in some quiet nook, embowered in nature's arbors, beside a mobile stream, he seemed listlessly ruminating ; contemplating perhaps the bobbing float with apparent indifference, he was feeling the thrill of a brilliant thought, discovering to him the solution of some intricate problem of nature's science, and thus doing his life's best work. Nor was he indifferent to the sport ; he could and would, upon occasion, brace up to the artistic science and pleasure of the business in hand, and his heart leap to the delight of capturing the wary fish. When lightly treading the margin of a lively, gurgling brook, endeavoring to ensnare the speckled beauties, his beaming eyes would emit electric sparks as he deposited a vigorous trout in his basket. He was a fitting disciple of Walton, whose pastoral life and association he would have much enjoyed.

Judge Clinton was ever an industrious worker, nor was his work confined to his professional business. As lawyer and Judge his time was much employed ; but his intellectual labors for the public, for society, and for charity, were a considerable tax on his time. My early knowledge of him was as a lecturer before the " Young Men's Association," for the early temperance movement, and other non-paying interests. His voluminous books of legal digest and decisions many a lawyer's library will show ; his patient and exhaustive works of love for the " Society of Natural Sciences " may be found in its archives. He was ever obliging in voluntary work for the Buffalo public and in the interest of its charitable institutions.

Always ready to contribute his talents. A fluent and eloquent speaker, when called upon to redress public wrongs or to rouse the sensibilities of a patriotic assemblage, or stir public enthu-

siasm on some popular occasion, he would rise to the work and by his magnetic influence soon put himself *en rapport* with his audience, and deliver his address in those eloquent terms of his, which have been rarely equalled. Then his dark hazel eyes would brighten and sparkle with electric flashes, and he would sway his listeners with supernal power.

Notwithstanding his native goodness he could be decided and severe upon occasion. The writer happened to be present in his Court at the close of the trial of a man, (a sort of shyster lawyer) convicted of a felony. After the man had been sentenced, he still had the assurance to approach the bench, seemingly to argue the injustice of the conviction and sentence. This irritated and annoyed the Judge, who promptly silenced him, and said: "Jacobia, your time has passed; you have been justly convicted and deserve the punishment the Court has meted out to you. You have been guilty of most of the crimes of the decalogue, and should be punished on general principles; officers, remove the prisoner! Take him away!"

Judge Clinton was honored with a number of important public offices and trusts, all calling upon him for more or less of his time and industry. He had been Collector of Customs for the Port of Buffalo; Mayor of the City; Judge of the Superior Court; for many years a Regent of the Universities of the State. Retiring from the Bench by limit of age, he closed an honorable career in hard work, searching by authority the archives of historic records of the State at Albany.

ADDENDUM.

"Once upon a time," "when I was a boy." It was customary for our Amateur Piscators to seek for black bass and yellow pike "outside," in front of the light house pier, anchored in boats. I had placed my boat, perhaps fifty feet away from two other skiffs, each occupied by a single angler, patiently awaiting the snap and swirl of a bass. I recognized one as George W. Clinton, the other as 'Squire Slade, a noted lover of the sport: a Justice of the Peace, who would adjourn his Court at any time if the fish were reported to be biting lively.

They did not know the small boy in the other boat ; with some little satisfaction I observed they were not in luck that day. Suddenly, unexpectedly (of course,) I felt a sharp strike and tug at my line, which made the blood leap through me and hot tingling sensations shoot through my veins. The idea seized me that a shark was after me. I jerked, I trembled, slipped, pulled and struggled about in frantic efforts to secure the monster. The two observers became excitedly interested in my gymnastic efforts to *lose* the fish. Clinton shouted out, " Boy ! play him ! play him ! taut line, but play him ! " " Don't let up on him, tire him out ! " Slade ejaculated, " d—n it boy you'll lose that fish ! " They both seemed all broke up by my awkwardness. However, I got him into the boat after a fashion of my own. Shortly, at their call, I held him up to their view ; Clinton said : " a five pound bass, I declare ! " I felt a good deal elated at my success over those two skillful anglers. " If," said Slade, " I catch that boy near my office, I'll fine him for contempt, for abusing us in that awkward way." They soon pulled up their lines and went off in disgust. The last I heard was from the 'Squire, as he receded out of ear-shot in the distance : " D—n that boy ! Splendid bass though."

HARRY SLADE.

In alluding to him in the foregoing little episode, I must say something more of Harry Slade ; who is not out of place here, for he was in the line of the law and justice, and was one of our notable characters of the time.

He was for many years a popular Justice of the Peace. His office was up one flight of the same stairway that led to the editorial rooms of the Commercial Advertiser, in the old " Ellicott Square," which rooms and his office were the usual *rendezvous*, when " publication hour " had arrived, for the friends of the editors, Dr. Thos. M. Foote, Dr. Lee and Guy H. Salisbury, and the Squire's friends, to drop in and chat over the day's " Leader " and other articles in the paper, gossiping about politics and current reports about town.

There you would often see R. W. Haskins, John Lay, Jr., old George Hubbard, David M. Day, Dr. Stagg, Cad. Carpenter, Michenor Cadwallader, Dr. Scott, Theodore C. Peters, Jim. Durick, sometimes Judge Wilkeson; Judge Love and others.

The young limbs of the law and enterprising students used to gather at Squire Slade's Court, in the "Ellicott Square" as to a school of practice, moot court, or race course; where they would demonstrate their great legal learning and accumen and air their eloquent flights of fancy. It was "Nuts to crack" for the lookers on when two or more of the sharpest young Blackstone cram-mers like Harlow Love, Scott Lord, or Jim. Grahame, talked about "That bulwark of a nation," the English common law; or that "well known" "Supreme Court decision." This was a favorite court with the young Lawyers in cases of slander, horse-jockeying, and assault and battery, when the counsel could "jaw back" with each other, ignoring all court rules and courtesies. Now and then, through failure to conjure up more fitting and strong arguments wherewith to answer the taunts of their adversaries, they gave loose rein to their tongues and indulged in profanity; to which Justice Slade would seem oblivious, but would suddenly cry out "Silence in the Court!" "I'll be d—d if I will permit this profanity in my court! D—d if I don't quash the case and commit you all for contempt!"

JUDGE JOHN L. TALCOTT.

It was often said of John L. Talcott, in the later thirties, that he was the brightest young lawyer here. He was among the most prominent figures at the Buffalo Bar, personally, intellectually and professionally, in the forties and fifties. Beginning his career thus early, later he in no degree disappointed expectation. It came to be conceded, that while numbers were in some respects his compeers as a lawyer, he had no superiors.

It is difficult to speak of individuals among whatever class of representative men, where all are excellent, without partiality seeming to appear in it to the minds of some who do not properly adjust the balances of their judgment. It must be remembered that in

the legal profession many may be superior, but not all in the same departments. Life is too short for one lawyer equally to excel in all the principal branches of the profession. No disparagement in saying of one that he is great in Admiralty and International Law, or Criminal Jurisprudence, while another may be fully his equal in other specialties to which his powers have been more particularly devoted. Nor does it follow because one has recreated himself in *belles-lettres* and another has not, that there is therefore detraction anywhere. All men have not the same fancies.

Judge Talcott in his prime, it was admitted by his associates, was "the leading lawyer" at this Bar. His mind was metaphysical—apt in subtleties, quick to discern the essence of a case, "all there is in it," and to judge of the correctness of court decisions. He was interested in all the branches of the profession which engaged his attention.

He was fertile in resources when unforeseen serious difficulties involved his case. Pettifogging will not be implied if I relate an incident told me by a dear, departed friend, who was contemporary with Mr. Talcott: "He had a remarkable case, in which while no plea of insanity was laid, there was evidence of peculiar moral dereliction involved, foreign to the established reputation of the client, a new complication, 'and something had to be done!'

"Thus, in the course of his arguments he remarked, quite as in natural sequence, that, 'During the progress of this cause, I chanced, at a recess, to take up 'Robertson on the Passions'—an author full master of his subject, who clearly makes it appear that whatever man does, or undertakes, however purely intellectual and abstract it seems to be in character, he is ever guided and impelled thereto by the prompting of some passion, which for the time wholly dominates him, though he be not conscious of it, and that the border land between pure passion and insanity is so shadowy and indefinable as to be untraceable by whatever experts in mental diseases; though to the world

there be no suspicion nor mention as to that condition. It involves the question as to all, at particular times, whether they be 'of sound and disposing mind and memory,' in whatever transactions; there being none who are not prompted in the least as well as the greatest acts by some degree of predominance of a single passion or the combined action thus of several."

There was good reason to suppose that this ingenious fiction won his case. The friend referred to inquired of him where could be obtained a copy of the book he had cited?

"Don't believe it will readily be found," he said.

"I never saw the book nor heard of it before."

"Assume a virtue though you have it not," may here be paraphrased to read, "quote apt authorities though they be not found among standard books in Court Libraries!"

Never was a saying of Emerson more pertinently illustrated than in the case of Judge Talcott, "The superior soul will enshrine itself in a befitting tenement."

His soul was lofty. In person he was tall and well proportioned—not heavy. A mixed but well balanced temperament in which the nervous was prominent, not conspicuous. Not a blonde, he was somewhat florid. He had a pleasant, most intelligent countenance, was dignified and graceful in deportment, socially, an attractive, fascinating conversationalist, with rich fund of anecdote; his drafts on it ever promptly honored; while courting through his talk was often a vein of sarcastic wit. He was fond of social society, and could enter into it with most enjoying *abandon*.

It can truly be said of him he had a well balanced legal mind, harmoniously and symmetrically developed and cultured.

Another incident illustrates a faculty the Judge possessed of pertinent, delicate inuendo: One day late in the decline of his life, sitting in front of the Tift House, while some beautiful young women were passing, he said to a companion, while significantly nodding in their direction:

"Ah, my friend, I think we have lived a generation too soon!"

JUDGE JAMES MURDOCK SMITH.

Among the youngest members of the Buffalo Bar, [in the latter years of the thirties,] say '38 and '39, he has now, in 1890, completed his record as a jurisconsult, having retired from the Superior Court Bench, and active practice, with merited honor, and is deservedly entitled to enjoy a well earned and dignified leisure for what remains to him of life.

All things considered, Judge Smith may fairly be regarded as having been the most successful representative of the legal profession of his period, of the Buffalo Bar and Bench. Coming in very early manhood to an embryo city, with a promiscuous population, he had first to lay hold of the lowest rungs of the ladder of the Law, and by his own efforts slowly to climb the steep and difficult heights unaided, except by such friends and adventitious helps as were afforded along the way while making the ascent.

By industry and persistent well doing, having withal the blessings of a healthy and enduring physical constitution, with untiring energy, and ambition to complete his purposes, he overcame all obstacles and while not yet in far advancing life achieved a round and full success. These qualities never suffered abatement. The amount he has accomplished has been prodigious. His office hours and labors were from early morning till late into the night. And the quality and extent of his work have been to the full measure of the requirements upon him.

His legal arguments, judicial decisions; his letters, reports, and other papers have always been models of perspicuity, clothed in the most expressive and appropriate language; his great care in this seeming to be from a desire to be perfectly understood. Though at times, those with less regard for grace and beauty of expression have claimed, in friendly criticism, that the Judge was commonly more ornate of diction than the law of the case required.

His chirography is bold, clear and handsome; showing strength and breadth of character and steadiness of nerve. A diligent student and realizing the value of time, he early learned the true

philosophy of economizing it by finding "Rest in motion," through varying the forms of occupation; and so adjusted its allotment, that, having the taste and love for them, he was able extensively to cultivate himself in *belles lettres* and general literature, without encroaching upon that required by the legitimate demands of his profession.

Judge Smith is a man of genial manner and temperament, of marked social tendencies, delights in his friends and in friendly social intercourse, in a quiet way, with evident aversion to crowds and jams. His associations have ever been among the best and most cultured of his class.

If there had been such an institution here as the "High Court of Chancery" it would have been a fitting culmination and doubtless gratifying to the Judge to have crowned his career with the appointment to it of Lord High Chancellor.

He still retains the office of Chancellor of the Bishopric of Western New York.

Living plainly, but very comfortably, avoiding ostentation, health and wealth have been promoted, hence he is still vigorous in body and mind and affluently "increased in basket and store."

He has always been a liberal giver in the Church and an ample bestower in works of charity.

He is now, at three score and ten, by all indications as sound and ready for active business as ever; but he has earned the vacation of indeterminate length he has decided to take; but which with his naturally energetic character, will not become a void in his remaining life; for he will still continue in all social usefulness; a pleasure to himself and friends, for, as we hope, a very long period yet to come.

He has found time in more recent years to enjoy the recuperative benefits, the diversion and refreshment of mind afforded by extensive journeys abroad and in Eastern lands; whereby his mind has been further enriched with vivid pictures of the older world, which he takes pleasure in presenting to his friends, as he will also continue to enjoy them, by himself in retrospect, to the end of his life.

L'ENVOY.

Before closing this chapter of sketches of the men of the legal fraternity of the thirties of Buffalo, it is proper to mention as of like character and connecting links between those of the old *régime* and the present time, two gentlemen who stood out as typical of the class immediately succeeding.

In the last of the thirties they were just on the threshold of the arena of the law, and have passed through its contests with honor. But it is to their position and character as valuable and truly representative men of our city of to-day to which I would specially refer. In hearty sympathy with the welfare of the city of their life-long home, and in social fellowship, the presence of none is more welcome on all festal occasions, ever eloquent as they are to voice sentiments then and there prevailing. At public dinners, the receptions of the eminent scientists of the world, the entertainment of the Chief Justice of all England, the reception of deputations of public men on all matters of interest, who can speak our thoughts and wishes more happily and with better grace—and, socially in our every day life, with whom do we meet or hold converse with more gratification and satisfaction than the

Hon. James O. Putnam,
our late Ex-Minister to Belgium,
or Ex-State Senator

Hon. E. Carlton Sprague?

CHAPTER XVIII.

DOCTORS, "M. D."

In writing this ponderous tome of narrative and gossip and gathering in the various professions, I would be disrespectful to them by omitting to notice their brother professors, the followers of Æsculapius. Like our lawyers in their sphere, our corps of "medicine men" were marvelously good physicians; a few of whom achieved national fame and reputation. They were careful men, of excellent judgment; their diagnosis of a case was rarely questioned; their study and knowledge of the profession as a science, their practical experience and expert nursing qualities as an art (which is an essential concomitant to successful practice), brought them to the front rank of medical advisers; while their dignified and genial deportment and ripe scholarship indorsed them as accomplished physicians and gentlemen.

At that time (fifty years ago) to be a good Doctor it was thought requisite that a novitiate should serve a long apprenticeship, studying the composition of medicines, analyzing them, and gaining a comprehensive knowledge of the rudimental parts of the science and not relying upon theoretical problems and mechanical lecture courses. Student life was not playing to be a Doctor, as with some students of the law, chattering of old Blackstone or damning the code; it was something in earnest, it meant work. Their text-books were not alone the U. S. Dispensatory and Medical Dictionary; but works and demonstrations on the construction and anatomy of the human body; the identical houses we live in, their reconstruction, determining the cause and effect of disease; learning to check and restrain its ravages; to build barricades against giant death; grapple and struggle with minds disturbed and brains diseased. Oh, God-like occupation! With power over life and death among your

fellow men. The good samaritan capable of relieving agonizing pains, bringing back the lost lights of the senses and reason, almost the power of creating and bringing into the world young life, and restoring the failing faculties of the aged.

Fifty years ago the pay and fees of a practitioner were of secondary importance; the physician was placed in a similar predicament with the rural clergyman, the last to be paid and then paid in kind, *truck*. An old physician once said to me that he never would write, much less present, a bill for medical service, until driven to it by his needs. He had so much veneration for his own profession, that when he rendered a bill, he seemed to lose respect for himself; it appeared to him so mercenary in connection with the healing art, so much like blood money, that he despised himself for demanding money for ministering the qualities of mercy, or as if the gentle Jesus were to scatter blessings for filthy lucre. His conscience accused him, if he thought he accepted more than his conscientious judgment dictated. I presume that many of our polished physicians of the present day would smile and call this senile twaddle and answer from a different view of the matter; as for example: They had by continued perseverance and laborious study, acquired a knowledge of the art of healing, which they considered as an acquisition of a science to be utilized for their wordly advantage, and not for sentimental purposes, only so far as consistent with a love of their profession. A dentist who had once been a blacksmith, told a gentleman when he demurred to his exorbitant charges for dental services, that his charges were based on the experiences and teachings of his profession; the study, time and skill he had given the subject, like as you would for a learned, skillful and a high toned lawyer or eminent clergyman, who charge for their brains and fore-knowledge, not for merchandise or labor. The gentleman exclaimed: "Oh! what rot!" "Nevertheless, there's no professional etiquette that endorses a swindle."

This reminds me of a good joke a friend of mine perpetrated on a popular physician (who was in no wise delicate about his charges) about his bill. My friend was a dealer in coal, and fur-

nished the Doctor with fuel for the use of his family. Both the Doctor and the Coal dealer only rendered their bills once a year ; it happened that the Doctor on one occasion, rendered his bill first, thereby missing a vantage point. The bill was written and rendered thus :

Mr. E. H. _____

Debtor to T. R., _____ M. D.

Jan'y 1st, 18—

To " Professional attention, family, for year," \$350.00

The Coal Merchant thought he would even up with the " medicine man," and retaliated thus :

T. R. _____ M. D.,

Debtor to E. H. _____

Jan'y 1st, 18—

Dealer in Coal.

" For Coal for family, for year," \$400.00

They met by chance ; said the Doctor ; " why, H., you did not state in your bill the dates and quantities and prices per ton of coal you delivered at my house last year ? " " Ah, Doctor," says H., " You gave me the cue whereby to make my bill ; *You* did not state in *your* bill the dates and number of times of your visits at my house, nor the quantities and charges for medicine my family required of you." The Doctor saw the points and got himself down from his stilts and they jumped accounts.

In those early days the Doctor was expected to know all about his profession.

He did not flourish and make an independent fortune in a few years after coaching and cramming himself on a piece of it ; nor did he presume to practice on the purchase of a diploma, on the supposition that he had been seen in attendance at a clinical lecture or two, in some building, having a sign in large gilt letters " Medical College," or " College of Medicine." No ! the education of the student was thorough and gotten by hard work. His examination searching. And when the Governors and Faculty of a College granted and awarded him a diploma, authorizing him to

take the responsibility of another's life into his keeping, it was deemed a great honor and the investment of his capital for life.

It was the custom and expectation that all went for advice and treatment to "the Doctor" for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," and the people had faith and confidence in him. If your tooth ached, he applied relief or, "yanked" it out; if you fractured a leg, he mended it. If you had a tumor he knifed it, without parade or fuss; a cancer, he did what he could and told the patient to "handle it with care" and endure it with fortitude; if a baby was momentarily expected, he did not come with a white aporn and butcher knife, but gently aided its passage into *this* world. The people looked upon their physician as an honorary member of their families, to whom they could confide their secrets as to a confessor, priest or pastor; not to take to their bosoms a regiment of specialists and thereafter divide their substance among them. Now-a-days, the majority of the "M. D's." seem only capable of comprehending one branch of their science. Last year a carriage was wrecked, I think it was on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston; whatsoever street it was, "doctor shops," (no offense intended to the members of this honorable profession,) are in almost every house, judging by their signs; (as they are here, between Genesee and Chippewa Streets on Franklin Street, where the writer has counted thirty-two houses and twenty-five doctors' signs.) A lady was taken from a wrecked carriage, having sustained a dislocation of the thigh bone. The party were in front of a house with two doctors' signs; after moving her up the steps, they were informed they were at the wrong place, they could do nothing for her; the resident physicians only dealt in diseases of the nose, throat and ear. They moved the lady a few doors, only to find a specialist in lungs; but if they would take the lady over the way they would find a surgeon who operated on legs, who would no doubt be happy to amputate the lady's leg.

I do not write to assault or cast reflections on the specialist class of learned physicians, far from it, better know one branch thoroughly, than to profess to know the whole field, but in a

routine or indifferent way. I write to show the reader how comprehensive, thorough and accomplished our physicians were in the decade of the thirties.

At that time the *esprit de corps* among our physicians was such, that if one of their number who had all the data of a good record, but was supposed to have slipped through the "lubber's hole to the top" and was a suspected humbug or fraud, he rarely was able to erase the blot off his escutcheon. A case in point: among their number was one whose cheek and audacity equalled his mediocre brain, and had he not gone through the prescribed course to gain his degree, would have won the reputation of a quack. I know from direct information that when it became imperative upon him to produce his thesis, he hardly knew what it meant and was compelled to seek aid of a classmate. This Doctor did not receive a very cordial welcome of brotherhood, from his contemporaries of the profession.

As near as I can recollect the men of that time, they were all singularly and exceptionally good, reliable and well qualified physicians. I will give the names of those most familiarly remembered.

DR. CYRENIUS CHAPIN.

Among them the first and most clearly identified man was that irascible, stalwart old soldier, Colonel as well as Doctor, Cyrenius Chapin; I have a vivid recollection of him. When I was about ten or eleven years of age, I one Sunday morning went to Church with my mother. I was clothed in the whitest of linen garments. I had no sooner got located in my seat than I began to have a fearful toothache, which I endured for a time, but the briny tears would ooze. Presently the mother whispered to me: "Go down to Dr. Chapin's office and have it taken out; there's a good boy." So I went, finding the Doctor in his office, where Hamlin's "Chapin Block" now is. With tearful eyes I told my tale of woe to him. "Oh yes," says the Doctor. "There is only one way. Have it out! Have it out!!" It was a sunny, summer's day and shone bright and hot into the

office. The Doctor produced his goads of torture; the keen lancet and the turnkey wrench. He placed me on the floor, between his long legs, not minding my protest of soiling my white trousers; gashing and lacerating my gums with the lancet, he applied the cold steel of that horrible instrument of barbarity, the wrench, and ground out a four-pronged double tooth, bespotting those immaculate white jacket and trousers with "jacquemot" rose color. I never forgot Doctor Chapin after that. Our Doctor Hopkins tells me he has that same identical turnkey. Dr. Chapin was a rough diamond. With all his abruptness of character he was kind hearted, as such sterling patriots as he are quite likely to be. He was a central figure here fifty years ago. The history and records of Buffalo amply note the fact. He was buried with military honors in Franklin Square burying ground. I was there and heard the rattle of the musketry as they fired over his grave.

JOSIAH TROWBRIDGE.

Was one of the highly honored among our old school men. He had a large practice, and when the cholera raged here, in the several seasons in which it was epidemic, Dr. Trowbridge was much sought for. In the summer of '49, when it was a scourge, I happened one day to dine alongside of him at the old "Clarendon." I observed that he had a large dish of cucumbers prepared for himself, of which he was eating inordinately. They were an esculent interdicted before all others by most physicians during the prevalence of the cholera. I remarked to him, that he did not follow his own advice to others in eating cucumbers. "Oh, I prescribe them for myself, they are good for me."

The Doctor was not among the most amiable of men, yet he was socially inclined; liked to entertain his friends; fond of a game of whist; rather dignified in his deportment; not a handsome man, an ungainly figure; a man much respected in the community. He was one of our early Mayors.

It was my habit as a boy to visit with his sons, at his house, built by him on the north-west corner of Pearl and Huron Streets,

(now owned by Mrs. Hamilton, daughter of Elisha Ensign, one of our old time citizens). Occasionally, when the Doctor was short of a hand at whist, he took one of us boys as a *dernier resort*. We played pretty well; but if we trumped our partner's trick, look out for squalls. The Doctor kept a generous side-board. It was well supplied with provocatives, refreshments, wines and liquors. One evening he had a party of eight gentlemen at whist in the drawing room, while we boys were also playing in the dining room. The wine decanters were full in anticipation of the demands of the evening, but the Doctor's son, Will, had been treating us out of the sherry decanter. Fearing discovery, he had taken the black bottle of pale brandy and filled up the vacuum in the sherry decanter; very soon, the party in the drawing room adjourned for recuperation and we heard the Doctor talking about some very fine sherry that he had broached that day. He was fond of discussing the merits of the different magnums and eighth packages with which his cellar was well supplied. He remarked to Colonel Ira A. Blossom, Captain Sheldon Thompson, Wm. B. Rochester and the others, as they moved toward the dining room, "That the sherry of which he wished their opinion, was free from the common fault of most sherries; it was not brandied. In catering to the taste of old drinkers, the sherry makers were too much in the habit of adding light French brandies to enhance a zest for it, but he believed that his was free of that vitiating fault and had the pure Spanish taste."

The gentlemen were all preparing to smack their lips as the Doctor filled the glasses from the decanter which young Doctor Will had been doctoring. Imagine our consternation when the gentlemen were simultaneously attacked with sudden fits of choking and coughing. "Well, well!" says Doctor Trowbridge: "My butler must have broached the wrong cask," (with a severe look at the boys); never mind, another time we'll discuss the sherry; now we'll take something else.

Dr. Trowbridge's boys (he had a number) had large granaries of wild oats to sow. William, the hero of the brandied sherry episode, was about the gayest lark of the tribe. He would,

when quite young, squander money freely; when the pond went dry he would squander his credit. In the flush times of '36 infants of tender age indulged in fashionable dress, burgundy and champaign wines and redolent Havanas; the town had an abundance of "Restaurants," "Recesses" and "Coffee Houses," as they were variously called; among them were "Laidley's" and "Perry's," who were most popularly known.

Perry knowing Dr. Trowbridge permitted William to accumulate a considerable bill, which "was not provided for," when demanded of the scion of the house of Trowbridge; so the enterprising Perry thought he would present the bill to the Doctor. About this time the Doctor, to keep a better supervision over the "scape grace," had planted him in his office as a medical student and embryo Doctor. One day both the Doctor and his son being present, in stalked Perry; he walked up to the Doctor and presented his bill. The Doctor read the bill aloud very slowly as if trying to comprehend it, thus: "Champ!" "champ!!" (pronounced shamp,) "pigs' feet and tripe!" "champ!" "mince pie and coffee;" "champ!" "oysters, champ," and so on to the end, total, \$163.50; he looked up in a dazed way, "what's this? Mr. Perry," "its totally incomprehensible to me." "William! do you know anything about this?" William took the bill and read it off glibly and rapidly, as if it were all one word thus: "champ champchamppigsfeettripeoysterschampmincepieandcoffeetotal—163.50." "Yes sir, I think that's correct, that's my bill with Mr. Perry, father." "I shan't pay it! they are not the necessities of life, and therefore cannot be collected; and I'll be d—d if I pay such a scandalous bill!" The Doctor and his sons have all gone over to the majority, leaving pleasant memories. The family filled considerable space here in early days, socially and otherwise.

Doctor Ebenezer Johnson, our first Mayor, was a good physician, but much given to the business of the city and business pursuits, he held quite a prominent position in Buffalo affairs.

When the Doctor was Mayor and senior of the Banking House of Johnson, Hodge & Co., it was his custom to go about

town in an old-fashioned yellow bodied gig, with a large and knowing white horse. He never hitched his horse; sometimes in summer the Doctor would remain some hours at the office; meantime the horse with the gig would be wandering at liberty about Main Street, seeking the shadiest spots. The Doctor was a quite fine-looking man, built on a liberal scale; florid complexion, and high healthy color; a stranger would be sure to mark him as a prominent man of the town. We youngsters all knew and were a little in fear of the great Mayor, with buff waistcoat and voluminous white choker.

Doctor John E. Marshall was a leading and highly esteemed, first-class physician and citizen. I cannot recall his particular characteristics; to my youthful memory, he was a man of gentlemanly deportment and dignified bearing, very much respected and his opinions often sought for by the fraternity; reserved and reticent in intercourse. He was the father of the late Orsamus H. Marshall, and grandfather of Col. John E. Marshall and Chas. De Angelis Marshall. Doctor Marshall was the originator of the formula for making a famous catarrh snuff; in the Doctor's time it was considered very effective in severe cases of that disorder, which seems indigenous to this region of country.

Among the old school of physicians who were eminent in the profession were: Doctors Bryant Burwell, father of George N. Burwell, who has maintained his father's reputation in himself, Horatio N. Loomis, Josiah Barnes, Chas. C. Haddock, Noah H. Warner, John W. Clark, H. L. Benjamin, Geo. E. Hayes, Alden S. Sprague, Gorham F. Pratt, Moses Bristol, Judah Bliss, James M. Hoyt, H. H. Reynolds, Wm. K. Scott, all men who had the confidence and respect of the community and were an honor to their profession. To the above may be added Dr. Frederick Dellenbaugh and Dr. John D. Hill, who are still in full practice.

Among the younger practitioners of that early day or in the thirties, noted for his skill and fine manly qualities was Dr. Henry R. Stagg. I, a mere boy at that time, can yet recall his handsome figure, polished manner, courteous address, and the nice

adjustment of his habiliments. He married a daughter of Judge Samuel Wilkeson, whose home was in the old mansion on Niagara Square. Drs. James P. White, Charles W. Harvey, Joseph Wilder, many of our present active generation can attest to their successful abilities. Dr. Charles Winne, an accomplished and learned physician, was early sought by many of our best families who always gave confidence to his skill and professional knowledge and judgment.

It was said in those days, when Dr. Winne and his wife promenaded our walks, that they were the most elegant appearing couple in Buffalo; and I guess they were, though there were many handsome men and women here in the thirties.

Dr. Francis C. Brunk acquired an enviable reputation as an accomplished physician and was much sought for in cholera cases.

Doctor Francis L. Harris, afterwards well known as Quarantine Physician for the Port of New York, was a popular man socially and with fine professional attainments.

There were also, Professors Austin Flint, Sr., and Frank H. Hamilton, both of whom subsequently made their residence in the higher and wider field of New York. Dr. Flint was an ardent hard worker, professionally and intellectually; when not practicing, and his time would permit, he devoted himself to study and to writing medical essays, lectures and lecturing. During his career here he delivered lectures before our local institutions; in particular the "Young Men's Association," before which he delivered several, and also a course of anatomical lectures, illustrated by one of the French Academy Manikins.

Doctor Flint was a handsome, intellectual looking man, the ideal college professor in appearance. Both he and Doctor Hamilton became widely known and of national reputation before their deaths, which have occurred within a few years past. Doctor Hamilton was one of the physicians in attendance during the illness of President Garfield.

There were other notable Physicians who in the thirties were just entering the profession, or preparing for it. Among them: Doctors Thomas F. Rochester, Sylvester F. Mixer, John Hauenstien and George N. Burwell, James B. Samo, Charles H. Wilcox, Walter Cary, all worthy of being classed with the foregoing.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Y. M. A."—THE BUFFALO LIBRARY.

A few brief memories of the early history and struggles of this favorite institution, now so well known and holding so important a place among us, seem to demand recognition among these sketches.

It had its birth in the decade of the thirties ; that period in the life of Buffalo which I am endeavoring to depict for the entertainment of the present generation.

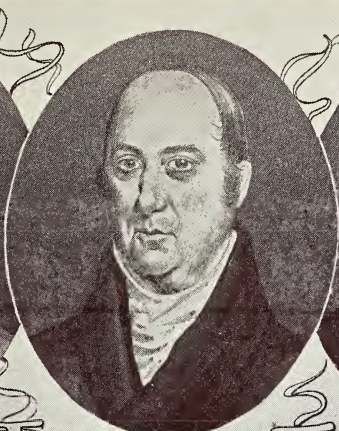
It was christened by its Godfathers :

The "Young Men's Association."

That name was and is held dear by its founders and first generation of members, with whom it has been associated for half a century, and around which linger pleasant recollections of incidents and events connected with it.

Its founders were from among the bright, talented young men then extant among us. Composed of gentlemen of the professions, commercial men, merchants, manufacturers, bankers, and their assistants, who at that early day had but limited resources, and could not establish the "Association" on but a doubtful financial basis. They were, however, like all young people in such undertakings, enthusiastic and earnest in the work and united in their efforts to make it a final success ; which *they* have accomplished, supported and aided by a younger generation until it has finally come to be looked upon as the pride of Buffalo.

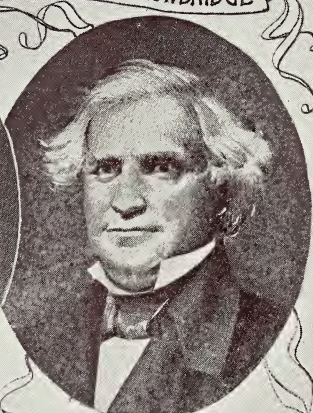
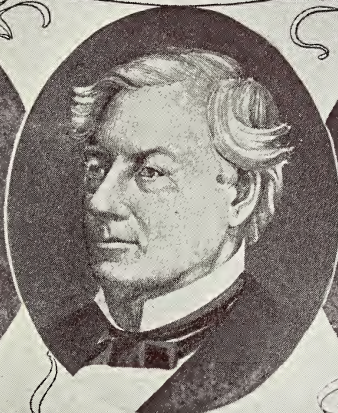
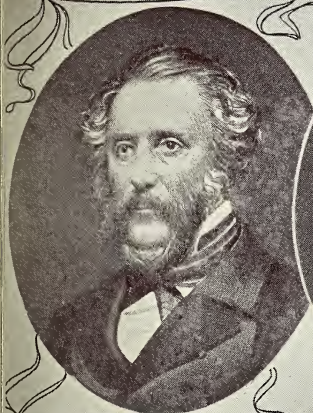
Elsewhere I have written rather enthusiastically of the young men of Buffalo of the decade of the thirties. I have particularly referred to their generally bright professional and business qualifications ; their exceptionally fine physical appearance ; they were enterprising, ambitious and public spirited ; these enumerated



HON. SHELDON THOMPSON.

DR. EBENEZER JOHNSON.

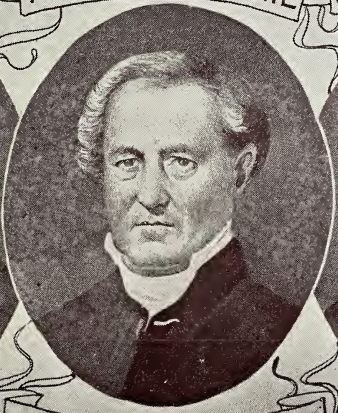
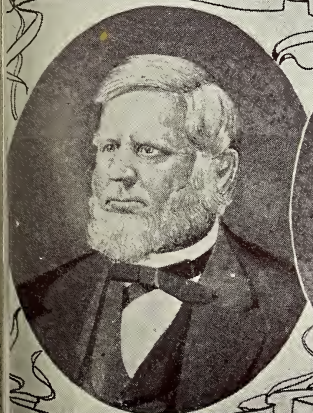
DR. JOSIAH TROWBRIDGE.



DR. THOMAS M. FOOTE.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

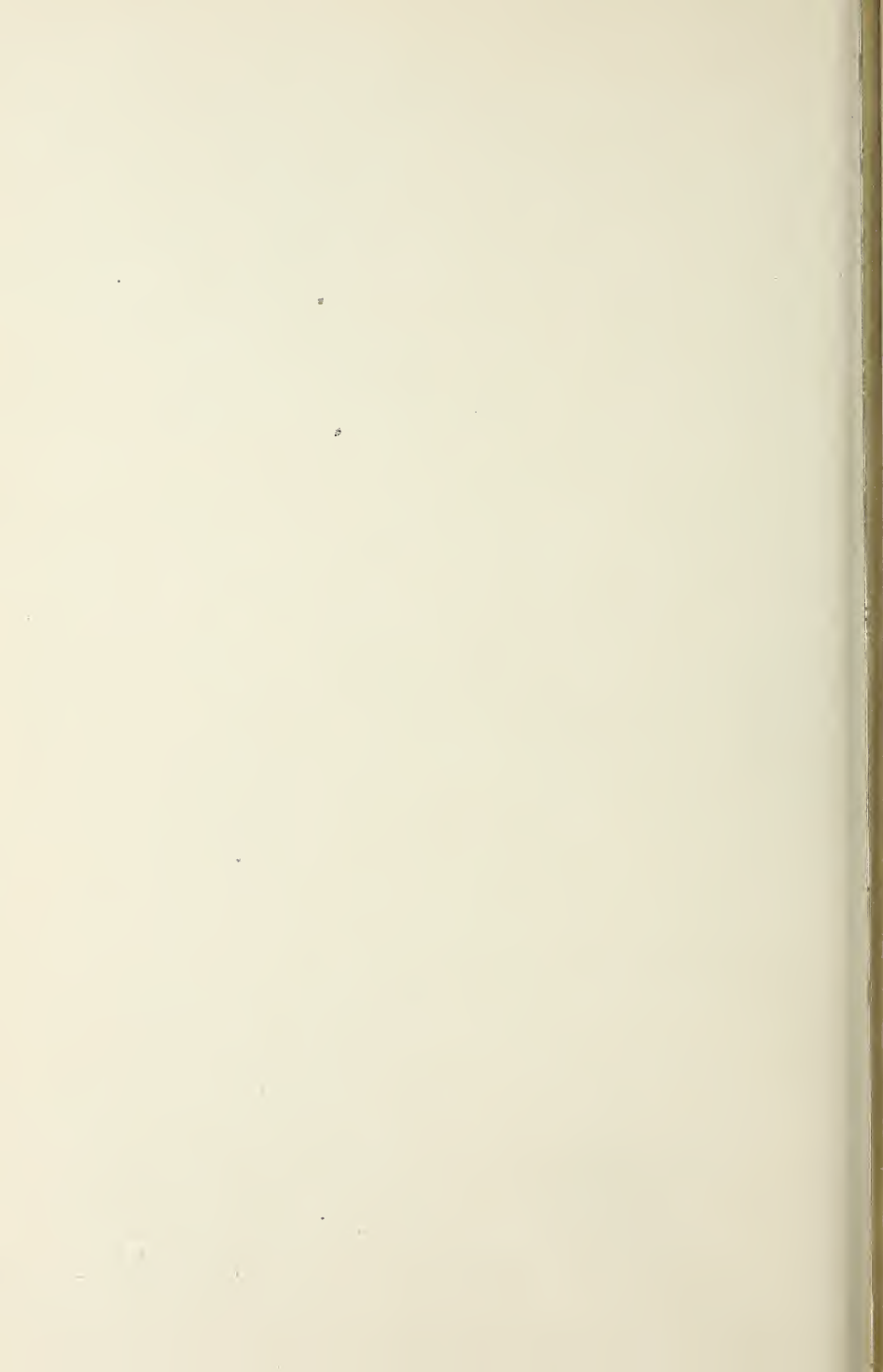
JUDGE NATHAN K. HALL.



SAMUEL F. PRATT.

REV. DR. WILLIAM SHELTON.

GEN. LUCIUS STORRS.



qualities our young men possessed to a superior degree; this gave a high tone and character to the town. The leaven and lever of money had not drifted here in such quantities as to demoralize and draw the sap of fraternal love out of the characters of men. They had an earnest desire for the cultivation of their minds, and an equally strong desire that others should be imbued with the same spirit.

In the winter 1835-6 the young men, recognizing the importance of stimulating mental culture, as the best feature of social intercourse for the improvement of the minds and morals of the people of the town, so completely shut off from business with the outside world as they were during the long winter seasons, and considering the deteriorating effect of spending so much time in idle frivolity and dissipation, conceived and talked up the idea and plan of an organization, and resolved themselves into an informal committee of the whole, to establish an Association, the objects of which were the mental improvement and development of themselves and the still younger youth of the City.

This was a most laudable undertaking, when you reflect that our present public school system was not then in operation. There were no palaces for common schools, nor grand structures to accommodate those who had risen above the primary studies; only the very plain district schools, which were scantily aided by very limited State appropriations, each school of which was governed and taught by the one school-master, who saw fit to adopt this method of livelihood whether properly adapted to the work or not, either by temperament or education; and who not unfrequently was in a small way, an imperious autocrat, punishing children, often, for they knew not what; and the so-called Academies, where the higher branches were taught, for a monied consideration.

The plan of this Association was to establish a Library, Newspaper and periodical Reading Rooms, and a Course of Lectures, in winter mostly, by volunteers from among our own people, here and in the vicinity, who selected their own subjects.

The custom of having a Winter Course of Lectures had not then generally come into vogue; and they were at first desultory and uncertain. But subsequently it became systematized by the arrangement of a circuit for syndicates of literary lecturers, by which all the lyceums and lecture rooms in the country could be supplied and the best talent in that connection be obtained. Professors of the Natural Sciences were generally obtained by personal solicitation and negotiation, to deliver a course of a number of lectures upon one subject, to alternate with the literary course.

The first course of lectures here was the conception of our "Young Men's Association." They were made up from our own home talent, all volunteers, to cover the entire winter course; one, and when there was a Scientific course, two lectures per week.

The plan of an Association being matured, the next step was to establish it by practical and material operations.

My impression is that some desultory conversation had been held by some of the young men as far back as 1834, among whom were Thomas T. Sherwood, George E. Hayes, Seth C. Hawley, Leonard P. Crary, Oliver G. Steele, James P. White, George B. Walbridge, Walter Joy and others, as to the need of establishing a Library or institution of this character, but it did not take practicable shape until some time in December, 1835, when a few gentlemen were informally invited to meet at the office of Elijah J. Roberts in the "Ellicott Square," corner of South Division and Main Streets, on an evening following. There were present on that occasion: Mr. Roberts, George W. Allen, Joseph W. Brown, Theodore C. Peters, Orlando Allen, William R. Coppock and several others. Mr. Brown was made Chairman of the meeting, George W. Allen, Secretary, and Orlando Allen, Treasurer. "The Young Men's Association," was then and there born and christened.

It was decided in that small meeting, that a public meeting of the young men of Buffalo be called at the Court House at some future day, as soon as proper preparation could be made, and the

Rev. Dr. Shelton be invited to deliver an address upon that occasion.

The meeting was held in February, 1836; and if I be correct, Seth. C. Hawley was made its chairman.

To the agreeable surprise of the gentlemen engaged in engineering the movement the Court House was filled with young men, enthusiastic for such an organization.

At the first election of officers for the "Young Men's Association" the following gentlemen were chosen :

Seth C. Hawley,	President.
Charles Winne,	First Vice-President.
S. N. Callender,	Second Vice-President.
George Brown,	Third Vice-President.
Andrew G. C. Cochrane,	Recording Secretary.
John R. Lee,	Treasurer.

MANAGERS.

Wm. H. Lacy.	Henry K. Smith.
Henry R. Williams.	Oliver G. Steele.
Geo. W. Allen.	Geo. E. Hayes.
Chas. H. Raymond.	Halsey R. Wing.
Rushmore Poole.	H. S. Chamberlin.

Rooms were leased of Joseph Dart, in the building number 175 Main Street, (old number), at \$350.00 per annum. Arrangements were made with Dr. Chas. H. Raymond to act as librarian at \$450.00 per annum, and the association had become established.

It was opened with a very interesting inaugural address, by its first president, Seth. C. Hawley, on the evening of March 22nd, 1836. From this time matters relating to the institution went on smoothly during the flush times then existing, until their culmination the following year, when the "hard times" set in and an epidemic of poverty became general among the people, from which the members were not exempt, nor the association itself. True to their manhood, the officers and members struggled against the several years of depression of its young life.

All sorts of schemes were devised and executed to relieve the embarrassment of the institution. In 1838 it was reported that the following gentlemen had contributed the sums set opposite their names and had been elected life members :

Dr. John W. Clark.....	\$500
Morgan L. Faulkner.....	100
Col. Wm. F. P. Taylor... ..	100
Mahlon Kingman.....	100
Wm. S. Waters.....	50
John L. Kimberly.....	50
Capt. Stephen Champlin, U. S. N.....	50
Chas. B. Lord.....	50
Samuel F. Pratt.....	50
Capt. Simeon Fox.....	50
Augustus Q. Stebbins.....	50
Orange H. Dibble.....	50
John Adams.....	50
Russell H. Heywood.....	50

A most timely assistance, which cheered the drooping spirits of the boys. The efforts continued for the increase in the number of life memberships, until by the report of February, 1842, they had increased to seventy-one, including the above named and the following additional life members, a substantial aid at that time :

John B. Macy.	Walter Joy.	Thomas Kip.
Sextus Shearer.	Isaac R. Harrington.	Henry Root.
Alex. A. Evstaphievs.	Wm. Baker.	George B. Webster.
Pierre A. Barker.	Oliver G. Steele.	Warren Bryant.
Thomas Bates.	Lucius H. Pratt.	Wm. Hollister, Jr.
Robt. Hollister.	Geo. B. Gleason.	Wm. Williams, (Druggist.)
John A. Newbould.	Augustus C. Stevens.	Geo. E. Hayes.
Jacob A. Barker.	Theodore C. Peters.	William A. Hart.
Levi Allen	John T. Hudson.	Henry G. Macy.
Jacob Seibold.	Israel T. Hatch.	Ira Joy.
Edward L. Stevenson.	Henry S. Seymour.	Sheldon Thompson.
Ira A. Blossom.	Orsamus H. Marshall.	Thomas R. Stocking.
Millard Fillmore.	Edward Root.	Peter Curtis.
Solomon G. Haven.	Geo. P. Barker.	Seth E. Sill.
Nathan K. Hall.	Henry Lamb.	Albert H. Tracy,
Thaddeus Weed.	William A. Thompson.	Eldridge G. Spaulding.

Lewis L. Hodges.
Chas. E. Young.
Edwin Thomas.

Bela D. Coe.
Curtis L. Brace.
Wm. Galligan.

Wm. A. Mosely.
James D. Sheppard.
Roswell W. Haskins.

In addition to the above there were 440 annually paying members, of whom the writer was one. At the time of this writing only five or six of those seventy one life members are still alive. Where are the others?

During this long struggle some twenty of the members gave their promissory notes for one hundred dollars each, which they subsequently paid, to lift the Association over its difficulties.

Other means were resorted to for replenishing the treasury, which was often depleted. A summer *fête* and concert was held at "Hart's Garden." This place, hardly known to the present generation, was located in the rear of the First Presbyterian Church on Pearl Street, the dwelling and dancing and concert hall stood on the site of the rink; the dwelling was previously the residence of General Heman B. Potter; the garden covered perhaps one-half of the entire block, with trees, shrubbery, flowers and booths.

A steamboat excursion by moonlight was given on board the "Buffalo," of which Captain Levi Allen was owner and Commander. It was a delightful event of the time, and in which the ladies manifested much interest; making it a success. The Association realized from these two sources five or six hundred dollars.

Reduction and economy in expenses were practiced; the rent of the rooms was reduced to two hundred and fifty dollars.

The Librarian, Mr. Phineas Sargent, accepted three hundred dollars as his annual salary. Other free donations were added to the first list, to enable the management to maintain its credit. These donations were mostly thought to be self-sacrificing, in those pinching, "hard times." Among them were:

Hiram Pratt.....	\$250
William Williams, (druggist).....	50
Horace Clark.....	25
Samuel W. Hawes.....	25
John Wilkeson.....	20

Joseph Saltar	20
Louis Le Couteulx	25
Joseph Clary	30
Harry Slade	25
Israel T. Hatch	50
Edwin Thomas	25
Elisha Hayward	25
Rollin Germain	25
Joseph G. Masten	20
Jabez Goodell	25
Henry K. Smith	25
Edward S. Warren	10
William G. Murray	10
James M. Smith	5
James Smith	5

In the annual report of 1839, in recounting the meagre resources of the Association, it is somewhat pathetic to note as its first item: "1st \$78.16, chiefly in bills on the Bank of Monroe, Mich., estimated to be worth \$00.00"

Thus by persistent effort and careful management the Association struggled through the "hard times" of its early days, and could at last maintain itself from its legitimate resources. Then the "Young Men" were enabled to continue their progressive work, by largely increasing the membership, and improving and adding to the library.

The lecture course by this time had become a leading feature of the institution. Its hall had been essentially improved as to appearance and for promotion of comfort. The Lecture Committee selected speakers with greater care and more regard to the subjects likely best to satisfy and benefit the people. Thus inaugurating a system of more zealous efforts to the end of achieving a full and worthy literary and financial success.

The early lecture courses were mostly made up of local, home talent; members of the Association generously volunteering to

NOTE.—From the annual report of February 9th, 1842, under the presidency of Warren Bryant, I quote: "From February 1st, 1841, to February 1st, 1842, ten thousand four hundred volumes were drawn from the library, (a large number for that period), being an increase of four thousand over the number drawn last year." "Of the books issued, 40 per cent. were works of the imagination, thirty per cent. history, biography, travels and voyages, twenty per cent. standard literature, including periodicals, and ten per cent. science."

lecture ; and when they did, surprising our citizens by showing what a wealth of talent and brilliant thought had been dormant among our young men, for want of an incentive to draw them out.

Among the young gentlemen who lectured before the Association in its early days, and their subjects ; were :

William H. Greene, on " Political Education."

Austin Flint, M. D., " Discovery of Truth," and also, on " The Phrenological Philosophy—as connected with Materialism, Fatalism and the Personality of Mind."

George W. Clinton, on " Incentives to the Study of Natural History."

COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW COURSE.

Henry K. Viele, Introductory.

Jesse Walker, " Legal Ethics."

Reverend Eli Smith, " Mount Lebanon."

J. H. Lathrop, " Commercial Revulsions."

Charles H. Raymond, M. D., " Opium."

Henry P. Townsend, " Lord Byron."

The next year and following winter course was quite fruitful of home talent. Our people were pleased and gratified over the discovery of the mine of wealth which these " Association Lectures " had developed amongst us, showing a degree and amount of intelligence and intellectual culture existing with us not thought of by the general public, which was then being brought to the front through the enterprise and zeal of the members, and popularly utilized.

The following list of lectures covers only the year from February 17th, 1841 :

William H. Greene, " The Prose of Milton."

Francis S. Ellis, " Political Economy."

Henry K. Smith, " War between England and the United States."

William L. G. Smith, " Human Character."

George W. Clinton, " Capital Punishment."

William Ladd, " A Congress of Nations."

Austin Flint, M. D., " Human Progress."

Samuel Wilkeson, Jr., " Woman's Rights."

Asher P. Nichols, " Toleration—Social," " Political and Religious."

Francis S. Ellis, "Morals of Speculation,"

William H. Hecox, (Subject Not Given.)

Dr. William K. Scott, " " "

Albert Brisbane, "Association."

Charles D. Norton, "The Age and its Claims."

Joseph G. Masten, "The History of the Bankrupt Law,"

Edmund B. Vedder, "The Social Divisions Existing Between Different Classes of Society."

Reverend George W. Hosmer, "Sir Francis Bacon."

James McKay, "The men in woolen jupes seen about the baths of Mount D'Or."

Elias S. Hawley, "The Classification of the Sciences."

On December first, the Winter Course was opened with an introductory address by

Warren Bryant, President of the Association.

Theodotus Burwell, "Policy of Sumptuary Laws."

Samuel Wilkeson, Jr., "Divorce."

Jesse Walker, "Trial by Jury."

Asher P. Nichols, "The Past, Present and the Future."

Samuel Caldwell, "The Character of the Times."

James O. Putnam, "Individuality of Character."

Abram M. Gardiner, "Our Social System; its freedom and its restraints."

During the two succeeding seasons I find recorded the following gentlemen as having lectured before the Association :

Rev. James N. Granger, "Theology, its History as a Science."

Dr. Thomas M. Foote, "Civilization."

Isaiah T. Williams, "Character of Tecumseh."

Henry White, "The Legal Rights of Married Women."

Horace Greeley, "The Formation of Character."

R. W. Hawkins, "Origin of Natural and Judicial Astrology."

George L. LeRow, "Elocution and Shakespeare."

Charles D. Ferris, "Conquest of Mexico."

Hon. Frederick Whittlesey, "Life Insurance."

Ellicott Evans, "Ancient and Modern Civilization."

William Treat, M. D., "Natural History."

Thomas J. Sizer, "Literature and the Fine Arts, their prospect in this country."

E. Carlton Sprague, "The Poetry of Wm. Wordsworth."

There were other well known citizens, young men, who lectured from time to time, but I do not find their names mentioned in the annual reports of which I happen to be possessed.

It was a considerable of an undertaking on the part of the Lecture Committee to procure the consent of gentlemen who would

lecture, and obtain the titles of their subjects in advance, so as to advertise the whole list of a season. Sometimes funny things would occur at the interviews, for the delectation of the Committee :

A deputation once called upon the late Colonel Peter A. Porter of Niagara Falls, then really a Buffalonian. The interview was had in presence of Mr. Porter's sister, Elizabeth. After his consent to lecture had been obtained the usual question was asked, if he could and would name the date and the title of the subject upon which he would lecture? Mr. Porter laughingly replied, turning with an arch look to his sister, sitting near. "I hardly know now, but what do you say to "The Age of Elizabeth!" This reminds me of an incident, with which Miss Porter was connected, said to have occurred at a *Pension* in Florence, Italy; which is not entirely relative to the subject matter here, but which I deem too good to be forgotten. At the time, Miss Porter, with her companion, Miss Mary Norton, were guests at this *Pension*. They were in the parlor, where were gathered a bevy of English ladies with themselves. The subject of conversation was of Niagara Falls; one of the English ladies said: "Miss Porter, you are an American and must know something of Niagara Falls?" To which Miss Porter replied, "Oh, yes! indeed, I own them!" Which was literally a fact, as she was one of General Peter B. Porter's heirs; and they owned at the time both sides of Niagara River of the American branch of the Falls, all of Goat Island and the half of the Horse-Shoe Falls to the British boundary.

When Col. James McKay announced the subject of his lecture as: "The men in woolen jupes seen about the baths of Mount D'Or," it caused considerable comment as to its meaning, people thought it eccentric, typical of Colonel McKay's character, but the majority of the people were not as familiar with France and the French Revolution as he. The Colonel lived the last years of his long life in Paris, as more congenial to his tastes. He will be remembered as builder and owner of the Castle on "Prospect Hill," where he at one time resided, and subsequently sold

to the Government for a barracks and "Fort Porter." The Castle has been since occupied by the Commanding Officer of the troops stationed there ; but it has been changed from its former castellated appearance. Col. McKay was the father of Steele *Mackaye* of dramatic celebrity.

The whole and a minute history of the "Young Men's Association," or "Buffalo Library" should soon be written for our local archives, and before its first generation of members have entirely passed away. Its first half century history, will be of interest to its future generations of members.

I think there is no one now so competent and familiar with the subject as our present Superintendent of the Library, Joseph N. Larned.

CHAPTER XX.

LOG CABIN CAMPAIGN, 1840.

To close up the decade of the thirties, we had the political campaign of the Presidential election of 1840. The then President, Martin Van Buren, the partisan and political successor of Andrew Jackson, was the Democratic candidate nominated for re-election. He was opposed by General William Henry Harrison, the Whig nominee.

It was generally admitted to be what was called very "hard times" amongst all classes of people; in marked contrast to the reckless flush times of '36. We had recently passed through the wild speculations in real estate, which culminated in a prolonged crash in 1836-37. (Van Buren's first year). The borrowed values of property of that time, which were fabulous, rampant and absurd, had collapsed; prices receded fearfully; indeed real estate had no substantial current or cash values. It had sunk down stagnant; the residuum was wide spread ruin and bankrupt estates; merchants and manufacturers failed in scores. All banks of this or other States were more than doubted; all confidence in them and in personal credit was lost. The auctioneer's hammer was heard from door to door. All building enterprises had ceased; laborers, mechanics, and other citizens were idle, daily becoming poorer.

The country had not developed; it was new; we had not begun to export grain, butter, cheese, or other farm products. Until the re-action came, the balance of the foreign trade was against us; the country was being drained of bullion. The banking system, or rather systems, were all on an unsound basis. The circulating notes of the bank were at a fearful discount everywhere but in their own immediate place of issue. This was distinctively so as between the west and the east, partly due to slow

communication, the ignorance of the ability of these institutions to meet their obligations and promises to pay, added to the wide spread financial depression, in many instances often as high as ten per cent. A notable instance occurs to my mind. One of the most thoroughly equipped and soundest banks in Ohio, the "Clinton Bank of Columbus." A no better managed bank, nor none doing a more profitable business; in the heart of an agricultural State, controlled by men of the highest reputation for honor and ability; the record of its history will compare favorably with any institution of the kind. The cashier, who held that office from the commencement of its charter until its close, told me that the bank never failed to make its semi-annual dividend of five per cent. during its charter; and when the bank went into liquidation paid its stockholders about two dollars for one of its stock. Certainly a handsome record; and yet the bills of this bank sold for a number of months at a discount of nine and ten per cent.; for what? For New York State bank bills, or those of the Buffalo Banks, every one of which failed! But what a surgical operation upon the hard-earned wages of the workmen of that day!

The building of railroads was in its incipency; there were no public works. The policy of the general government was opposed to "internal improvements" or erecting "outward fortifications." Private enterprise had no encouragement; hence, "what were men to do?" was the question of the hour.

Mechanics, laborers, farmers, were paid for their work and products; in trade or swapping, in depreciated currency, or shin plasters, as they were called, *i. e.*, printed promises to pay for small amounts, I. O. U. indebtedness. All this was fearful at the ruling rates for wages. Luckily, or as a consequence of the existing condition of the country and its business, the competition in prices in trade, the low rates of labor and reduced cost of raw materials, had brought about a very low range of prices for the commodities and necessities of life, which enabled the people in general to live, if economical, without absolute beggary; indeed, the people were all poor alike, dependent upon each other; the rich were poor, and the poor poorer.

It may be interesting to the general reader for me to quote some of the prices of the period: Flour, \$4 per bbl.; Pork, \$8 per bbl.; Beef, 3 to 6 cents per lb.; a fore-quarter of Lamb, 18 to 20 cents each; hind-quarters of the same, 30 to 35 cents; Hams and Shoulders, 5 to 7 cents per lb.; Fish, 1 to 4 cents per lb.; Sturgeon, (Albany Beef) one cent per lb., the fish I bought as a small boy at that time, at one cent per pound, mainly to get its nose for cores for our balls, to make them bound, to play the present National Game; the fishmonger of whom I inquired the price of the same species in the Washington market yesterday, told me 12 cents, (a wide difference); Potatoes, 15 to 20 cents per bushel, commonly $62\frac{1}{2}$ cents per bbl.; Butter, 6 to 10 cents per pound; Eggs, 5 to 8 cents per dozen; Poultry, 6 to 10 cents per pound; Dressed Ducks, 50 cents per pair; a good fat goose, 25 or 30 cents. If you were a regular customer or a very poor person, your butcher would give you beef shanks (soup bones), ox-tails, beef, or calves' livers, sweet-breads, hearts, sheeps-heads, kidneys or tripe, some of which items are now sold at fancy prices, and the market forestalled by hucksters, so that families in cases of sickness cannot obtain them.

Bricks, \$2.75 and \$3.00 per thousand; Lumber, common hemlock to good, pine, \$4.00 to \$8.00 per thousand feet.

Ordinary day laborers' pay was five shillings (sixty two and one-half cents) per day; masons, brick-layers, carpenters, seventy-five cents to one dollar per day; skilled workmen, one dollar and twenty-five cents. Other occupations were paid at corresponding rates. When constantly employed under contract, the workmen were to receive in many cases only half cash, the remainder in trade—store pay, *i. e.*: in orders on the employers or other stores for such goods as they needed. A merchant's clerk who might be a good salesman, active and industrious, was thankful for one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars salary per year. If he was well known as a good salesman, with a line of patronage which he could draw round himself, could keep his employer's books and be generally useful, he might perhaps command five hundred dollars per year, but such young men were not the

men machines of to-day, that superintend perhaps twenty feet of counter, from eight o'clock, A. M., to six o'clock, P. M. and confined to one class of goods, as silks, cotton goods, linens or laces, but the expert clerk was expected to be here, there and everywhere, know the markets, styles, modes, fashions and values, and be known to all the ladies as Mr. Dana or Mr. Nichols, or to all the farmers and their wives as Mr. Warner or Mr. Barnes, such a nice fellow to trade with! He always had the books written up, he "ragged out" on the outer wall and the windows, between six and seven A. M., while his junior swept the store, made the fires and trimmed the oil lamps, and hoed up the mud in the streets on Fridays. They usually got through their work about ten or eleven o'clock P. M., in busy seasons, and had no holidays; those were the best days for trade. Staple domestic dry goods cost more then than now; the same with sugar and China teas, (coffee was cheaper;) but competition was so strong, owing to a mania to make sales, that the measure of profits to the merchant was very much restricted. On the other hand, foreign goods were much cheaper than now—domestic cotton goods called "sheetings," weighing three yards to the pound; unbleached, thirty-six inches in width, made in Lowell, Mass., was sold at 14 to 16 cts.; "Shirtings," lighter weight, 28 inches wide, 8 to 12 cts. per yard. Calicos, of which the "Merrimac" and "Dover" were the choice prints of that day, were then quoted at 14 cts. for "Dover," and 16 cts. for "Merrimac." Similar goods to-day are worth about 5 to 7 cents per yard. A kind of goods were manufactured at that time for men's clothing, adapted for and called "Hard Times," a mixed cloth of black and white or grey and black, spun and woven of coarse, loose thread, presenting the appearance of heavy wool mixtures, which was really nothing but a sort of cotton shoddy, and sold for twenty-five cents per yard.

The men or women desirous of getting drunk could do so cheaply, New England rum, or rectified high wines (whisky,) could be bought at twenty-five to thirty cents per gallon or three cents per glass at any bar; the best of Havana cigars were only three cents each. The average beau or dude was not compelled

to indulge in odoriferous barbarous cigarettes, when visiting his lady friends, for want of a pure Havana. The cigarette was not then known except only as a tradition of, or through a traveler from Spain.

Economy seemed to be the end and aim of life. All kinds of mechanical and mercantile industries were struggling for business. A change of some sort was looked for and hoped for. A change of Administration in the hope that new men and new measures would strengthen confidence, create activity, and stimulate business. Men's time was not wholly occupied in their usual pursuits; this new political canvass and its hoped for results, was to be the pabulum which was to gratify their desires and lift them out of their business rut, the panacea for all financial ills.

Soon after the nominations were complete, the excitement of the political contest began to assume wide-spread proportions.

Harrison was an ideal, typical American; a fortunate nomination for the Whigs, as he combined for himself the leading requisites for a successful candidate. He was a Western man, living plainly the life of a farmer, in a log cabin at North Bend, Ohio, on the Ohio River, near the line of the State of Indiana. His father, Benjamin Harrison, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, a guaranty of his native patriotism; he was a Virginian by birth; he had been an Ensign at the age of nineteen, employed in the army under St. Clair, and afterwards under "Mad Anthony," (General Wayne), in the North-west against the Indians. He had been Governor of the Territory of Indiana, embracing the present States of Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan. In 1812 he was made Major-General and placed in command of the North-western frontier, then almost entirely in possession of the Indians.

He was called the "Hero of Tippecanoe." He had been soldier, statesman, and diplomatist; never a scheming politician, but more like Cincinnatus, taken from the plough in the emergency of the State, to attend to its affairs. With such a record, no wonder his nomination at once became immensely popular. On

the other hand, the incumbent, Martin Van Buren, having been installed in office during the financial crisis of '36-'37; his administration during the several years that followed, when the country was suffering a great depression of its business affairs, and could discover no outlook for improvement, without some radical change, it was but the natural sequence to attribute the condition of the country to the faults and policy of the Administration.

Van Buren was considered the embodiment of a crafty and cunning politician; he had succeeded that leonine "Old Hickory." That "By the Eternal," too positive, but honest old despot, Jackson, who had crushed the United States Bank; had removed the deposits and established "Sub-treasuries," that, of course, it was thought, must have been the origin of the financial disturbance, continued by his late Vice-President and successor, Van Buren, and it was evident their governing policy must be stopped. Van Buren was called the Fox, and pictured in the cartoons of the day as a sharp-eyed, side-whiskered old fox, nor was he noted for any special virtue or statesmanlike accomplishment. In later years he was called "The Sage of Kinderhook." The country was ripe and destined for a political re-organization.

The campaign began early to be in earnest, as the approaching election came nearer, the parties became excited, the Whigs more and more enthusiastic. The supposed Whig minority instituted grand proselyting schemes. Patriotic lives of Harrison and campaign documents were widely circulated. Mass meetings, political processions and pilgrimages then first came into general adoption as features of a Presidential canvass. The sneers upon Harrison, that he lived in a log cabin on the Ohio River, on corn dodger and hard cider, were seized upon as electioneering watch-words. "Log cabin and hard cider" was all the rage; campaign and patriotic songs were composed and sung everywhere. If all the songs composed for this campaign were collected they would fill quite a sizable volume, with literary merit, humorous, witty, satirical and musical rhythm. Quartette, quintette and other Glee Clubs were numerous. Nor did they confine themselves to halls, saloons, club house, or private gatherings, but on every and

all occasions. Gleees and songs were sung. A knot of four or five or more gentlemen gathering together on the public streets or in public places would be sure to bring out :

“WHAT HAS CAUSED THIS GREAT COMMOTION?”

Tune — “ Little Pig’s Tail.”

“What has caused this great commotion,” motion, motion ?
Our country through,
It is the ball a rolling on

CHORUS.

For Tippecanoe and Tylet to-o ;
And with them we’ll beat little Van,
Van, Van ; is a used up man,
And with them we’ll beat little Van !

Like the rushing of mighty waters, waters, waters !
On it will go,
And in its course will clear the way,
For Tippecanoe, etc.

Let them tell about hard cider, cider, cider,
And log cabins too,
’Twill only help to speed the ball,
For Tippecanoe, etc.

The latch string hangs outside the door, door, door,
And is never pulled through,
For it never was the custom of
Old Tippecanoe, etc.

Oh, have you heard the news from Maine, Maine, Maine,
The Locos look so blue,
Two hundred for Kent, six thousand gain,
For Tippecanoe, etc.

The Buckeye State has thundered loud, loud, loud,
Chapman cannot crow,
Tom Corwin’s eighteen thousand crowd
For Tippecanoe, etc.

Just listen to the Southern news, news, news,
Georgia fires her gun !
The people have turned the screws,
For Tippecanoe, etc,

Little Matty's days are number'd, number'd, number'd,
 Out he must go,
 And in the chair we'll place the good
 Old Tippecanoe, etc.

Who'll we have for our next Governor, Governor, Governor,
 We'll have Bill Seward, for he's a team,
 And with him we'll beat
 Marcy, Marcy, Marcy.

The beautiful girls, God bless their souls, souls, souls,
 All the country through,
 Will all to a man do what they can,

CHORUS.

For Tippecanoe and Tyler too—Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
 And with them we'll beat little Van, Van, Van,
 Van is a used up man,
 And with them we'll beat little Van!

At that time, 1840, the State Elections were held in October, a month previous to the Presidential Election, which accounts for the allusions to the news from Maine, Ohio and Kentucky, &c., in the campaign song. Many of these stanzas were improvised by the vocalists, as the occasion might suggest and so there was no end to them.

Considerable vocal talent was thus brought out in this musical enthusiasm. I recall one Glee Club composed of well known citizens, gentlemen mostly belonging to the Voluntary Choir of the Unitarian Church. Among them were Judge Geo. W. Houghton, Wm. Fiske, Thomas B. Chase, C. F. S. Thomas, Geo. W. Vining, John Harrison, Everett L. Baker and others, who would often start the ball a rolling on "For Tippecanoe and Tyler too," gathering a large crowd of chorus volunteers about them.

Log cabins were built in prominent places in towns and cities all over the land as places of resort for the gathering of the Whig electors. These cabins were decorated within and without with all sorts of modern antiquities characteristic of the American Farmer.

A barrel of hard cider was usually on tap; keep-sakes, tokens and ornaments in the form of log cabins and other devices were

worn. I have to-day a horn seal ring with a log cabin engraved upon it. Harrison badges with portraits, were commonly worn, as were red, white and blue cockades in 1861.

As the election drew nearer monster gatherings were called at various places, to which came large numbers of enthusiastic people, "Fort Meigs," "Erie" and other places. One here in Buffalo on the anniversary of the battle of the Thames, successfully fought under Harrison, October 5th, 1813, on which occasion there was an immense procession; wagons filled with young women from the surrounding towns, all dressed in white with plenty of red and blue ribbons; log cabins of all sorts and sizes, on wheels, brought from the country round about; cider mills on wheels making cider; all sorts of mechanical and farming implements and devices, with all the people singing: "Red, white and blue," and "What has caused this great commotion, our country thro', it is the ball a rolling on for Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

At some of these gatherings the Military Companies joined in and had mock battles with mock Indians.

One remarkable feature of this election campaign: It was an amicable, good-natured fight for the ascendancy; both sides, Whigs and Locofocos* were strongly desirous of success of course, yet there was no quarreling, exasperating fighting partisans or drunken mobs; the campaign was one of citizens at play, in rollicking good nature, imbibing cider only as a beverage, with doughnuts and pumpkin pie for nourishment—all poor you know!

At Erie, Pa., on the anniversary of Perry's victory on Lake Erie, September 10th, there was a double mass meeting, Whigs and Democrats, separated of course on either side of the town, entirely amicable with each other. With the Whig delegation from Buffalo were a portion of our City Guards, "Company D," commanded by Otis Vaughn and Lieutenant Thomas C. Welch, and Col. John J. Fays, Battery of Artillery, in tents on the field

* Locofoco or scratch matches first came into use about that time, the name was applied to the Democrats because they were quick to fire up in political argument.

of meeting. The writer, a boy volunteer, Quarter-Master, occupied with others one of these tents. Directly in front of it stood a brass field piece, a nine pounder, which made him bound at sunrise, when fired by Corporal Daniel D. Bidwell. On the Democratic field one of the days of meeting were observed among the notables, James Buchanan, accompanied by Dyre Tilinghast and Henry K. Smith, of Buffalo.

Both assemblages on those fields, on that beautiful day, 10th September, 1840, presented the appearance of two great armies in holiday attire, under a suspension of hostilities.

Our Buffalo log cabin was constructed and stood on the lot at the north-east corner of Main and Eagle Streets. Pictures of it may be seen at the Historical Society rooms.

The Presidential Election at that time was a three days' fight. Old Captain Gager's miniature ship, rigged and manned by sailors, traversed the streets those three days, on wheels, carrying a gun which belched its noise at intervals, and picking up voters to take to the general polling place, the "Old Court House." (Where stands the Buffalo Library). The Captain's ship stood an old hulk for many a day in the rear of his side yard, at his residence on Pearl Street; but since his death, like its owner, has gone to decay.

At the close of the election enthusiasm was very buoyant; no one doubted the final result; everybody was joyful, except the discomfited office holders who all indorsed their party leaders' creed, that "to the victors belong the spoils!" and the disgruntled Democratic politicians' cause was lost.

Business prospects at once began to brighten; a happy business future seemed in store for all. On the grounds of our log cabin lot, reaching from Main to Washington Streets, a huge balloon building was built, to hold an inaugural log cabin ball on the 4th of March, '41. The floor was painted, I think, with twenty-six circles, with the names of all the states of the Union; forming that number of figures for the cotillions. The ball was a complete success.

President Harrison was on that day inaugurated for a Whig dynasty, with a hopeful future. He had selected a cabinet of eminent statesmen, of well-known high character, for good judgment and honorable record. But alas for all human calculations! In one short month President Harrison sickened and died on the 4th of April following his inauguration, and the hopes of the party and the business world were blasted.

A fitting requiem was written at the time by the late Mrs. Ann S. Stephens as follows :

“ Death sitteth in the Capitol ! His sable wing
 Hung its black shadow o’er a country’s hope,
 And lo ! a nation bendeth down in tears.
 A few short weeks and all was jubilee,—
 The air was musical with happy sounds,—
 The future full of promise—joyous smiles,
 Beam’d on each freeman’s face and lighted up
 The gentle eyes of beauty.
The Hero came — a noble, good old man—
 Strong in the wealth of his high purposes ;
 Age sat upon him with gentle grace,
 Giving unto his manhood dignity,
 Imbuing it with pure and lofty thoughts,
 As pictures owe their mellow hues to time,
 He stood before the people, Their’s had been
 The vigor of his youth, his manhood’s strength,
 And now his green old age was yielded up
 To answer their behest.
 Thousaads had gathered round that marble dome
 Silent and motionless in their deep reverence,
 Save when there gushed the heaving throb
 And low tumultuous breath of patriot hearts,
 Surcharged with grateful joy. The mighty dead
 Bent gently o’er him with their spirit wings,
 As solemnly he took the earthly state
 Which flung its purple o’er his path to Heaven ;
 The oath was said, and then one mighty pulse
 Seem’d throbbing through the multitude,—
 Faces were lifted upward and a prayer
 Of deep thanksgiving wing’d that vow to Heaven.
 In Heaven the hero answered it,
 Time slept on flowers and lent his glass to Hope—
 One little month his golden sands had sped

When, mingling with the music of our joy,
Arose and swell'd a low funereal strain,
So sad and mournful, that a Nation heard
And trembled as she wept.

Darkness is o'er the land,
For lo! a death flag streams upon the breeze,—
The Hero hath departed!
Nay let us weep; our grief hath need of tears—
Tears should embalm the dead; and there is one,
A gentle woman with her clinging love,
Who wrung her heart that she might give him up
To his high destiny. Tears are for her,—
She lingers yet among her household gods
And knoweth not how low her heart is laid.
From battle field where strife was fiercely waged,
And human blood drops fell a crimson rain,
He had returned to her. God help thee, lady,
Look not for him now!
Thron'd in a nation's love he sunk to sleep,
And so awoke in Heaven."

NEW YORK, April 5, 1841.

CHAPTER XXI.

THEATRES.

In the early days of Buffalo we were content to worship Thespis in an unassuming structure located on the east side of the main avenue, below Lafayette square, where stands the monument to our dead warriors, on the ground now occupied by Brisbane's Arcade Buildings. The lessees and managers were Messrs. Gilbert & Trowbridge. Trowbridge was a fair actor, what was called a general utility man. His wife, a pretty, vivacious woman, bright, spirited, versatile actress, and a most "useful lady" for the management, ambitious to complete all the work set down for her "on the bills." It was said that on one occasion, when the company had decided, at the close of the season to make a "tour of the provinces," she acted a leading part here in Buffalo on a Saturday evening and again in Batavia, on the Monday evening following; in the meantime, between the two dramatic presentations, she rode in the stage coach (no railways then) forty miles, and also presented her lord with an heir.

About the time Buffalo was born a city, in 1832, or in 1833, Messrs. Dean & McKinney established a theatre, using the two upper stories of a store on Seneca Street, where Messrs. Laverack & Co. recently had their chequered store. Dean was the father of Julia Dean, who, after she had gained celebrity as an actress of matchless ability, married one of the South Carolina Haynes. She was known after, on the stage, as Julia Dean Hayne. Her commanding figure, dignified deportment, handsome, fine face and features would alone have attracted an audience. She stood in the front rank as an actress, excelling her contemporaries, who had already achieved fame. Her father, a good actor himself, with a loving admiration of her and

her talents, most faithfully educated, watched over and coached her for the stage. A man of character and dignity. He seemed to feel it glory enough to be the father of such a daughter.

She was equally good in tragedy, melo-drama, or comedy. With a wide range of characters, her penchant seemed to be for high-toned and classic plays, she shunned the blatant, vulgar work. I pleasurably recall her personation of *Julia* in the "Hunchback," her own father as *Master Walter*; Jamison as *Clifford*; Helen Matthews as *Helen*; Master Burke as *Cousin Modus*; a glorious quintette. I would like to witness it with the same cast, in my frosty days, as I did in my son-ey ones. *Constance*, in the "Love Chase," was also a favorite part of hers, and mine.

Dean & McKinney were favorites with the townspeople; they were enterprising, industrious workers in their profession and as managers. That little provincial up-stairs theatre in Buffalo was a cradle and school for the growth of worthy actors and actresses. A number of its pupils and graduates became leading actors and stars in the dramatic firmament, who there made their *début*.

I remember the boys were for a long time in a high state of excitement, waiting for the grand spectacular play of "Cherry and Fair Star," which had been long "in rehearsal," gotten up for a run during the Christmas holidays, in which the youthful wife of Manager Edwin Dean and sprightly Mrs. Trowbridge took the leading parts. The play was announced with all the usual parade — of clap-trap advertisements of the day: "Produced at Enormous Outlay of Money;" "Gorgeous Scenery;" "Expensive Properties;" "With the Entire Strength of the Company;" "Numerous Supernumeraries," and "Most Attractive *Corps de Ballet*." The auditorium would seat about one hundred and fifty people. It was considered a financial success.

Dave McKinney considered himself to be a tragedian star of large magnitude. He was stage manager, but most in his natural element when the opportunity offered for his "renowned

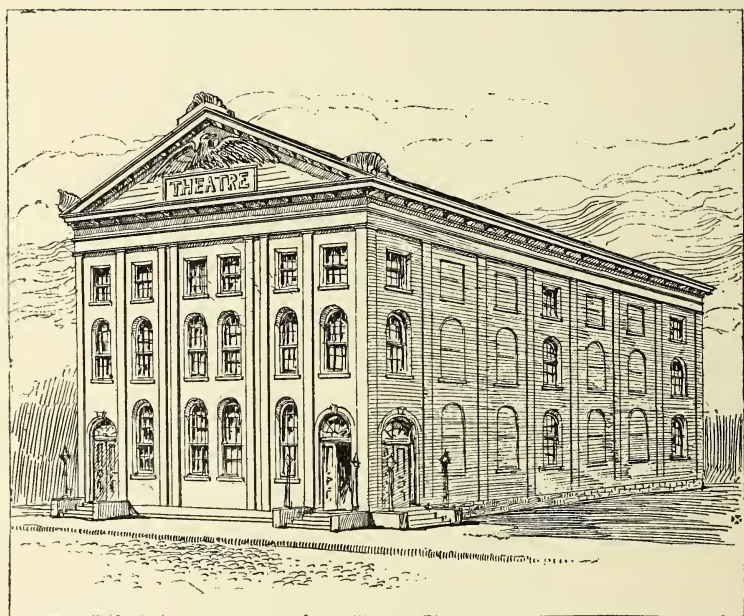
representation of his great character of *Richard III.*," in which he always brought down the house in his last and dying scene with a grand prolonged, intricate, and "thrilling combat," with short, heavy steel jack-swords, emitting numerous sparks of fire, as the combatants rained their savage blows on each other, *Richard* against *Richmond* the Sixth, he having slain five previously. After his great fatigue, finishing up the business — "on the small bills of the night" — in the character of *Looney McTwolter*, in the "Wags of Windsor," or *William*, in "Black-Eyed Susan," introducing the roaring ballad of "The Bay of Biscay O." McKinney was everybody's friend but his own, being too much given to social indulgencies; he was fertile of resource; when his stock of stage attractions was meagre, he contrived to "fill the bills" himself from his own repertory.

At this little theatre the Yankee comedian, whose great character was *Sam. Patch*, Dan Marble and his brother-in-law — that fine actor and genial gentleman, the honorably retired Wm. Warren, who was so well known to Bostonians — commenced their careers.

The towering ambition of both Dean and McKinney was for a grand new theatre, in which desire they were gratified.

In 1835, over fifty years since, a somewhat ecentric gentleman, a citizen of Batavia, Albert Brisbane, who owned an eligible site for a theatre in Buffalo, built for them the old "Eagle Street Theatre," and completed it with all the then "modern improvements" of the time, in transition scenery, machinery, properties, traps and snaps, blind or secret doors, intricacies and mysteries used by conjurors, with an abundance of new scenery, painted by that scenic master, Isherwood, who was not only a first-class scene painter, but an excellent actor. His *Mephistopheles*, in the startling play of "Dr. Faustus," was a prime portrait of the devil.

The theatre was built in the style of the leading theatres of Europe as best adapted for the purpose—the auditorium a semi-circle, with four tiers of boxes and gallery; the tiers one directly over the other, the last, or upper tier, reserved for the so-called "gallery gods," as was also the third tier for the soiled doves, or



EAGLE STREET THEATRE, BUILT 1835.

the *démimonde*. The first and second tiers were then, as now called respectively, the dress and family circles, while the enclosure in front of and sunk below the stage was called the pit, exclusively occupied by males. ("No women need apply"); mostly sailors, soldiers, decayed *roués*, and impecunious worshippers of the drama and ballet. Sometimes a poor gentleman would find his way into the dark corners of the pit, with slouched hat and turned-up coat collar, to hide his identity. On the occasion of a *rare* display of the ballet, or the visit of a noted mistress of the terpsichorean art, like Madame "Augusta;" "Celeste," the "Divine Fanny" Ellsler, or in particular Madame Vestris (last wife of Charles Matthews the younger), when a raid would be made by the swells, old stagers, peeping Toms and students of nature—as applied to anatomy—that would fill, by special favor, the managers' and critics' boxes, and crowd the "pit." On each side of the orchestra, in the pit, were two open but private boxes, set apart by the management, one called the managers' and their friends' box, the other the critics' box. The latter box was supposed to be designed for the use of editors, sub-editors, (inquisitive reporters were then unknown), and the favored *dilettante*. The young bloods and swells of the town liked very much to be seen in those boxes, to be known as dramatic critics, on familiar terms with the actors and actresses. The second tier of boxes was divided into sections; on either side were three private boxes separated by close partitions, with heavy curtains hung in front for privacy of their occupants. The boxes were generally bought or chartered for the entire season by the nabobs, exclusives, or the young bloods about town, at from \$100 to \$150 for the season, except on "benefit nights," when charter parties had to pay their fare with the general public. We patrons of the theatre used to make up a club of six or eight young chaps, take one of these boxes for the season, and swell in and out of them past the ticket-taker with our season pass, not deigning to exhibit the pass, or looking at the ticket-taker, and were big with dramatic criticism and the current language of the stage, on the plays and actors; talking it loud in the lobbies.

(As an aspiring volunteer on the staff of a Western General said to me, *sub rosa*, once at a croquet party, "I say, call me general! and call me loud!"), as this one "rants too much," that one "over dresses his part," the other one "is not up in his lines." These young swells scorned the waiting for the afterpiece, or farce, as vulgar; only the thing for "hay-seeders" or common people to do. They were too *blasè* to laugh at the fun.*

On each side of the proscenium were three stage boxes, one above the other. The stage was large and roomy and well appointed. Not long after the theatre was built, came the original Ravel troupe, a large family, including Gabriel, Jerome, Antoine, M. and Madame Chequinè, and others, a most perfect and inimitable troupe of acrobats, tumblers, contortionists, dancers, and pantomimists, brim full of fun and frolic and grotesque metamorphoses. Gabriel, the leader, was heard to say that Monsieur Brisbane's theatre was the best arranged and fitted for *his* business of any theatre that he was ever in.

The green baize drop-curtain was there, of course. The modern change to fancy, though beautiful, drops, has lessened a charm of expectation to old frequenters of theatres. There was also the painted drop, for use between the acts, one of Isherwood's best efforts; I can recall it now, though burned forty years since! the tiers of seats were divided off in open boxes, the whole inclosed with doors, numbered, opening out into roomy lobbies, where the occupants of the boxes could, and did, promenade between the acts or plays, exchanging courtesies, chaffing or commenting on the play. The thirsty could slake their thirst, or lunch, by visiting the saloon *within* the theatre, taking their "mug of ale," "hot Scotch," or "julep."

The façade of the boxes were finished in panels, each of which had a medallion portrait painted on it, of poets or dramatists, as Shakespeare, Byron, Dante, etc. The writer was so fond of theatres that he would steal into the pit during rehearsals, which was

* A season then was during the period of navigation on the lakes and canal, from about the first of May, when the ice had disappeared from the lakes, to the close, or December 1.

often in the afternoon *before tea*. Miss Cushman was rehearsing there one day, book in hand, when Mr. Marble, familiarly called "Dan," was one of the company. The rehearsal was nearly at an end, when Miss C., laying her hand on Dan's shoulder and pointing with the cane she was toying with to the medallion of Danté near the stage, said only two words, "Dan-tea," and hurried laughingly out.

The prices of admission for many years were uniformly, for the first, second, and third tiers, six shillings; fourth tier and pit, four shillings; gallery, two shillings. No extra charge for reserved seats, but they could be reserved.

The pit and gallery people were often in a state of harmonious discord, making night hideous; "bandying cries," and shouting "boots," "hustle him out," cat-calls, whistling and stamping in chorus, when becoming impatient; never, however, molesting or noticing the occupants of the boxes. The modern parquet has changed all that for the better. The parquet, or pit seats are now thought to be the choicest for both seeing and hearing, thus having driven out the pit rowdies; hence, the audiences are more quiet and self-contained.

In those days the public got more for their money, at half price, than now-a-days. After a "grand overture by the full orchestra," the curtain rose at 7½ o'clock; it was not a full bill unless we had a five-act tragedy, with ballads or comic songs between the acts. After the tragedy, a Yankee or comic story, by Yankee Hill, Dan Marble, or some other comical genius, then a *pas seul* or other dance, by some renowned *dansuse*, closing with a three-act comedy or farce, when the surfeited audience, would wander home or elsewhere about one or two o'clock in the morning.

The Eagle Street Theatre was opened on the 20th of July, 1835. The advertised flourish of trumpets read something like the following:

"Dean & McKinney, respectfully announce to the citizens of Buffalo that through the taste and enterprise of Mr. Albert Brisbane they are enabled to open a building which for *permanence*

of materials, classic elegance of structure, and convenience of accommodation, will vie with any theatre in America."

Notwithstanding the usual custom of an opening night, with the play of the "Honeymoon," the bills announced for the night the presentation of Sheridan Knowles' great play of the

"HUNCHBACK."

The title role, by..... Mr. McKinney.

Julia, by..... Mrs. McClure.

SONG.

"Sweet Young Bachelor,"..... Mrs. Trowbridge.

To "conclude with Shakespeare's admired comedy" of

"TAMING THE SHREW."

Katherine, by..... Mrs. McClure.

Petrucio..... Mr. McKinney.

Mrs. McClure was an excellent actress. She subsequently became Mrs. Noah, and was the mother of Rachel Noah.

After all the "permanence of materials" so flamingly advertised by Dean & McKinney, the building was burned, rebuilt, and again burned; the first time in holiday week, at the close of a performance of "Mother Goose," with *Pantaloon*, *Columbine*, and *Harlequin* included in its characters. I have a vivid remembrance of seeing *Harlequin* (Dan Marble) in his diamond-figured and spangled tights and jersey of many colors, mounted on a tall ladder at one of the dressing-room windows, rescuing his affianced bride, Miss Warren, the sister of Wm. Warren, from the burning building. The second, five years later, was during the engagement of the Countess of Landsfeldt, the notorious Lola Montez. She had her usual altercation with the actors and managers at rehearsal, and she in her passion declared that she would "burn down their old theatre!" The next night it did burn. It was a queer coincidence, but it was said her cigarette did it. The place was rebuilt as St. James' Hall. During the erection of the Eagle Street Theatre, there was a rival to compete with it for the patronage of the public, Mr. Duffy, of Albany, who built an unpretentious building called the "Buffalo Theatre,"

on South Division Street, gable end or front corner of Washington Street, to an alley near Main Street. It was finished about the same time. Mr. Duffy was an enterprising manager; he brought with him a good stock company, with some popular stars. Among his plays he brought out in July, 1835, were the "Merry Wives of Windsor," with Hackett as *Falstaff*, supported by Miss Wheatly, and on August 3,

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

<i>Benedick</i>	Mr. Cooper.
<i>Dogberry</i>	Mr. Placide.
<i>Beatrice</i>	Miss Cooper.

The same night at the Eagle Street, "The Stranger," Miss Phillips as Mrs. *Haller*.

Duffy's Theatre flourished for two or three seasons with indifferent success, but finally succumbed to the superior attractions of the Eagle Street, and he gave it up. The auditorium was subsequently converted to the uses of Trinity Church, with the late Bishop Hawks as its first pastor; other portions of the building were occupied by the Young Men's Association, both of which institutions were then but newly organized and poor, but now have become wealthy and proud. In August, '35, at the old Eagle Street Theatre, Mr. Rice, known as the original "Jim Crow Rice," sang and jumped "Jim Crow," in negro character; the first negro song of the stage, from which sprang that afterwards popular branch of entertainment, "negro minstrelsy." A few years later a grand spectacular play, "The Jewess," was in progress and held the boards for some time. One of its features was a grand procession and display of Romish Priesthood, regalia, banners, and gorgeous costumes. At the head of this procession, nightly, was an individual with the title of "Captain of the Supernumeraries." He made a remarkably fine appearance, with a handsome physique, the envy of all the men, admired by all the women; this was the man who first instituted negro minstrelsy as an occupation or profession. He was the leader of a band of five, as his son George was the bones of it. I had the privilege of witnessing one of their rehearsals before they appeared in

public. Ned Christy and "Christy Minstrels" became famous, and he rich. It is not worth while to look too closely into all his antecedents or prolong his biography. Christy and his French poodle-dog were known all over this country and Europe.

Among the many plays I have seen performed at this theatre, a few stand out in my memory in bold relief par excellence. Never to be forgotten are "Romeo and Juliet," with Charlotte Cushman as *Romeo*; also her incomparable *Meg*, in "Guy Mannering."

In '42—you, reader, will hardly realize it was so long ago—Boucicault's "London Assurance," was played. (It was played in London in '41.) The cast for the play could not have been excelled:

<i>Sir Harcourt Courtly</i>	Wm. Warren.
<i>Dazzle</i>	Tom Placide.
<i>Lady Gay Spanker</i>	Mrs. Trowbridge.
<i>Dolly Spanker</i>	Master Burke.
<i>Cool</i>	Mr. Rice.

The other characters were equally well taken, in their way. Boucicault could not have known how successful a character he had drawn. As portrayed by Mr. Warren, this play was never better put upon the stage by any company.

Ellen Tree, in the flush of her triumphs as *Ion*, in Thomas Noon Talfourd's beautiful play; I can see in my mind's eye the listening attitude of almost the entire audience as she startled them by her rendering of the line, "Was not that thunder?" Later she appeared here as *Katherine*, with her husband, Charles Kean, as *Cardinal Wolsey*, but with not the enthusiasm accorded her in her younger days.

Edwin Forrest, as *King Lear*, supported by Josephine Clifton, as *Cordelia*. This couple visited Buffalo when they were at the acme of their fame. It was their custom to promenade the Main avenue arm in arm, in bright summer days, enjoying the delicious atmosphere of Buffalo's climate at that season—as magnificent a couple, physically, as could be found, and at whom the people gaped in admiration.

Forrest's grand character was *Richelieu*, in which the "old man" had no equal.

Hackett, in *Falstaff*, and also in *Rip Van Winkle*. Hackett married a Buffalo lady.

Ingersoll as *Damon*.

Tom Hamlin as *Arbaces*, in the "Last Days of Pompeii."

J. R. Scott as *Rolla*.

Junius Brutus Booth (the father of Edwin Booth, a more classic and perfect, but not so forcible an actor as his father) in his realistic characters of *Richard III*, in which he is said to have interpolated after a lapse of his memory of his lines, the words "Richard's himself again;" *Sir Giles Overreach*, and *Sir Edward Mortimer*.

Messrs. Abbott and Latham were the managers of the Eagle Street Theatre for a couple of seasons. They were English gentlemen, "quite English, you know," both clever actors, with cultivated tastes. They opened with "The Honeymoon," Latham the best of "Mock Dukes." They ran the house splendidly, but with too expensive a company. During their management they introduced for the first time here English opera, with Mrs. Gibbs and Miss —, a lady whose patronymic I now forget, (she sang here later with Parepa), Mr. Edwin and others. They also brought out Italian opera. I remember that beautiful woman and benevolent lady, Sontag, in "Somnambula;" Logan, the irresistible, mirth-provoking comedian, and his daughter Eliza, appeared in Abbot's time. In their time was a nice actress, who merits remembrance, Mrs. Tims, and also a Mr. Trist. He did well as *Claude Melnotte*. After Abbott and Latham came Rice, under whose management the theatre was successful for several years. Rice's wife was another sister of William Warren. Rice subsequently became Mayor of Chicago. During his management a very pretty little woman, bright and fascinating, came here with the fairy play of "Fortunio." She was *Fortunio*. She had all the men as admirers. Her husband, *then*, Henry Hunt, took the part of *Strongback* in the play. During the action of the piece, she claps him on the back (he was a large man), and exclaims,

"Strongback!" (looking archly at the parade line of men worshipping at her shrine), "*you are my man!*" At another time, at some triumphant hit of her part, she casts herself on a divan, and with inimitable grace and *naïveté* says: "I am happy *now*, very, *very* happy!" which of course brought down the house and young America. That lady subsequently married George Mosop, an actor who was mostly celebrated for singing the ballad (always encored) of the "Irish Emigrant's Lament." After which she chose, as her "third act," another companion in John Drew.

Among the prominent comedians at that theatre, high and low, stars and stock, were Wills, Logan, Eberlee, John Sefton, Placide, Burton, and William Warren, the best of all. Who a better "Grave-Digger?" Not even worthy Ben. Rogers, always a favorite. James Wallack often played here, and was highly esteemed as an actor and gentleman; Lester Wallack, his son, has also given us the pleasure of visits here. Mrs. Ritchie, of Virginia, *née* Anna Cora Mowatt, once played an engagement in this city, to the delight of those who saw her.

One more play I wish to mention, to my mind remarkably well played, and strongly manned, Byron's "Werner," Mr. Macready as *Werner*, Mr. George Jamison as *Ulric*. George was a handsome man—splendid actor. He made a good hit as *Grandfather Whitehead*. In that "*Celebrated Divorce Case*" *he was an actor, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest taking the leading characters*. Another evening Mr. Macready gave us "Richelieu," which play was written for him by Bulwer, but in this character there has been no equal to Forrest. That remark, however, is only *my* opinion. Macready in "Hamlet," which he considered one of his choicest characters, was afterwards excelled here by Edwin Booth, who represents that character without a peer. The Eagle Street Theatre had its last appearance under the management of Thomas Carr, who recently made his exit.

I presume in tracing these sketches, I have committed some errors, omissions, and anachronisms, but you have the substance of the plot.

CHAPTER XXII.

GAYETY!

"THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES."

"I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days;
All, all gone, the old familiar faces."

"I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

* * * * *

"How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!"

Charles Lamb.

Hereinbefore I have explained why our people were in a manner cut off and confined to their own resources for occupation, information, and entertainment. In winter business was practically suspended, except in a country village-like way. Navigation and transportation were closed; social recreation, amusements and entertainments were necessary concomitants to the passage of the long winter season. All joined heartily and cordially in whatever might be going on. Skating parties on the Bay, River and Buffalo Creek. Sleighing parties of ladies and gentlemen in our small population were much more frequent then, than now. They drove to Hamburgh, "Sherwoods," Williamsville, Clarence Hollow, "Blodgett's," Niagara Falls, sometimes as far as Lockport and Batavia; occasionally a sleighing party would get snowed in, by an old fashioned "North-easter," and be compelled to remain over night; in one instance I knew a party of mostly young belles and beaux that could not get home until the third day, but music, dancing and good stewardship helped them out.

The old firm of Stevenson Brothers own to-day a large, sixteen seated sleigh, of the horse-head pattern, which was handsomely constructed, ornamented and upholstered, brought here in thirty-nine and has been in their possession fifty years (half a century,) and when John S., would bring it out in a bright winter's day, filled with gay and merry occupants, "tops down," and he driving six, eight, sometimes ten horses, handsomely matched and caparisoned, with their chimes of cathedral bells, it was a Princely sight, and this perhaps supplemented by one, two, three or more, four and six horse sleighs, and somewhere in the rear a tender, with "Bankhead's" Second Regiment Band or "Hicks'," "Delvechio's" or Delano's band; a pile of square baskets, stamped on the ends "Heidseck," with dignified trusty Henry Hawkins, (colored,) caterer and butler, to cater for and chaperon the party to one of the aforesaid places: Well! those who did not go, envied those who did!



1840
and
1890



DANCING!

At the balls and parties the popular figures in dancing, were the "Contra Dances," viz: "Monnie Musk," "Opera Reel," "Two Sisters," "Hull's Victory," "Triumph," not forgetting the rollicking, wind up, "Virginia Reel."

"The Tempest!" This dance when joined in by a large party, in an ample room, and danced with vigor and spirit, was very effective and showy; the movements are like the waves of the sea under the influence of a recent gale. The "Scotch Reel," when

each lad must needs have two lassies. The "Sicilian," a cold, formal reel. The "Spanish," a rich, warm, seductive dance, suggestive of black and gold dresses with black lace flowing mantilla and fan, the Cachuca, Fanny Cerito and Vestris.

And finally the plain "*deux temps*" Waltz," which had just come into vogue with us and was mostly affected by the young belles and "bloods," when every fellow could hug the other fellow's girl.

"Imperial Waltz imported from the Rhine."—See Byron's "Waltz."

The Cotillion or Quadrille, a social, graceful dance, with its many varieties of figures, and combinations, and when set to gay music may be very lively, as for instance, our old leaders "Hicks" and "Delvechio" would now and then give us a set of "Christy's" negro melodies arranged for a quadrille, selections of which would include the airs of: "Old Uncle Ned," "Dandy Jim," "Rose of Alabama," "Lucy Long," "Old Dan Tucker," etc., and often the sets known as the "Postillion," a jolly variety, indicating a sleigh ride, with the cracking of whips, jingling of bells and the Postillion speaking to and urging his horses.

Who would not remember the waltzing of Mrs. Talcott and her brother-in-law, Sam Purdy?

The "Minuet" had gone out with our mother's large head dresses and father's knee-breeches and ques. The "Gallopade" and "Redowa" were just coming in; both graceful and quick moving figures, which were very fashionable at private parties.

The "Schottische," the Polka and the German were not known here in the thirties, they had not crossed the briny sea; their names indicate their origin, one a National dance of Poland, but was quite common among the miners of Wales and Germany.

The Polka was introduced here, (if I remember rightly), about the middle of the forties. An exiled Polish officer named Col. Wengerski, who was acting as a drill-master of our military here, volunteered to teach a class, and one was formed among the young people, and they were taught it, at the old American Hotel ball room, with all the diversity of steps and coquettish

figures given by the *Corps de ballet* on the stage in the "Skaters of Wilna;" the writer was in the class.

The attractive military formal dance, "The Lancers," the outcome of the Crimean War, did not become a fashionable dance here until somewhere about 1855.

At the parties, balls and other social entertainments the deportment of the guests was as generally high-toned, mannerly and equal in tact, courtesy and geniality in the thirties as in these later days, perhaps less stiffness of manner and a heartier enjoyment of the gayety of the hour. Sometimes, as will occur everywhere, the guests at a dinner or evening party would become slightly exhilarated under the influence of a too generous supply of wine.

WINE-MOISTURE.

Champagnes, Madeiras, Canary, Old Port, Sherry and Bordeaux wines were about the only wines then used here, except a sweetish Malaga and domestic currant or elderberry wines. The higher sounding titles of the wines from the more remote districts of continental Europe, Sauternes and Rhine wines, were little known to us provincial Americans. The sub-divisional brand distinctions of the various wines was not generally familiar to us; we did not prate much about Metternich's Johannisberger, Liebfraumilch or other German favorites; Tokay, Chateau 'Yquem, or Lachrymæ Christi, or even Chateau Margaux, to most of us it was jargon if we would but admit it. The same may be said of cordials, liquers, except perhaps the most common and cheapest, as for "benedictine," we knew that meant a priest, monk or something, but did not suppose he was a connoisseur in wines.

Pure cognac (brandy) was much used for strong drink; it was moderate in price, rarely doctored, adulterated or diluted, which now it is quite the contrary. Whiskies were not drunk, except by common people, or in the harvest field; it was considered a coarse, vulgar drink; old Scotch or Irish whiskies were occasionally used for hot drinks when they could be obtained, par-

ticularly by the old Scotch and English fur traders who were or had been connected with the "Hudson's Bay" or "North American" "Fur Companies." Imported London porter was much drank and thought to be a healthy beverage, particularly by middle-aged ladies in delicate health. The men affected to drink it, following the English custom as 'alf and 'alf: equal quantities mixed of porter and new ale.

At the better class of hotels and taverns New England rum and gin were served in decanters, and ale in generous-sized pitchers as common beverages, arranged on the long tables at convenient intervals as were the casters, free to all the guests of the house* at dinner, which was at noon from twelve to one o'clock, the customary dinner hour.

It was the common custom in the houses of the better classes to have conspicuously exposed upon the side-boards, a full set of decanters, containing the various wines and liquors, flanked with pound cake; butter crackers, (stamped with the maker's name), and cheese, oftentimes brandied cheese. It was considered rude if the lady or gentleman of the house did not offer the hospitality of their homes, in these things, at all times, when receiving a guest or a morning call of either sex.

A gentleman's decanters were of unique heavy cut glass, in which he took much pride. Among our old state families and their descendants, like the Clintons, Hamiltons, Jays, Delanceys and others, should now be found some of those invaluable relics of the old "Colonial," "LaFayette," or "George Clinton" patterns.

BALLS AND PARTIES.

It was in the thirties that the several Fire (hand engine) Companies united, formed a large body of members; composed of our most ambitious young men of athletic tendency, that it became a custom to give an annual

"Firemen's Ball."

*This custom of free spirits was discontinued very soon after the close of the decade of the thirties, yet I believe even now in some parts of the country, in old established taverns, the guests are offered their choice of water or ale at dinner.

These were gay and brilliant, and well attended by the *élite* of our people. The old Eagle Street Theatre not being used in winter for theatrical purposes, was hired for the occasion. The "pit" floored over and made level with the stage, making a splendid "sweep" for dancing. The semi-circular tiers of boxes being arranged for resting places and for spectators, where one could see and be seen, while the background of the stage was framed with classic or sylvan scenery, maybe one of Isherwood's chef Dœuvre's, (perhaps a little overdrawn and highly colored, but what mattered it, we were young then).

These balls were thoroughly organized, with selected men as managers. The interior of the building was tastefully decorated with flags drapery, and symbolical ornaments of Firemen's paraphernalia, with the best orchestral band to be found. Everybody went and enjoyed themselves, making the "Firemen's Ball" a thing to be looked for each season.

MILITARY BALLS.

In the later years of the thirties, and subsequently after the formation and organization of our Independent Military Company; the Regiment of "City Guards," and Colonel John J. Fay's Battery of Flying Artillery. And the establishment here of a Military Post by the Department of War at Washington, to which was first detailed the Second Regiment of Artillery, commanded by Colonel Bankhead, which command included the celebrated Battery of Artillery, called "Duncan's Battery." Our social life was much enlivened by military display and martial appearances. The custom of having "Military Balls" became fashionable, and they were sometimes given at the theatre, as were those of the Firemen, particularly on

Washington's Birthday,

when during the day, all our Military organizations were ordered out for parade by the Commanding General; with whom the United States Regulars would in courtesy join, and parade with them, closing the day with a grand ball in the evening. This

ball would be a most brilliant affair, the preparations on a grand scale, all the artistic skill of the officers, of the Garrison, and our City Guards were taxed to the utmost, to produce brilliant effects, in decorating with bunting and warlike implements, perhaps pieces of brass ordnances, Mortars or Howitzers at the corners of the quadrilateral of the great dancing floor, with a central pyramid of graduated cannon balls. Here and there stacks of musketry and accoutrements in "break rank" manner. At intervals on the panels of the facade of the boxes were placed crossed swords and bayonets, underneath medallion portraits of great military heroes, among them as a central figure was one of "Washington," over them were Chapeaus and plumes and gauntlets. All this, together with the beautiful costumes and winning smiles of the dames and belles, with the brilliant uniforms of the men, inspirited by the charming music from the Garrison band, made these balls exceptional events of our winters.

These Washington birth-day balls were continued for many years in modified form, down to a recent period, by the last of our military organizations of the old "City Guards" of the thirties, "Company D."

Other "Military and Civic Balls" were often given at the Ball Room of the original American Hotel, where the gentlemen in civilian dress successfully rivaled their military friends in gallantry, courteous and pleasing address. These balls were patronized by our very best society, and were most delightful entertainments.

"THE ASSEMBLIES."

The leading young men in society during these later years of the decade of the thirties, inaugurated a series of "Assemblies" (dancing parties) of six, sometimes seven each winter, which continued far into the forties, given at the "American" as the place *par excellence*, and skillfully managed by the young men, discreetly and in good taste, and which were more select and exclusive than the balls given hitherto. They were attended by our most cultivated and best mannered people, moving in our

first circles. They were elegant, unique, and most enjoyable dancing parties. It was considered quite a privilege to attend them by those who had the *entrée*.

It was then the custom for the young men giving these parties, to bear all the expenses, providing all entertainment, music, supper, wine and livery. A selected committee of the managers to attend the guests, escort them to and from the parties; matrons as well as the young ladies, and also see to it that no young lady was neglected either in dancing or at supper. The managers made it a point of duty that the matrons and their guests had partners for, and opportunities for dancing; and were provided with escorts to the supper table, which was always elaborately and bountifully supplied.

Now-a-days it seems to be the established rule for young gentlemen in giving "Assemblies" or "Parties" to require, that each and every young lady, matron and chaperon, or escort, father, brother or beau, shall pay their entrance fee. In borrowed words: "Those that dance must pay the fiddler," and those that go and do not dance, must pay; that each young lady must provide her own means of getting to the party, and must have a chaperon; those mothers who act as chaperons, must also "pay the fiddler." What is the unfortunate young woman to do who has lost her mother, and has no chaperon, to get to the ball?

EVENING PARTIES AND SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

The leading, older and influential families who entertained parties; gave evening parties and dispensed hospitality with generous freedom during the thirties, forties and later, whom I can now remember, having been but a lad in the early years of that period, were those of:

Judges: — Samuel Wilkeson, Charles Townsend, Ebenezer Walden, Thomas C. Love, William B. Rochester, Philander Bennett, James Stryker, Nathan K. Hall, Joseph G. Masten, George W. Houghton, James M. Smith, Seth E. Sill.

Generals: — Heman B. Potter, Peter B. Porter, David Burt.

Commodore : — Stephen Champlin, U. S. N.

Colonels : — Ira A. Blossom, Alanson Palmer, William F. P. Taylor, William A. Bird, Henry H. Sizer.

Doctors : — Ebenezer Johnson, John W. Clark, Josiah Trowbridge, Charles C. Haddock, John E. Marshall.

Lawyers : — Stephen G. Austin, Stephen K. Grosvenor, Joseph Clary, Millard Fillmore, Henry W. Rogers, Solomon G. Haven, Israel T. Hatch, Harlow S. Love, W. L. G. Smith, James McKay, Seth C. Hawley, Elbridge G. Spaulding.

Merchants, Bankers and others : — Sheldon Thompson, Jonathan Sidway, Reuben B. Heacock, Bela D. Coe, Clark Hecox, Jacob A. Barker, Russell H. Heywood, John B. Macy, Henry R. Seymour, George Coit, Manly Colton, Erastus Sparrow, David M. Day, William, James and Robert Hollister, John L. Kimberly, Hiram Pratt, Orlando Allen, Joseph Dart, John Lay, Noah P. Sprague, William Fiske, John G. Camp, Samuel F. Pratt, Mrs. Barent I. Staats, James McKnight, Samuel W. Hawes, Lester Brace, Isaac R. Harrington, Edward L. Stevenson, Elijah D. Efner, George B. Webster, Thaddeus Weed, Guy H. Goodrich, Henry Hamilton, William Ruxton, John W. Beals, Oliver G. Steele, George C. White, William Williams, James B. DeLong, William Lovering, Hamlet Scrantom, and William A. Thompson, the last two were bachelors, housekeepers; John A. Newbould, Alexander A. Evstaphieve, Gibson T. Williams, Henry M. Kinne, Nehemiah Case, James D. Sawyer.

The ladies of the families enumerated above were of course the active incentives in all social entertainments, and if the general reader of these sketches could recall them to mind as I do, they would unquestionably realize that they were among a galaxy of accomplished and spirited women, seldom equaled. And it was through the influence and spirit of these ladies, their generous wish to contribute their share of entertainment, reciprocate all civilities, infuse life and animation into our social gatherings, which made Buffalo in winters a great home for enjoyment.

I remember some of the ladies as giving most elegant, private parties, which I attended in my younger beau-hood days, and more recently.

Mrs. Bela D. Coe, a leading lady in our best society, with her husband went abroad early in the forties, traveling extensively in Great Britain and on the "Continent," at that time considered a rare and marked event among those we met in social intercourse, friends or neighbors. It was during the era of those beautiful sailing packets of the "dramatic line," the "Roscius," "Garrick," "Siddons" and "Kemble." Shortly after their return, Mrs. Coe sent out cards to all her friends, inviting them to a series of three balls or dancing receptions on the Wednesdays of the three following weeks. These receptions were usually called *soirées*; triplicate gatherings were considered ultra fashionable and stylish, and they were most delightful entertainments.

Mrs. Robert Hollister, in her time, was much complimented for her beautiful parties and elegant hospitality. It would be invidious in me to make further personal mention of the many winter parties in those years, when and where we each evening enjoyed and renewed most delightful experiences.

A MAY PARTY.

When the mansion of Judge Bennett, on Eagle Street, was in its glory in the spring of 1839, (perhaps it was 1840); there was held there an old-time "May-Day Party" of young people.

The festivities peculiar to this occasion can be traced back to the observances with which the goddess Flora was wont to be honored. Some of the English customs of May-Day are as old as the Druids. Royalty itself indulged in the diversions of the day in the time of the Tudors. It is stated in history that Henry the Eighth and Queen Catherine went a-Maying accompanied by many Lords and ladies. Some of the later English observances were dancing around the May-pole, which was planted "on the green" and decking it with garlands of flowers. The custom is too pretty a one to be permitted to entirely die out or become obsolete.

The "Queen of May" was chosen by election from among the many pretty young girls of Buffalo. On this occasion the honor fell to

Louise Burr.

A wreath and crown of flowers was placed on her brow and she was escorted by a long procession of young maidens, dressed in white adorned with flowers, her maids of honor, subjects, and ladies in waiting, and placed on a throne festooned with garlands of flowers, where she ruled over the ceremonies and festivities of that day, her invested prerogative lasting by courtesy throughout the year.

The great lawn and grounds surrounding the mansion at that time was filled with gaily dressed ladies, gentlemen and youth of the town, indulging in dancing and other sylvan sports. The host and his family generously entertained them all with good things to eat and drink. At that time military ardor was stimulated by the occurrences on our frontier, which extended to the youth under military age; they had organized a company called the "Governor's Guard," commanded by a youth named Alexander J. Sheldon. They were armed with long spears. This company was a guard of honor and gave eclat to the occasion by their fine military bearing and display,—years afterwards when these youth had grown to men capable of bearing more effective arms, this organization continued, but changed its name to the "Spaulding Guards," in honor of our then Mayor, Elbridge G. Spaulding. The Queen of the fête, Miss Burr, subsequently married George W. Merrill, a merchant here.

The writer was present as a participant at the "May-Day Party."

THE BELLES AND BEAUX.

I sincerely hope that those ladies who were the buds, belles and young ladies of Buffalo society at the time I am writing: say the latter years of the Thirties, but more particularly the two following decades of the forties and fifties; (which cover or include

the time when I knew them best and was more competent to remember and speak of them); will not take it amiss that I have not more fully written of *them* in these pages. They possibly may have thought I purposely omitted to mention the *women* of that era. I have had no such intention. If I have delayed or deferred so interesting a matter, kept in reserve as it were, those jewels with so fine a setting, which would so well embellish my casket, it has been from a disinclination to "*tackle*" the subject for reason of its magnitude and for fear I might omit those whom I would most desire to remember. It has been a subject, which to evolve, has troubled me more than most others while writing these miscellaneous sketches; for when it would recur to me, my brain would teem with vivid recollections of the beautiful girls and the happy social events that occurred during those years, that it would be like a kaleidoscope accompanied by distant and fairy like music, entrancing my senses; or the phantasmagorical flitting of dreams; thus the subject has lingered until near the last of my memories and reveries of past decades.

I was quite too young to be critical or particular in observing or individually remembering the fair women of that day, but only in their entirety. I had my eyes and ears open, could listen to the gossip of the time, and hear the praises and compliments said of them. And could only see a difference in their personal attractions and beauty from a boy's stand-point. Even at that time I loved to look upon and admire them!

It is only my intention to particularize the buds and belles who reigned and ruled here in society and were our most admired young women for a period of about twenty years from 1835 to 1855.

I will recall them as nearly in chronological succession as my recollection will permit.

The first coteriè of young women who blossomed and bloomed in the thirties which come to my mind, were:

Abby Seymour, daughter of Henry R. Seymour, and who married Horatio N. Holt.

Grace Keeler who married Wm. Hollister, and was the mother of one of the bright ornaments of fashionable society at a later period, (Mrs. Thaddeus Patchin); Mrs. Hollister subsequently married the father of "Annà Catherine Green" of literary fame.

Julia Forward, daughter of Judge Oliver Forward, (one of Buffalo's most valuable citizens); married Henry R. Williams, a merchant.

Jane Staats, a brilliant girl, quite a favorite with the beaux, became the wife of Horatio Seymour, Jr., a lawyer. During the "Rebellion" she was the President of the Women's Auxiliary branch of the United States Sanitary Commission, to which she gave valuable and efficient services.

Sally Ann Thompson, a daughter of Sheldon Thompson (our first Mayor elected by popular vote, (previously the Mayors had been elected by the City Council) was much admired and a great favorite; she married Henry K. Smith, a brilliant lawyer of those days. Her two younger sisters, Agnes, who married Edward S. Warren, father of Edward S. and William Y. Warren, and Letitia, who married Colonel Henry K. Viele, the father of Sheldon T. Viele; these sisters were belles in the forties, *they* can best relate the stories of their social successes.

Laura Brace, daughter of Lester Brace, was a handsome, dignified young lady who graced society, having many friends; her brother, Curtis L. Brace, married one of the leading young ladies then living at Black Rock, Miss Gelston.

There were others of this set of young ladies who deserve special mention, but my memory of them *as young ladies* is very dim. Among them were Miss D'Angelis, Mrs. O. H. Marshall (mother of Chas. D. and Colonel John E. Marshall); the Misses Strong, Miss Van Deventer, Miss Kissam, Miss Ruden, Charlotte Caryl, afterwards Mrs. John H. Coleman, and "Sis" Hubbard, whom every person in good society knew.

There were the five daughters of Jerry Radcliffe, a very fine family of young women, highly esteemed in the limited society of their time, who severally married Thomas Kip, James A.

Cowing, Walter Joy, Robert Hollister, and later the youngest, Mary, marrying William Laverack.

Miss Louise Sparrow, a decided belle of the period; witty, bright, clever, seductive, pretty, petite, graceful. I saw her as the wedding party drove to the house of Stephen K. Grosvenor one bright morning in 1836, on the occasion of her marriage with the late Judge John L. Talcott.

Pierre A. Barker, who was our Mayor in 1838, had three lovely daughters, *blondes*; the oldest was married to Philander Hodge, a member of the old banking firm of Johnson, Hodge & Co.; the second daughter, Louise, was married to Charles M. Cooper, a lawyer.

Miss Wilkeson married Mortimer F. Johnson, another member of the banking firm mentioned above; in later years their daughter married the well-known artist William H. Beard.

There came here about this time an English family named Wilson, consisting of the mother, a son, Matthew Wilson (the artist), and his three sisters. They at once became favorites; their amiable and unobtrusive English manners, accomplished and bright demeanor, drew around them the best society which they graced. They very shortly married; Susan, the eldest, to John A. Newbould, a successful merchant; Emily, to Alexander Alexis Evstaphieve (a son of the Russian Consul-General at New York), Secretary of the old Buffalo Mutual Insurance Company; the other sister to Mr. Ernest of Pittsburgh. Mrs. Newbould was known in literary circles under the *nom de plume* of "Aunt Sue." She was a very attractive lady of many accomplishments.

Elizabeth Macy was a leading young lady, a daughter of John B. Macy.

As also were the Misses Kip; one married Grosvenor Clark, a merchant here, another, A. Hamilton Caryl. They were sisters to the late Henry Kip and descended from an old knickerbocker family who gave the name to "Kips Bay" in the vicinity of New York City.

Harriet Beals, a rare young woman of sterling merit, who subsequently married Lucius H. Pratt.

Eft-soons the belles of the forties crowd into the foreground of their retreating sisters, shouting "room!" "room!" for the young princesses of the Buffalo blood. Their numbers increase as the years of the forties augment. As their smiling faces flit by me, each a vivid portrait, interesting pictures of youth. Oh! Why can we not call back to reality those that are gone, as we do their shadows?

I cannot find appropriate commendatory words for all, and so many beautiful young women without duplicating and multiplying my adjectives. I can only say: That not in the history of Buffalo or any other community of which I have been conversant, has there been a period or place, where and when there were so many bright, clever and beautiful girls as during this period. Accomplished, elegant manners, rare powers of entertainment, fine conversationalists, witty, lively, and gay without excess; they enjoyed life and gave pleasure to others.

The beauty of the Buffalo women of this period was of National reputation, but one city in the United States presumed to rival us, the "Sweet Belles of Baltimore" were very pretty and attractive at that time.

It was in the young life of the Country; the freshness of nature was here. The luxury and abundance of new wealth did not stifle and choke us with envious desires. The girls of those days were of natural growth, cultivated in the modes and moderation of the time. They did not know too much of life. They were the buds, blossoms, and full blown pinks, daisies, lilies, camelias, and roses, sometimes a blue-eyed bachelors' button, now and then a wild flower or perhaps a tiger lily! as they may have matured. Who of our generation of young men and maidens does not remember with a heart-thrill those belles and beaux of the decades of the forties and fifties?

Beautiful Kate Wheeler, who married Charles M. Hopkins, she died young in '41. The following are a part of some lines written to her memory, published at the time of her death:

" Fresh in our memories are now,
 The sunny glance, the fair high brow.
 In every passing change revealing,
 The light of pure and noble feeling.
 The woman's wisdom firm and mild,
 Blent with the gladness of a child,
 The brightness of a soul, where pain
 Hath never left its earthly stain."

" We've seen her 'mid the young and fair,
 The brightest and the happiest there ;
 We've seen her in her maiden pride,
 We've seen her as a happy bride ;
 We see her now—O ! no, O ! no,
 Afar, from weariness and woe,
 In the bright Paradise above,
 Is she, we mourn, is she, we love."

April 12, 1841.

HERMIONE.

Lovely Kate Hecox, who died the same year ; this was the first verse of a poem printed in memory of her :

" I saw a train of light and slender forms,
 With flowing scarf, the sable badge of grief ;
 Where stifled sighs thus fell upon the ear,
 Seemed like the whispering of the wind-swayed reed—
 Their youthful heads bent low, and tear-wet cheeks,
 Like drooping lilies when surcharged with rain.
 They followed mournfully, and slow, the bier
 Of one who late like them, was flushed with health,
 And hope, and love. How brief the time since she
 With them had shared the sport, the fond embrace ;
 And twined her arm in woodland walk, as gay,
 As lithesome in her innocence and joy,
 As tuneful bird that warbled through the boughs
 That sheltered them."

C. C. S.

Miss Elizabeth Stocking, daughter of Deacon Stocking, married Deacon E. A. Lewis, and is the mother of Judge Geo. A. Lewis.

Harriet Day, who married Ezra Sherman, a merchant, and went to reside in Chicago, was one of Buffalo's favorite girls in her time, as he was one of the beaux. She was the daughter of David M. Day.

Another favorite was Phoebe Darrow, who married Captain Wm. R. Andrews.

Marion Harrington, daughter of Isaac R. Harrington, who was one of the belles of her time, and a very pretty girl.

Miss Maria Hecox who married Thos. P. Williams and went to Milwaukee.

Lucia Seymour, the widow of Frederick A. McKnight, and her sister Julia, widow of Chas. T. Coit, daughters of Henry R. Seymour, of the firm of Seymour & Gleason, Bankers. I remember both of these ladies as very young girls, of sunny disposition, engaging manners and handsome.

Virginia and Emily Sparrow, both very attractive girls; Virginia married Samuel F. Purdy, (afterwards he was Lieutenant-Governor of California); Emily a Mr. Teackle of Utica, (if I be correct.)

The Townsend family of young ladies are, and have been, amongst our best representative people. Judge Townsend settled here at an early day; his homestead at the corner of Main and Tupper Streets has been his home and also of his immediate descendants for the past sixty years. The four daughters severally married Alfred P. Stone, of Columbus, Ohio; Guilford R. Wilson, Andrew J. Rich and Charles Rosseel. A sister of Mr. Rich married Charles Townsend, another sister of Mr. Rich married Eugene Mulligan. I remember her as a very lovely lady. The eldest son of Judge Townsend, (George Townsend), married Miss Matthews, daughter of General Sylvester Matthews; Mrs. Townsend subsequently married the Rev. Mr. Warren. General Matthews had three other daughters, one, the eldest, married Augustus Q. Stebbins, a merchant here; Eliza married a merchant of Columbus, Ohio, Mr. Jesse Stone; the youngest, Josephine, lives with her sister, Mrs. Jesse Stone.

Jane Champlin, daughter of Commodore Champlin, married Lieutenant J. H. Simpson, U. S. Topographical Engineer Corps; Caroline Mayhew, daughter of Jonathan Mayhew, was married to Lieutenant I. C. Woodruff of the same Corps; she is now a great-grandmother and still a handsome and young appearing

woman. Catherine McKnight, sister of Theodore McKnight, was married to Lieutenant Wm. F. Barry, U. S. A. All the officers mentioned became General Officers during the late war. Miss Truscott, daughter of Captain George Truscott, (a banker here and a retired officer of the English Army), was married to Captain Martin of the U. S. Army. An elder sister married Edwin Thomas, a well-known business man of that day.

The Stewart ladies, a highly respectable family, were severally married to John Norton, a merchant; Captain Heintzleman, a Major-General and Corps Commander, with an honorable record in the war of the rebellion; Dr. Sumner, a surgeon in the U. S. Army; Solon H. Lathrop, once one of the publishers of the "Buffalo Commercial," afterwards a Major in the U. S. Army, and Miss Matilda Stewart, the youngest of the family, well-known in literary circles.

The Misses Langdon were prominent young ladies here.

Two daughters of Newton Rossiter, and also two daughters of Erastus Hathaway, all handsome and charming girls of that period.

Mary H. Bennett, who was the daughter, of Judge Philander Bennett, and the wife of Rollin Germain, (a lawyer and father of Charles B. Germain), a lady much esteemed among her associates.

When time had progressed far into the decade of the forties, but previous to the hegira of so many of our young men to California in '49, who were prominent among the beaux, the young gentlemen gave a most brilliant

BALL

Which was a charming event in society. I wish I could remember the names of all the managers of that affair, but among them were:

Asher P. Nichols.

Joseph R. Beals.

Geo. Truscott.

Edgar P. Pickering.

James T. Goodwill.

Wm. Lovering, Jr.

John Bull.

Henry Warren.

Lewis L. Eaton.

David F. Gray.

This ball was held at the American Hotel in that very gay period of the social history of Buffalo. From the well-known character, high tone and liberality of its managers, it could not have been otherwise than a very delightful success.

Continuing the list of the young ladies of the decades of the

FORTIES AND FIFTIES.

I remember Elizabeth Porter, daughter of General Peter B. Porter, of Black Rock, identified with Buffalo, but latterly were residents of Niagara Falls.

Mary Norton, now the widow of the Reverend Dr. Thompson, and her sister Fanny Norton, both accomplished young women, they were sisters of the late Charles D. Norton, and aunts of the brothers Porter and Charles P. Norton.

Maria and Grace Bird, daughters of Colonel William A. Bird, Miss Maria married Dr. Thomas M. Foote, U. S. Minister to Austria; Miss Grace still resides in the old homestead and dispenses her pleasant hospitalities in the generous and graceful manner her father did half a century since.

Charlotte and Libbie Sherman, daughters of Pardon C. Sherman, (who recently passed away, having reached the very advanced age of nearly ninety). Miss Charlotte who married the late Stephen V. R. Watson, has been widely known in society, for her many and generous hospitalities; her liberal, thoughtful and successful efforts to entertain her many friends, by way of elegant, classical masquerade parties, amateur theatricals in her well appointed *salon*, constructed for that purpose; and other refined social reunions, will long be remembered by those friends.

Abby Heacock, daughter of Reuben B. Heacock, married to Dr. John S. Trowbridge; she was an exceptionally fine looking and exemplary young woman.

The daughters of the so remembered Quaker Miller, (James Miller), one of our earliest settlers, were interesting young women and filled a prominent place in our Buffalo Society.

Miss Mary Sheldon, sister of Judge James Sheldon, an accomplished and proper lady, many of our more recent young ladies are indebted to her for their early accomplishments.

The Misses Lovejoy, daughters of the late Henry Lovejoy, a well known citizen of Buffalo, well deserve mention here. Their grandmother, Mrs. Joshua Lovejoy was killed by the Indians in a very tragic manner at the time of the burning of Buffalo, December 30, 1813.

Harriet Efner, daughter of Elijah D. Efner; and her cousin, Ruth Efner, who married Dr. Quinlan, of Chicago.

Sarah Faulkner, daughter of Morgan L. Faulkner; she married Frank Fitch.

I see flashing before me as they rapidly follow each other before my memory, the two charming daughters of Silas Manville; Lydia Marcy, Jane Geer, Elizabeth and Kate Bristol, Helen and Caroline Walker, Mary Rudd, Betty Palmer, Martha Callender, Kate Deforest, Alice Barnard, and "Cornie" Goodrich, all attractive companions, in their girl-hood days, for our young men.

Ann Blackwood, now the widow of Charles M. Hopkins, was counted as one of our brightest belles in her time. And Mary, daughter of Horace Clark, a lively, handsome girl. Sweet Julia Palmer, sister of General I. N. Palmer, U. S. A., cannot be forgotten.

Two daughters of J. B. Young, one the widow of Joseph K. Tyler, and the other Miss Jane Young, who is now the widow of Robert Codd, (the Banker), both were handsome young women, but of different types.

The three daughters of Captain William T. Miller: Elizabeth, wife of David R. Morse, (President of Erie County Savings Bank) Mary, wife of William A. Bird, and Abbey, now Mrs. Franklin Allen, of Brooklyn.

Kate and Emily Ketchum, daughters of William Ketchum (another of our early Mayors.) The elder, Kate, is the widow of the late George Coit, Jr. She is notably an accomplished vocalist, now living in England. Her sister, Emily, died the wife of Mr. Bancroft, the historian of the Pacific Coast.

Misses Antoinette and Kittie Scott, daughters of Dr. William K. Scott. The first married Mr. Cobb and lives in Detroit; the other is now the wife of our artist, Prof. L. G. Sellstedt.

General Lucius Storrs had four daughters, Selim, Maria, Susan and Charlotte; the only one living here now is Maria, who is the wife of the Rev. Albert Bigelow. General Storrs and his brother Juba Storrs were settlers in Buffalo prior to the War of 1812.

The Misses Kimberly, daughters of John L. Kimberly, a time-honored Buffalo family. One daughter is the widow of DeWitt C. Weed; another the wife of William H. Walker. Miss Susan and Miss Charlotte are unmarried.

Julia Webster, daughter of George B. Webster and wife of George L. Newman, now living in Charlottesville, Virginia, was one of the most reliable and sterling girls of Buffalo production.

Mary Dodge, another native belle, who married one of the brothers Cronyn, was one of our prettiest and brightest; as was Miss Mary Osier, now the wife of Edward Bennett.

Carrie Hamilton, daughter of Henry Hamilton, widow of Francis E. Coit, was a merry, bright and interesting girl. Eliza Coit, daughter of George Coit and sister of the above, married the late General Alexander W. Harvey. She died this year, 1890.

Miss Kate Walden, daughter of Judge Walden, one of our clever, bright, young women, sensible and witty. She was the widow of the late General Myer, U. S. A., the originator of the present signal service.

As the years roll on in the forties and cumulate into the fifties, coteries, bevys and flocks of charming girls rise up serenely before me, demanding courteous recognition.

One cannot forget those two beautiful and estimable young women of this period, the Misses Maria and Ophelia Field, whose father resided on Mohawk Street. One married General Rufus L. Howard, the other a gentleman of Syracuse, Mr. Bridges. Of General Howard's two sisters, one married Gibson T. Williams, the younger sister, Miss Eunice Alzina Howard, of very hand-

some and queenly person, amiable, accomplished, and of whom her friends were very fond. Her early death after her marriage with Mr. John M. Hutchinson, was to her relatives and friends an irreparable calamity; this lady was the mother of E. Howard Hutchinson.

The beautiful Mary Lovering who married John Horace Bliss; her death near the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, while on their bridal trip is a very sad recollection to her old friends. Her sisters, Alice and Sarah, all daughters of William Lovering, Sr., the youngest Mrs. Sarah Truscott, widow of the late George Truscott.

Miss Irene Leech, daughter of Elijah Leech; married to Lucian Hawley; Miss Lucy Allen, daughter of Orlando Allen, married to Nelson K. Hopkins, and Miss Evelyn Hall married to Bronson C. Rumsey; these three couples formed a tripartite treaty of marriages, which occurred at one and the same time and ceremony. The weddings were held at the old homestead of one of the brides (Miss Allen) on Swan Street. It was an event which caused a good deal of interest socially.

Mr. and Mrs. Rumsey (*nee Hall*), one of the trio of couples mentioned above, have in later years been socially known for their elegant hospitalities in their home-like mansion and beautiful sylvan grounds, for their *recherché* dinners, receptions and delightful parties and lawn fêtes, and entertainment of visiting strangers and friends. Among which will be remembered their reception of the World's Scientists and the National Convention of Eminent Medical Men. And the delightful nights of those two well remembered "*Waverly Balls*," the last of which was given in the winter of 1888, after an interval of some sixteen years; they were both so complete in appointments, elegance and enjoyment, that those who were privileged and attended both balls, were unable to determine, whether the first given by the elder host as "Sir Walter Scott," surpassed that of the younger members of the family of entertainers, Mesdames and Messrs. Rumsey's; Movius; and Dr. Charles Cary.

Lydia Russell, daughter of Wing Russell, who married Wells D. Walbridge, was one of our society favorites, as were the Misses Loomis, daughters of Dr. H. N. Loomis

Emma Cochrane who married Captain Amasa T. Kingman, and his sister Sarah Ann Kingman, daughter of Mahlon Kingman, and Miss Lacy, daughter of John T. Lacy, married to Francis Clark and went to Cincinnati, were all well known and favorite girls here.

Among the young ladies of Buffalo were Mary Colton who married R. H. Shearman, cashier of the Hollister Bank ;* and her sister Louise Colton, who married Ransom S. Haight, a merchant here. They were daughters of Manly Colton.

The daughters of Horatio Warren; Miss Jewett, sister of Elam R. Jewett; Miss Sarah Hall, sister of Judge N. K. Hall; Miss Mary Eaton, daughter of the Rev. Sylvester Eaton, and Miss Maria Eaton, daughter of General Lewis Eaton were all interesting young ladies.

In another constellation, I see Lottie Wicks, Miss Shumway, now Mrs. Lee, daughter of Horatio Shumway; Sarah Hall, (Mrs. Forbes); "Liska" Farnham, daughter of Thos. Farnham; Emily Babcock, (Mrs. Alward), daughter of George R. Babcock; Carrie Cobb, daughter of E. Stanton Cobb, (once Cashier of a Buffalo Bank, was lost from the Steamer Erie when it burned August 9th, 1841.)

There were also the daughters of Wm. Tweedy, severally married to Levi H. Rumrill, James C. Evans and Edwin A. Holbrook.

Eliza Ruxton who married the British Consul (Donahue) and her sister Mary, Mrs. Norris, daughter of Wm. Ruxton, were always favorites here.

The Misses Hager, of Swan Street, were interesting girls with many friends.

* In the panic year of 1857, when failures of banks had become epidemic, reports were rife affecting the integrity of the credit of the Hollister Bank, which annoyed Mr. Cashier Shearman and caused him to publish a card in which he stated that the bank was as strong and firm as the "Rock of Ages." It failed within forty-eight hours after the card was published.

Can one ever forget the handsome, stately Miss Elizabeth Dorsheimer (Mrs. Clifton), sister of the late Lieutenant-Governor Wm. Dorsheimer; himself a grand appearing man.

Or Miss Lizzie Williams (now Mrs. E. Carleton Sprague) who dignified, cultured, was among our most admired young ladies,

The Patchins were an interesting family; the sister of Mr. Aaron D. Patchin was a conspicuous figure in society here in her time; of his two daughters one married William Dorsheimer; the other, Dr. Nachtel, and went to Paris to live. The two daughters of Mr. Thaddeus Patchin, Carrie and Jessie, were beautiful and most attractive girls; both were drowned a few years ago from off a foundering or burning steamer near Sandusky, Ohio.

A stately, Queen-like girl, a relative of Mrs. Bela D. Coe, Miss Wells, was captured by Sidney Shepard, a thrifty merchant here.

One of the most brilliant stars in the galaxy, was Jeannie Rogers, daughter of Henry W. Rogers; she married Professor Ellicott Evans, of Clinton College. Miss Skinner, daughter of Isaac W. Skinner, and Miss Dayton, (Sister Harriet), daughter of Judge Dayton, of Lockport, were cotemporary with and friends of Miss Rogers.

Julia, Maria and Libbie Love, daughters of Judge Thomas C. Love; the first married Dr. Walter Cary; the Love and Cary combination have largely contributed to the pleasures of Buffalo society in past years. A spirited family, they have given life and tone to it, infused animation when society was in hum-drum condition; and have accomplished much in Church, Charitable and Patriotic work.

Abiah Hatch, daughter of Israel T. Hatch, now Mrs. George B. Hibbard was one of Society's special favorites.

Mary Abigail Fillmore, ("Abby,") one of the most cultivated and interesting girls of her time. She did the honors of the "White House," when her father was President, much to her credit. Sad to mention, she died very soon after her father's retirement from office, too young to be thus cut off in the midst of her usefulness and example.

Eliza Rochester, daughter of Judge William B. Rochester, quite a pet with all her friends, was married to Augustus B. Fitch.

Miss Emily Buck, (Mrs. Bach), mother of Mrs. Charles H. Utley.

Of the belles of the decade of the fifties an exceptionally handsome young woman was Miss Ramsdell, who captured and married our genial friend Charles H. Gibson; the years seem to have passed lightly over her.

Among the buds, belles, and brides of that decade and later, were several of Buffalo's own daughters, who were and are well known in our society. The daughters of the late Henry H. Sizer, namely: the late Mrs. Robert P. Hayes, Mrs. Richard Hiliard and Mrs. Albert Barnard. Miss Belle Riley, daughter of the late General Bennett Riley, U. S. A. Miss Maria Burt, now Mrs. Reed, daughter of the late General David Burt. Mrs. Henry W. Burt, daughter of the late Septimus Lathrop. Mrs. Hobart Weed, daughter of the late William Monteith.

One of the junior young ladies of the fifties was Miss Emily Hall, daughter of the late Judge N. K. Hall. She will be remembered as the first wife of George Gorham, the well known lawyer here; as a young lady and wife her old friends retain many pleasant recollections of her and her winning ways.

Miss Minnie Haven, daughter of the late Solomon G. Haven, and now the widow of Charles Day; Miss Haven was one of the youngest and brightest ornaments that ever shone here in society gatherings.

Among the brides here in that decade were Miss Maria, daughter of A. M. C. Smith, wife of Edward M. Atwater. Miss Charlotte Hazard, daughter of George S. Hazard, wife of Frank W. Fiske.

And yet more recent Miss Kate Ganson, daughter of the late John S. Ganson, wife of James Sweeny, and her sister, Helen Ganson, wife of William H. Depew.

THE BACHELORS' BALL, OF 1853.

Here follows a copy of the notes of invitation :

"The Bachelors request the honor of your company at the American Hotel, on Thursday Evening, Jan. 13th."

Joseph Stringham,	A. Porter Thompson,	Charles W. Evans.
Richard Williams,	Ellicott Evans,	Calvin N. Otis,
Hugh Cameron,	Edward F. Folger,	Edward M. Atwater.
Edgar P. Pickering,	Harmon S. Cutting,	Samuel M. Welch,
Sylvester F. Mixer,	Alexander W. Harvey,	Alexander Murray,
James L. Butler,	George B. Hibbard,	Samuel B. Hard,
Charles E. Peck,	Harvey M. Mixer,	DeWitt C. Weed,
Samuel K. Worthington,	Benjamin F. Greene,	John Allen, Jr.,
Schuyler Coxe,	William H. Walker,	Matthew Wilson,
Christian Metz, Jr.,	Samuel G. Bailey,	Henry Evans.

BUFFALO, January 1, 1853.

Perhaps this was the gayest social event that ever occurred in the annals of Buffalo society. The large parlors of the hotel were used for the reception of the guests. The Reception Committee were, Joseph Stringham, Dr. Sylvester F. Mixer, George B. Hibbard, Edward M. Atwater and Samuel M. Welch. The supper was served in the long dining room on very long tables. The dancing was done in the old "American Concert Hall," a beautiful room, most profusely decorated, and carpeted with white duck; the approach to the hall from the reception rooms, a distance of three hundred feet was through an inclosed archway, hung and carpeted with white, and festooned with evergreens, through which the guests were constantly passing to and fro.

The music was under the direction of Delvecchio.

There were many guests from out of town: New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Detroit, Cleveland, Columbus, Rochester, Canandaigua, Syracuse, Batavia, Lockport, Niagara Falls and Canada. A number of the young lady visitors subsequently became permanent residents here. Everything connected with the affair was of the most brilliant and enjoyable character. The dress,

music, flowers, supper and wines. The dancing at that time was gay and lively, and upon this particular occasion grew more furious to the end.

A pretty incident occurred at this ball: At the head of each supper table was a pyramid of artistic confectionery, and at the apex of each a small, silk, American flag; an impromptu vote was taken as to which two of the young ladies present should be crowned with these flags; the choice was declared to two out-of-town guests: Miss Lizzie Deshler, of Columbus, Ohio, and Miss Lizzie Swan, of Boston, Mass. The flags were worn in their *quoiffure's* (*en cheveux*) during the remainder of the evening. The writer still treasures one of those trophies.

'Twas said that at the close of the ball, from the white floor of the hall, were picked up two quarts of hair-pins, and at least two of those interesting articles which Edward the III. of England picked up at a ball five hundred years before; said to have been dropped by the beautiful Countess of Salisbury. That incident is recorded in history as the origin of the highest order of Knighthood in Christendom. The emblem or motto of the order is:

"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

The effect of that ball lingers over Buffalo society to this day; as ten of the thirty bachelor managers were launched into matrimony within the space of two years afterwards; the writer acknowledges to being one of those ten.

ACCESSIONS—VISITORS.

Intermingled with all the foregoing groups of young women, our native belles, there came from time to time the beauties from other social spheres, circulating through the interstices of our home circles, like rills and gurgling brooks, forming vivid mosaic-like pictures of feminine loveliness. Often instances of clinging to our masculine prizes and being grafted into our home stock, as *our* choice flowers visited and were chosen to establish their homes elsewhere. As a quick-witted young woman who was

about to visit another city said to me not long since, when asked quizzically what she was going for? quickly answered: "I am going on business, seeking for new blood, prospecting in other fields and pastures new."

I have known many instances of this sort of interchangeableness, this kind of matrimonial-commercial union, reciprocity, or whatever I may call it, during those decades of the thirties, forties and fifties.

I remember a handsome Cleveland belle, Miss Calista Fiske, who visited her aunts, Mrs. Sidway and Mrs. Foote, and while here was persuaded to remain at the solicitation of Mr. Orson Phelps.

A similar circumstance occurred to another of Cleveland's fair young women thus: A young gentleman here about making a trip to the West, was requested, and provided with a written requisition, to bring back under his escort, the young lady in question; on his return he called at her father's home and presented his credentials, which were promptly honored, and Miss Julia Steadman was carefully escorted and handed over to her friend Mrs. George R. Babcock. Without alluding to *his* intentions, or the many fascinations of this belle of Cleveland, Mrs. Babcock's commissioner had to put aside his pretensions when William F. Miller came; he saw and conquered.

The accomplished Miss Childs of Rochester, adopted Buffalo as her home through the earnest persuasions of Mr. Asher P. Nichols.

Some of our very best matrimonial connections in the past have been made with the maidens of Canandaigua, and our Buffalo young men have not been slow to discover the feminine attractions and other advantages of such alliances, with the best families and blood of that ever social, aristocratic and beautiful town. Among those I can enumerate were the daughters of Henry B. Gibson, (the most noted banker of Canandaigua,) who married General Henry L. Lansing, and John S. Sibley. William B. Peck married Miss Bemis. George W. Clinton married the daughter of John C. Spencer. John Ganson, one of our prom-

inent lawyers, married Mary Sibley, daughter of that distinguished lawyer, Mark H. Sibley, Charlotte Wells, one of Canandaigua's accomplished daughters, was happily constrained to make Buffalo her home and Henry Kip her husband. And Charles D. Norton found there a gem when he obtained Miss Janet Phelps.

I am not certain whether the late James M. Ganson was so fortunate as to obtain his wife, Miss Nancy S. Belden, in Batavia or Rochester; one or the other, perhaps she represents both places.

The iron interest seems to have been promoted by the Pratt and Beals combination, when the partners took matrimonial interests of Mr. Lorenz of the old house of Messrs. Lorenz, Sterling & Co., of Pittsburgh, Penn. In less enigmatic language: Messrs. Pascal P. Pratt and Edward P. Beals married sisters who were the daughters of Mr. Lorenz. The sisters have passed away, but have left with us to mourn their loss representative daughters, interesting and accomplished young women.

Maria Mead, an educated and beautiful girl, came all the way from Maine and while sojourning here, was won in the suit by her legal adviser Thomas C. Welch.

We are indebted to Brooklyn for Miss Anna Titus, widow of the late Orrin P. Ramsdell.

Miss Mary Pearce of Erie was the choice of the late James C. Harrison. I remember one Christmas many years ago witnessing the delight of young Mr. Harrison, when he remarked that the book he held in his hand was for the young lady who had promised to marry him. The book was a copy of "The Belle of a Season," By the Countess of Blessington; it was bound in red-watered silk. The young lady was the daughter of a Naval Officer, stationed at the time in Erie, Pa., but her birth-place was in Virginia.

A most welcome visitor here in her young lady days, was Miss Margaret Louise, daughter of Judge John P. Sherwood, of Vernon, Oneida County. She adopted Buffalo as her permanent home when she married James M. Smith. Her death not long

since at Edinburgh, Scotland, at nearly the commencement of a series of travel through Europe with her family, was a crushing blow to them, and a severely felt loss to her many friends at home.

Another of our pleasant visitors, Miss Mancer, captured one of our well-known young men of his time, John J. Hollister. He surrendered gracefully.

Louise Ballard, daughter of Orin Ballard of Syracuse, married Edward P. Hollister; both seem happy in the alliance.

We had frequent and very pleasant visits from Lucia Ransom of Clarence, but Mr. Wm. Edwards of Cleveland, carried too many arrows for our Buffalo beaux.

A. Porter Thompson, surrendered with discretion when he was captured by a daughter of DeGarmo Jones of Detroit.

We were visited by those admirable young ladies, the Misses Pumpelly, of Albany; the Misses Arnot, of Elmira; Mary Holden and her cousin Eliza, of Batavia; and who forgets the winter, and that brilliant girl, Jane Redfield, and her handsome sisters from Batavia, who visited at Dr. Walter Cary's in 1853 when Buffalo was so lively!

Eliza and Lizzie Swan of Boston, accomplished and lively, the first found her mate here in John D. Townsend, now a successful lawyer at the New York bar. Sister Lizzie Swan won in the chase for the "American Deer," Mr. Wm. Heath, the broker of Wall Street. Before and since his death she has resided in Paris.

We were often visited socially, with much pleasure to ourselves by those interesting young ladies, sisters of the late Hon. Thomas Street, of Niagara Falls, Ontario, and also the Misses Laura Ranson, Mary Bruce, Mary Jackson, of Lockport, and Miss Kate Sweeny, of Tonawanda.

Miss Lizzie Deshler, daughter of David W. Deshler, of Columbus, Ohio, was a visitor at her brother's, Mr. John G. Deshler, then a resident here in 1853. The writer of this record could not resist so powerful an attack of blue eyes and other persuasive attractions, and succumbed to the inevitable. And this caused by example, the raid and capture of Miss Rachel Woods, of Hamilton, Ohio, by Samuel K. Worthington, whose

persuasive powers were irresistible. Another of Ohio's lovely daughters, Miss Anna Osborn, of Sandusky, permitted herself to be taken by Richard Williams. Ohio has been a generous contributor of fair and goodly women to our Buffalo homes.

Not the least of our gains in the society world of Buffalo were the accession of the two Misses Knowlton, of Cincinnati; Mrs. Mary E. Mixer, widow of Dr. S. F. Mixer, and her sister Mrs. Townsend Davis. Mrs. Mixer is a lady of decided literary attainments, an accomplished and ready writer, both in prose and verse, a sympathetic and generous contributor, in all matters emanating from the head or heart. I remember a poetical memorial written by her as a tribute to the memory of Mr. Fillmore at the time of his death in 1874; read before a private literary circle of which they were both members, which received the highest commendation.

Under the care of her kinsman, the late Wm. Williams, Congressman and Banker, we were visited by Miss Lizzie Isham, of Cincinnati; after a winter's social campaign, she decided that Buffalo was to be her home as the wife of Mr. Thos. H. Mendsen.

Miss Sibyl and Miss Maria Williams, two noble young women who came here occasionally from New Bedford to visit their elder sister, Mrs. Samuel W. Hawes, and their brother, Richard Williams.

Miss Harriet Rathbone often came from Genesee County to visit her brother, John and James Ganson, and who would dare to say that she was not one of the most beautiful girls of her belle-era, witty and charming in manner, she excelled in her aptitude for bright sayings and facile repartee. Even she could not reject one of *our* best known young gentlemen, William Lovering, Jr.

Miss Davenport, of Bath, came to see her relative, Mrs. Joseph G. Masten, and although many candidates appeared for alliance with the best blood of Steuben County, none could win but he who knew it so well, Sherman S. Rogers.

I may be treading upon the limits of a later decade than those I assumed to be my limit, in making these desultory records; yet

I cannot refrain from mentioning the name of Evelyn Schoolcraft, the late Mrs. Wm. K. Allen, who prided herself (fairly) for her American Ancestry; lovely in person, the more we all knew of her character, the more we learned to admire and esteem her for her many good qualities.

SEMINARIES.

It would be manifestly unfair, were I to omit mentioning the ladies and gentlemen who had much of the responsibility in forming the characters and cultivating the manners of the daughters of Buffalo. Many of those young ladies were instructed in their fundamental education as well as in the higher branches, under the tuition of Professor and Madame Williams, whose institute was in the large granite front dwelling in lower Pearl Street, near Seneca Street.

More of the young ladies who made a later *debut* were pupils of the Misses Hill, who established their school here, under the patronage of the Episcopalian Church, and under the supervision of the Bishop of the Diocese. The Misses Hill themselves purely educated and of refined manner, were earnest and conscientious in their efforts to guide the young minds in proper channels and imbue them with good principles; in which they were usually successful, as those young women who have graduated from their careful teaching can testify, and who can look back with pride and honor to the training they received from them in their studies, deportment and morals.

Professor Charles E. West, so long the Principal of the "Buffalo Female Seminary," is justly entitled to great credit for the many accomplished young women he has sent forth to grace society. Others of our young ladies of past decades received the finishing polish of their education at those celebrated (boarding) schools of:

Mrs. Emma Willard, of Troy, New York.

Miss Porter, at Farmington, Conn.

Madame Chegarry, of Philadelphia.

Miss Catherine M. Sedgwick, Lenox, Mass., and the Mrs. Hoffman and Mrs. McCauley Schools, of New York City.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EXCURSIONS.

"THE SLOOP FERRY" TO OLD FORT ERIE.

Long ago, say in 1835 and later, a sloop-rigged yacht of about twenty tons measurement, capable of carrying (comfortably) thirty or more passengers and their light freight, trunks, picnic baskets and such truck, did ply as a ferry and excursion boat, between the foot of Main Street, touching at the North Pier (where now stand the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western coal docks and chutes) and the naturally formed stone landings in front of the ruins of "Old Fort Erie."

The sloop was called the Lapwing and is well remembered by some of our older Buffalonians. Many are the gay parties the writer has joined for an excursion and picnic to the grounds about the old fort, when the shrubbery and other adjuncts were more primitive and romantically picturesque. Or for a day's shooting in the woods in the vicinity, so often indeed, that the forms and appearances of the rocks of that "natural dock" are even now after fifty years indelibly pictured on my mind.

The Lapwing, though not a chartered ferry boat, made her trips with such a degree of regularity that it came to be regarded as a reliable means of passage for the traveling public; mostly Canadians, with their portmanteaus; in place of going down to Black Rock and taking the old horse ferry boat to Waterloo, where the stages usually started for all points in Canada, frequently did the stages lengthen their run the three miles to Fort Erie to accommodate the Lapwing passengers.

It was not uncommon at that time for excursionists to pick up round about the "Fort" old military buttons, broken sabres and bullets, reminders of the War of 1812.

Of a "Fourth of July," on one of the days of the thirties, an excursion party, composed of a jolly set of the *élite* of Buffalo's best young society, provided with all the requisites, to aid in making a pleasant time, including hampers of luncheon, wine, etc., and an American flag, "Fort Erie" the objective point. There they hung out their banner on the highest pinnacle of the outer wall of the ruined fort and proceeded to enjoy and make themselves merry over this last successful attack on the old fort. They thought they "held the fort" to themselves, as there were not many neighbors in the immediate vicinity, but alas for blighted hopes!

"Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river
A moment white — then melts for ever!"

This bold way of re-taking Fort Erie gave umbrage to the natives, and at high noon or thereabouts the Lord of Waterloo, the renowned Major James Kirby, the Reeve of the town and Collector of the port at Fort Erie or Waterloo, called out his *posse committatus* and other myrmidons, and made a counter attack on the possessors of the Fort, captured, and took all the party prisoners, tore down the stars and stripes, confiscated their boats, their contraband stores and supplies, liquids and flags. This doughty Major, however, after marching the party, ladies and all, through the sand and in the heat of the day, to Waterloo, magnanimously gave the ladies a parole on their assuring him that they intended no indignity to his Britanic Majesty, William IV., nor belligerent or war-like purpose in thus taking possession of the frowning ruins of those old walls, and permitted them to find their way home as best they could; but took the masculine ring-leaders down to Fort George, Niagara, and delivered them to the Commandant there, by whom they were soon discharged with ample gentlemanly apology by that officer, with an undertone ejaculation of "coarse ignorant brute." If the writer's memory be clear, the American forces were led by the late Colonel Wm. F. P. Taylor, a genial gentleman, resident here, and included

in the party as I have been informed, Samuel W. Hawes, George P. Barker, Henry M. Kinne, Hamlet Scrantom, Wm. Tell Jones, Samuel F. Purdy, Ed. Jessup, John A. Newbould, A. A. Evstapheive, John W. Buckland, H. K. Viele, accompanied by an equal number of ladies, some of them the young wives of the gentlemen of the party, and the Misses McElwee, Staats, Strong, Kip, Sparrow, Wilson and others not remembered.

Major Kirby was rarely seen in the streets of Buffalo subsequent to this affair. The only possible excuse for this outrage and abuse of hospitality on the part of Major Kirby, might have been that political affairs at that time were getting to be of a rebellious character, which did finally culminate in the Canadian Rebellion; and that Officer was desirous of demonstrating his loyalty to the Crown, as he was known to be a violent tory. The temporary discomforture of the party gave rise for much merriment ever after.

A few years later, on a lovely September day with cerulean sky, lake and river on which were hundreds of white winged craft of all descriptions, covered with English and American bunting; another excursion party of ladies and gentlemen crossed the Niagara in a six-oared yawl, manned by sailors, in *precisely thirty* minutes and took improvised front seats within the walls of the old fort, just as the Prince of Wales landed on the platform with his escort, the Duke of Newcastle, and General Williams. The Prince doffed his battered old white hat, saluted the audience and delivered his address to the people of Bertie, Welland and Haldimand. After its close and as the royal party was about departing, one of the Buffalonians, recognizing the General Williams, as the world-renowned "hero of Kars," rising from *her* seat proposed "three cheers for General Williams, the hero of Kars." They were given with a will by the surprised assembly, which had no idea until the cheers were proposed, that they had a hero in their midst. The excursion party returned to their Buffalo homes amid the dipping of flags, the *feu de jou* and huzzas of the multitude, in welcome for the Prince, arriving after an absence of only two hours.

A SLEIGH-RIDE IN APRIL!

At the close of one winter, or rather on a warm, fair day in April, after a long winter of ice, snow and sleighing, the snow still heavily covering the ground; a party of young ladies and gentlemen one evening improvised a sleigh-ride to Niagara Falls for the following morning. The opening day was one of sunshine, the air was crisp, and almost opaque, the glittering particles of frost scintillating sparkles of light in the sun's rays like flashes from diamonds. The party, with several four and six-horse teams, with open sleighs (the tops laid back), plenty of wraps and buffalo robes, early started, gay with anticipated pleasure; the route was out Main Street, to the "Guide-board road," and thence following it down to the river road. When coming to the "old" St. Louis Church, they found from there onward to the base of the hill deep drifts of snow, which had been cut through for the passage of teams. So high were these drifts (in April), they were like high walls on either side that no one of the party standing on the seats of the sleighs could see over them.

This particular location from Virginia Street up as far as where Allen Street is, as far east as Michigan Street and further and west almost to Niagara Street, was at that time nearly destitute of buildings or trees and but little shrubbery, hence a bleak, barren, open space, where the wild winds had full sweep. This place became commonly known as "Saginaw Bay."

The drive was delightful and the party hilarious. No special event occurring excepting while passing through a deep gully below Black Rock dam, there the drifts had become choppy, and into which two of our sleighs were upset, which caused considerable fun and muscular exertion to righten them. Arriving in good season at the Falls we drove up to the "Cataract" to find it just sufficiently open to accommodate the party, and while the Whitneys were having our dinners prepared, we made our way on foot over to Goat Island, where every place and tree, branch and rock, was covered with beautiful ice, the trees and

branches forming natural arches and grottoes, robed in pearly white, all dazzling in the bright sun.

The surface of the ground excepting in the beaten track of the path, was one vast sheet of wavy glare ice, while the party were recklessly wandering about, a few approached on that treacherous ice, the point of Goat Island overlooking the declivity and Lunar Fall and Island, the trees of which seemed loaded with the sparkling winter fruit of the place called "ice apples," (frozen balls of snow). On this point underneath the trees and so near the precipice, it was very dangerous footing, among its brilliant attractions. A venturesome young lady of the party ascended a small rise nearest the point, intending to grasp a branch of one of the trees which were each glistening fountains of ice, with stalactites reaching down from them, making kaleidoscopes in the sun's rays; the young lady failing to grasp the tree, lost her footing and slid down the ice where it inclined inwardly, in reach of a young man, who grasped her clothing, which only saved her from going sheer over the precipice.

Returning to the hotel with appetites strengthened by vigorous exercise, we dined heartily, the fumes of "Veuve Cliquot" sharpened our wits, impromptu speeches and toasts became the order of the day. Among the young ladies were several with Auburn or golden hair and ringlets; becoming lively, one of these golden-haired demoiselles proposed to give a toast which should be drank, all standing; when all were standing, she said: "here is to ladies with gilded domes, may their shadows never grow less."

When the day was waning our party made preparations and started for home; on their return a lovely full moon appearing to welcome and accompany them in their drive. While driving towards Tonawanda the ladies and gentlemen made the welkin ring with melodiously singing, "sparkling and bright" and other merry songs, shouts and merry laughter.

On our arrival at Monsieur Chaselet's, hostelry, at Tonawanda, he was ready to welcome us with a hot French supper; a saddle of venison from off the sheep's back, grouse from the chicken

roost, with French wine from grapes grown on the south side of the moon. After supper the party still continuing hilarious, some wicked chap proposed that they should improvise a wedding, when Tom W. promptly asked Ann B. if she would stand up with him; with snapping eyes she quickly assented.

Monsieur Chasetet was called and asked if there was any one near who could perform a marriage ceremony. Oh! *Oui! Oui!* I am what you call *de Notaire*—Magistrate—and he proceeded to draw forth a table, placing a couple of tall candles upon it and a large Bible and announced himself as ready. The volunteer groom jumped up, but the bride had miraculously disappeared! She had already gotten into the sleigh, going on her bridal trip.

As the moon shone from the zenith, the party arrived at home without a shadow to cloud their happiness.

THE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

For a morning drive, or a trot on the back of a spirited horse, it was a pleasant excursion to go out the Aurora road by the "Red Jacket" tavern, where our old friend, George B. Gates at one time dispensed hospitalities, then turn off the main road near by the Indian Church, leading to the "Sulphur Springs." [The water of these springs the only Spas in this County, of which we made account at that time as having medical or salutary qualities, were highly seasoned and perfumed with old boots, rubbers, antiquated eggs, and other impure contingents.; therefore considered health promoting.]

At that time it was a picturesque spot on the earth; a dreamy place for lounging of an afternoon with your friend, or perhaps languishing with your sweet-heart.

I recall a morning ride of a merry party of six of us,* who started out at sunrise one summer morning; the Spa our point of destination with the intention of imbibing of those bad an' bad'n waters. One of the party, a merchant in active business

* The party were Samuel J. Hinsdale, O. P. Ramsdell, Albert J. Starr, Edward D. Wells, Geo. Starr and the Writer.

here, (until his recent death), after all these years, whom to distinguish we will call "O. P.," fancying some wonderful curative power in water so powerfully bad, prevailed upon the proprietor of the *Hacienda* to rake up for us some discarded *Heidsick* bottles, cleanse them for the vile liquid, (to my thought, a work of super-purgation), fill, cork and pack them, that we might manage to *tote* them on board our *chevaux*.

When "O. P." and we found ourselves in the usual condition of the original native inhabitants of that region, which is expressed in their vernacular, "Tan-ta-gau-ya wis-taw," (without cash). Mine host of the Spa began to have doubts that we might not be what we seemed; a party of gentlemen; expostulated with us, and began to question our rectitude in the matter of deferred payment for his bills and labor; when our destitute condition suggested such a solution of the dilemma, he was becoming indignant to vehemence. Then our valorous leader, O. P., rising in his stirrups in majestic dignity, with his oratorical, lordly suavity of speech and outstretched gesturing hand, pointing towards the excited doubter, said to him, in the most extinguishing terms: "Why, my dear sir!

"We are all gentlemen of the *first water*, out in our riding costume for a morning canter. Having discovered here as we think the water of *Léthe*, desiring to possess ourselves of a home draught, to test its purity, we did not suppose for a moment that we should require the use of filthy lucre to buy this dirty water, and we did not come provided with the necessary *quid pro quo*.

"Wishing some of our friends after our experience with it might partake of the wholesome beverage, we put you to trouble prematurely. However, do not doubt but that we shall ultimately discharge our financial obligation to you, (and the water), upon one of the many frequent visits we *may* make here or hereafter."

This flourish of diction in our chief seemed to crush the individual's presumption.

When "O. P." waving his hand in his chivalric style said: "Come, gentlemen, let us to horse! Time is money," away we started, leaving the man agape with amazement. Neither "O. P." nor I have been there since to my knowledge. The morning ride, however, was delightful, and the episode provided us with material for merry talks ever after.

NIAGARA RIVER AND THE FALLS.

It was a delightful summer outing in those old days of the thirties, before the advent of railway travel, to provide yourself and companions with a well equipped and stylish coach and chariots, according to the number of your party and their requirements, and skirt Niagara River from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario.

The coaches and chariots of the day were luxurious, and really aristocratic in appearance. For those who could afford this mode of travel, in place of the ordinary stage coach, they were often adopted for excursions of pleasure or extended trips of summer travel.

An early start in the long, leafy days of June you could easily and pleasantly drive down the Canadian shore of the Niagara River to Lake Ontario, and return by the River road on its easterly or American side, in two days if you so wished; the writer accomplished it handsomely once, between sunrise and two o'clock of a moonlight night, but that team of fleet, sturdy bays, were rare ones and had great power of endurance.

It was a delightful way to give our Eastern cousins an enjoyable visit to the great cataract when they came to visit us.

The choice route and mode of doing it, was to drive out Main Street to the "guide board road," (North Street); thence to Haggart's Ferry at Black Rock. The ferry boat was propelled by four horses, two on each side of the boat, tread-mill fashion, on a road which itself was a horizontal, revolving wheel, which by the use of cogs were in connection with the paddle wheels. Crossing the Niagara to Waterloo, thence along the picturesque, shaded and embowered river road, which then had a considerable

margin between it and the water edge, luxuriant with wild berry bushes, sumachs, alders and thrifty grasses, here and there clumps of willows, and lines like ranks of grenadiers of Lombardy poplars. The natural country road, in many places bordered with shapely sycamores, oaks and beech trees, forming romantic vistas, charming nooks for resting places and lunching. During the past fifty years the water has encroached upon the margin of the river and made sad havoc with these old trees and the romantic beauty of the river road.

Passing thro' Chippawa, where once was a thrifty village, having a considerable agricultural trade, and an exporting and importing trade with the "States," and I do not like to add, a smuggling trade, the home of the Macklems, Streets, McMickings, Hepburns, Cummings and Kirkpatricks, well known families to the Buffalonians. But now the little town, so near to so much thrift, has fallen into decay, and those leading families have nearly all gone, mostly "over to the majority."

Two or three miles farther on we reach the "Pavilion" Hotel; it was on a high bluff, overlooking the "Horseshoe Falls" and "Table Rock;" the latter a once fine feature of Niagara Falls, which has disappeared since the thirties; and during the intermediate time, the form and picturesqueness of the "Horseshoe" has much changed, and the entire Falls receded an average of quite a hundred feet. The "Pavilion" stood on a charming spot. It was a large, white structure, with a high pillared portico, the piazza facing the broad sweep of the rapids above the Falls, and the "Horseshoe" and "American Fall" proper. It was a bright, attractive and gay hotel; where we took our one o'clock dinner leisurely, royally. Passing on, our drive leads through Drummondville and Lundy's Lane, where General Winfield Scott won his first historical record and promotion; down we go through the bluff and facing the "American Fall" to the river road at "Table Rock," and along the road on the high bluffs of the river to the "Clifton House," where we refreshed our horses and ourselves with liquid satisfaction. Then continuing the same road along its grand cliffs, we soon reached Queen-

ston Heights, where stands the monument of Sir Isaac Brock, the British Commander who lost his life here, in the battle of Queenston, October 13th, 1813.

Before descending to the village of Queenston, nestled down beneath the heights, let us look at our surroundings: The grand expanded, *buena vista* that is all about us. We are at the centre of the broad escarpment, where the rushing torrent of the Niagara ploughs its way through the rocky gorge several hundred feet below us; discharging its waters into the lower level. The scene is ever grand and fascinating; you see the white ribbon of the Niagara before you, advancing with sturdy energy in broad bending sweeps, a silver line, sparkling and shimmering in the rays of the June sunlight, delivering its water to the blue Lake Ontario, which is plainly visible miles away from where we stand on the heights. The broad expanse of country on either hand, below this rocky escarpment of Lewiston and Queenston heights, shows in vivid pictures the varying green of the thrifty farms and fruit lands, the delicate and timid green of the peach orchards, the rich, dark and cool green of the deciduous trees, which are plainly defined, as a bird's eye viewing; and is all inexpressibly beautiful.

One hardly realizes that here is where the many waters of the far northwest from the Lake of the Woods hither, discharge themselves into the vast reservoir of Ontario, after being boiled, churned and filtered by the great Falls and rapids of the Niagara and thence onward down the St. Lawrence, and out on the wide bosom of the Atlantic Ocean.

From the little village of Queenston, under the Mountain, our road passes along by the river, and the site of old Fort George, near its mouth; and, not far away, Fort Mississauga in the old town of Niagara, once a lively and important town of the frontier and shire town of the county, but now in reduced circumstances, with its quaint old houses and lonely lanes. On the opposite or American side of the river, on the point of its mouth, the beacon light of commerce stands sentry over our old Fort Niagara. Near by, a little way from this, is the village of Youngstown, our

first point on the home side of the river, to which place we re-cross again by ferry boat.

Now for the home drive along the easterly shore of the Niagara: as 'twere thro' a park and meadows to the then beautiful village of Lewiston, named for one of our early Governors, where we rest for the night; bait our cattle and ourselves with greedy appetites at the "Frontier House," a large rough-cast building, with Grecian portico; still standing on the northerly side of the main avenue. We then look over and do up the village. The Academy looms up at the head of the Avenue or artery of the town. This was a favorite school in the thirties; the *Alma Mater* of some of our older Buffalonians. At Lewiston dock tourists took passage on those remarkably tidy and well ordered steamboats of the "Ontario Line," commanded by Captains Ledyard, Throop, and VanCleve, and others of their ilk, for a trip through Lake Ontario to Fort Frontenac, the "Thousand Islands," and the Rapids of the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec.

The morning sees us take a fresh start up the mountain, and along the cliff road, stopping at "Devil's Hole," at which place a massacre occurred in 1763. A supply train passing up the narrow river road, and overlooking this Devil of a hole, escorted by English troops, were here surprised by an ambushade of Seneca Indians, commanded by a noted chief and orator of the tribe, "Farmer's Brother," and all but about half a dozen of the whole party ruthlessly scalped, murdered and thrown over the bank.

Leaving Devil's Hole we soon reach the descent to the Whirlpool, and shortly arrive at General Whitney's old "Cataract Hotel," which now, after fifty years, is kept by his son, Major Solon Whitney. There, if we so desire, we remain until the third morning, driving all about the Falls, seeing their wildness and beautiful surroundings as they then existed; faring sumptuously at the hotel under the General's care, and lulled to sleep in the dormitories down over the rapids, by the musical roar of the "hell of waters."

On the third morning, Ho! for Buffalo and home, "twenty miles away." As we pass the decayed ruins of old Fort Schlosser and the dock, at the old warehouse there, our thoughts revert to the dead Duffy, lying there, after the destruction of the *Caroline*.

We continue along the river, under the full leafed verdure of the trees and beautiful green of the grass on either side of us, each leaf and spear glistening with the pearly drops left from the sun shower of the early morning, to where is now LaSalle; named for the man who on that spot built, in 1679, the first vessel that ever sailed over the great lakes. It was called the "Griffin," in which LaSalle made his exploration journey to * "Missilimakinak," on his route from Quebec to that place; and thence down the Illinois river and the Mississippi.

From LaSalle we bowl along to Tonawanda, resting at Monsieur Chasselet's, who upon private personal request, would give you a choice saddle of *Venison!* from the best wether of the flock at any season of the year, which the party enjoyed hugely; little thinking of the wool that had grown on *that* saddle; but the cunning French caterer, had a knack at that sort of counterfeiting.

But the story of this excursion is getting too long. We reach home before the sun sets behind the walls of old Fort Erie, near where our trip began.

Those bright days, over which the memory still lingers are past; the horses are dead, the coaches and chariots decayed, the tires of the wheels grown thin, the spokes are rattling loose, the coach lace and cushions are moth eaten, horse boats are obsolete and most of the good people upon those excursions have gone to a "diet of worms." Now it is but a dash of the locomotive, a look at Niagara Falls, and away to the Rockies, and Mauna Loa and Japan.

"Now twilight lets her curtain down,
And pins it with a star!"

* The orthography of this name is from the narrative of Father Henepin, who was with LaSalle.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

The writer of the foregoing sketches, and excursions among the institution people, and events of the past of Buffalo, especially of that decade of the thirties, concludes herewith the work he has long been preparing. Attended with considerable labor in collecting and arranging materials, it has nevertheless proven "its own exceeding great reward," thus vividly to have had recalled to his memory a very large number of the active people of Buffalo, whom he familiarly knew as boy and man, prominent here in the era of the thirties—so great a multitude of whom long since joined the "Shadowy Band" and to have witnessed through the same mysterious process of memory, the typical events of that most important period [in view of results] of all the past, of the superb city it has become.

No one, alive to the amazing developments of the last fifty to sixty years, living at such a centre as Buffalo, can regard it otherwise than as an inestimable privilege to have been permitted to have his own brief term of life cast in that remarkable period in the world's history extending from the decade of the forties to that of ninety. That wondrous era in all traditional, legendary, authentically recorded history of the human family on earth. An era in which were greater developments than many preceding centuries had witnessed.

Prior to the thirties, while some improvements had slowly obtained, civilized mankind for generation had mostly followed the old beaten paths which their fathers had trodden, in all practical affairs; in education, in learning and the so-called "higher accomplishments," as well as in the arts and trades. Had continued "the good old rules" in living, in all methods of farming, business, building, mechanics, household economy and usages.

That they were those in use "in the old country," with many silenced all argument. All proposed improvements, including better architecture, involving the laws of hygiene, tending to prolong life, to promote health, more leisure and greater comfort in living, denounced as "New Fangled Notions." "The ways our fathers followed should be good enough for us," was the governing sentiment among those who respresented "public opinion."

In the beginning of the thirties most of the common domestic conveniences, mechanical devices, and farming implements, were still of the simplest and rudest character. Stoves of the most primitive design were just beginning to be used—a fire-box below and an oven above. A few heroic experimenters had their deep, wide fire-places walled up, and "fire frames" adjusted in front. "The conceit of 'crazy folks' to save fuel!" It was still a very long way from those to the artistic heating and cooking stoves of a few years later, and of the marvelous, numberless other heating and cooking apparatus now in common use everywhere.

In the thirties, the old-time flail was the only implement with which the grain was beaten out. It involved, however, some amusement; difficult to find material strong enough to connect the swingel with the handle, which would not break. Dried eel skins were found to be the toughest. For the most part eels could only be caught at night, in ponds. Great fun for the boys to be off, on still summer nights, fishing for eels. "Good to eat" and the dried skins made the best of all flail hinges.

The device for separating the grain from the orts and chaff was after raking off the straw to shake down the grain from a height, in a current of air, into different size riddles, by which it was finally left in a tolerably clean condition. Even there remained in my old family home, that oldest fashion of a "fan" (brought from England by an early ancestor), which even in the thirties, was sometimes used when there was haste and the wind was light. (This is the same implement referred to in Matthew 3rd, 12th.)

The writer remembers when in the thirties a principal care had to be observed "not to let the fire go out." At bedtime, or when the family were preparing for many hours of absence, it was an art only entrusted to the most experienced member of the household "to cover up the fire so it will keep." At the best it would sometimes go out. Then flint and steel and tinder, (and you know how to use them), and brimstone dipped matches wherewith to re-kindle it; the only alternative was to resort to neighbors, perhaps some distance away, to "borrow a fire-brand, kept alive by deftly swinging it on the way back. At my "old homestead," when there was any powder in the house at such a crisis, the old "Queen's Anne flint firelock which had seen service in the Revolution and "the war of '12," was brought into requisition. Filling the "pan" with powder and nicely adjusting a wisp of tow from it to the kindling in the fire-place and flashing it, was a very good method of re-lighting when the fire was lost.

It was a considerable step (in the thirties) from the tinder box to the sulphur match lighted in oil of vitriol contained in a little wide-mouthed vial, packed with wool. Then came the "Lucifer matches," drawn forcibly through a fold of sand paper, when finally came the so-called "Loco Foco Matches," the same as those of improved quality in general use to-day.

It will readily be seen on reflection the great utility there is in so simple and common things as friction matches, in our daily lives; facilitating every variety of business whatsoever in shop, office, or household. And the thought surprises us that they were not *invented* till well along in the thirties! It were literally an endless undertaking to enumerate the inventions of great and constant practical utility, originated during and since the decade of the thirties. And these few details are given as showing that nearly all the later, prodigious advancements, inconceivable at that day, took their rudimental origin and first advance in the thirties.

When "Clinton's Big Ditch" was proposed in the Twenties or earlier, it was regarded by the "wise" as but the conception

of a lunatic and wholly impracticable. But it did prove another long step forward; as a means of travel and transportation much in advance of stages and Canastota wagons, and still daily demonstrates itself a great utility—when not frozen up!

But it proved another vast step forward when at the first trials on the strap rail of the Albany and Schenectady Railroad, was attained a speed of *eight miles an hour!* with hopes ultimately to double it! which were more than realized in a very few years, till now, the Iron Horse has acquired a speed as of “a rushing mighty wind,” even outstripping the movement of the tornado. The extent of tracks reaching hundreds of thousands of miles, if we reckon all, in all of the lands of the earth. We move “as on wings of air,” in a day, distances which a few years since would have required weeks of laborious travel, (actual travail). “We step upon a magic carpet” and are wafted to our destination over intervening hundreds, or thousands of miles, as floating away in an aerial car, through a section of Beauteous Dreamland.

Lake and ocean navigation have kept equal pace with all else, 'till instead of the slow motion, dangers and discomforts as attendant on a trip from Detroit to Buffalo, described in the body of this work, the improvements have been such, that a trip to Chicago or Duluth is absolutely not only devoid of special peril but is a splendid luxury. The same can be said of a trip across the ocean. Less than a week from New York to Liverpool. If we cannot transport our bodies over wide distances by a glance of thought, as in fairy tales, and if distance be not annihilated, it is amazingly abbreviated.

That period of the thirties [while the rude ways and customs of antecedant ages still prevailed to a considerable degree, and the aboriginal Pagans were still in our midst, the great chief Red Jacket dying in '32], was the threshold of entrance to a far more excellent temple than the people themselves began to imagine they were rearing; a miraculous expansion in all things and steadily augmenting to the present time, these efforts proved but the scaffolding to the structure they were actually erecting “though they knew it not.” Instance the magnetic telegraph

realizing as a fact that "Puck would put a girdle around the earth in forty seconds!" Morse was reckoned but another "crazy fanatic" when announcing here, to our amazement that he would enable the people of Buffalo to hold instantaneous intercommunication with New Orleans through his proposed telegraph. Now for a generation past every hour and minute demonstrated, that we can hold immediate converse with all people all around the world.

While in glorification of Franklin, "The lightning yielded to his philosophy," and the like—it can only be said he demonstrated to some extent what electricity was. It remained for those of later times to compel it to our use, a great intelligence bearer, a great illuminator, and mighty moving power. Literally, we chain it to our cars and it obeys our will. Compare the electric light with the tallow dips and mould candles of the thirties!

Truly, "We live in a grand and awful time,"

Longfellow.

For, added to all that has been enumerated, we now have for daily convenience, so common that it no more excites comment than the air we breathe, that *ne plus ultra* of wonders, the telephone. We speak directly into each others ears through hundreds of miles of distance, quite as a thing of course.

The suggestion is startling, that if the phonograph had then been known, even the utterances of Christ could have been kept and reproduced in the ears of the people to-day, identical with those of his daily conversation!

We are steadily in these decades, succeeding the thirties, when we had so broad a beginning, illustrating that in all the advances we are making, each seeming as if the best had been reached; it proves but the commencement of far greater improvements. That we are in all these steps of progress, but "Making stepping stones for our dead selves to higher things."

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